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A FOREIGN VIEW OF ENGLAND IN THE REIGNS OF GEORGE I. & GEORGE II.

THE LETTERS OF
MONSIEUR CÉSAR DE SAUSSURE
TO HIS FAMILY

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY

MADAME VAN MUYDEN

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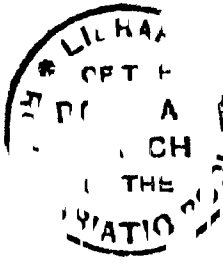
WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS



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panied Lord Kinnoull, when he went as ambassador to Constantinople, and a little later was given the post of first secretary to the British Embassy there. In 1733 he left Lord Kinnoull's service for that of Prince Ragotzky, who, after losing his Hungarian and Transylvanian estates, had retired with his suite to Rodosto. After the Prince's death in 1735, César de Saussure returned to Lausanne, but in 1738 he left Switzerland once more for Paris and London.

In 1740 he was fortunate enough to obtain a post as secretary to Lord Cathcart, commanding a portion of the British fleet against the Spanish settlements in America, but Mme. de Saussure wrote to her son and implored him to go back to her, and though his disappointment at giving up his projected voyage was great, he immediately obeyed her.

M. de Saussure married in 1743 a Vaudois lady of patrician birth. When at Hertford he had fallen in love with and wished to marry a Miss Black, sister of a wealthy merchant in the City, but her family would not hear of her marrying a foreigner, and this disappointment to his hopes was the principal cause of the journey to Turkey.

César de Saussure's letters at the time they were written were received with much interest; during more than twenty years they were lent to and read by at least two hundred persons in Berne, Geneva, and Lausanne, and this determined him to have them sorted and bound into volumes. In 1755, Monsieur de Voltaire, who was then residing at Montriond, Lausanne, hearing of these letters, begged to be allowed to read them, and having done so returned the volumes with a card, on which was written in his own hand: "Monsieur de Voltaire et Madame Denis offrent leurs obéissances à Monsieur et Madame de Saussure et renvoyent les manuscrits. On ne peut trop remercier Monsieur de Saussure de la bonté qu'il a eue de prêter un ouvrage si amusant et si utile."

César de Saussure wrote several other volumes, amongst them a history of France and one of Switzerland, and also an account of the Emperor Joseph's journey in 1777, with a notice of his visit to Lausanne. I may add that the translator of these letters is by marriage a great-great-granddaughter of César de Saussure.

LAUSANNE, *February*, 1902.

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A FOREIGN VIEW OF ENGLAND

IN

THE REIGNS OF GEORGE I. & II.

LETTER I

Journey by water from Yverdon—Lake of Neuchâtel—Lake of Bienne —The Aar—The Rhine—Dangerous passages—Bad inns—Basle —Huninguen—Strasbourg—Philipsbourg—Dispute between two ladies—Mannheim—Worms—Mayence—Wines of Baccarach—St. Goar—Rat Tower—Coblentz—Episode in a church—Bonn—Cologne—Fight on the boat—Dusseldorf—Wesel—Culembourg —Rotterdam—Delft—The Hague—Cliffs of England—The Thames—Customs.

LONDON, *May* 24, 1725

I AM rejoiced at the thought of giving you pleasure, and I set about doing it with the greatest enjoyment; for surely you cannot doubt of my affection for you, and you may be assured that neither distance nor absence will ever cause my feelings towards you to change.

You made me promise, when I bade you farewell, that I would write often, and relate all the curious and entertaining things I should come across in my travels, and should I fail to do as you so amiably asked of me, I should assuredly be the loser, for I have no greater pleasure than that of writing to you, or none greater than that of receiving your letters. I therefore seize the first opportunity that presents itself to tell you all about my travels so far.

You know all my reasons for wishing to travel, and you understood my delight and joy when my dear mother consented to allow my present journey to England. Young people like to see new countries and to travel, and I am no exception to the rule.

I left home on the 8th of April of this year, 1725, and arrived at Yverdon on the evening of that day. On the 11th I embarked on a big boat with about twenty fellow-passengers, amongst them being Madame de Joffroy, a stout Irish lady, on her way to Ireland with Mister Morrison, her son, come over to escort his mother on her journey; Mademoiselle de Chaire, with whom you are well

acquainted; Mademoiselle Blanchard, a very nice and charming young person from Vevey, going to join her brother in Holland; Monsieur Silvestre, a most amiable, pleasant, and witty clergyman, who was not to travel further than Holland; and Monsieur de Pally. We stopped in the evening at Neuchâtel. The wind had been contrary all day, and we were compelled to remain two whole days in this town. On the 13th at midday we re-embarked, and leaving the Lake of Neuchâtel, entered the river Thielle, which forms a pretty canal several miles long, flowing into the Lake of Bienne. In the centre of this lake are two small islands belonging to the hospital of Bienne. The weather was very fine, and we were able to cross the lake in its widest part to Nidau, a small town situated where the Thielle leaves the lake. Here we spent a very uncomfortable night in a bad inn. On the 14th, leaving Nidau in the early morning, we entered the river Aar on leaving the Thielle. The river Aar is in some parts very dangerous, with hidden rocks and rapid currents.

We landed at Soleure at midday, and after dinner visited the town. I much admired the

church, the first Roman Catholic building I had ever seen, The care with which this church is decorated surprised me, and I was struck with its magnificence, for though it is a small building it is remarkably pretty. The choir is divided from the nave by six marble columns; on the altar are placed several massive silver candlesticks, and a large lamp of the same precious metal hangs from the ceiling by silver chains; I saw several good pictures in this church. We then walked through the town, in which are many fine houses, that of the French Ambassador being especially so. One of the most curious buildings I saw in Soleure was a tower on the bastions; from whatever point of view you looked at it, it seemed to lean.

After leaving Soleure we passed some dangerous spots on the river, the current here being very rapid, with much broken and foaming water. The ladies on board were much alarmed.

At seven o'clock in the evening we reached Wangen, an ugly village, and were conducted to the inn, where, judging from its outward appearance, we had every expectation of being badly

housed and badly fed. Here a piece of good luck awaited us, however. Madame de Toffen, wife of the chief magistrate of the place, happened to be walking in her garden by the river when our boat went by, and, recognising Mademoiselle de Chaire, with whom she is acquainted, she sent a messenger to invite this lady with six of her friends to spend the night in her house. Madame de Toffen welcomed us most cordially, and we had excellent beds, a contrast to the very bad ones of the previous night.

Leaving Wangen early the next morning, we stopped at Aarau and dined on board, our head boatman not permitting us to land. During the meal a little incident occurred which amused some of the party, but not all. Madame de Joffroy owned a silver goblet shaped like a gondola. During dinner Mademoiselle Blanchard, who was very thirsty and wished to drink, asked Madame de Joffroy to be so kind as to lend her her silver goblet; but the current was very rapid, and when Mademoiselle Blanchard dipped the cup into the water to fill it, it was carried out of her hand and lost for ever. On seeing the goblet disappearing

rapidly out of sight, Madame de Joffroy flew into a terrible rage; she scolded us all round and made us very uncomfortable, and the poor culprit had a bad time of it. We left Aarau intending to sleep at Brugg, but after travelling some miles our boat got wedged between two rocks. The ladies were much alarmed, and not unreasonably so, the current being very swift and the water boisterous, bubbling round the boat. We had much difficulty in getting free, and had not a boat come to our aid, I do not know how we should have managed to do it. This accident delayed us by two hours, so that we were forced to pass the night at Biberstein, and were shown to a sort of tavern by the riverside, and in this most uncomfortable abode we were taken to a large room, quite bare save for a table and two wooden benches and a large stove, which was heated, though the weather was sultry. Some big, bearded German peasants were in the room, eating and drinking and making much noise, and we were seated uncomfortably close to them. Our supper was brought to us in two large wooden basins; it consisted of soup, which we ate with wooden and pewter spoons, followed by cheese and eggs, and

very bad wine. When it was time to lie down for the night, the table and benches were removed, straw was laid on the floor, and we rolled ourselves in blankets and tried to sleep, there being no other room in the house.

Next day, April 16th, we were made to pay a high price for this most uncomfortable lodging, so we left it as soon as possible, and stopped at a village two miles distant. Here we engaged four boatmen or pilots to take charge of our boat, so as to avoid the rocks ahead; two of these men rowed in the bows and two in the stern, only two of our boatmen remaining in the boat, together with myself and another juvenile passenger, for we both wanted to see the passage of the "Saut de Brugg," which is said to be so dangerous that the other passengers preferred to land and join us afterwards. Shortly before reaching the cataract high projecting rocks hem in the water on either side, making it very rapid. I did not think the "Saut de Brugg" very high, but immediately beyond the "Leap" the current flows very rapidly, zigzagging between the rocks, and herein lies the danger, for if the boatmen did not take the greatest care the boat would touch the rocks and be quickly broken up.

Accidents of this nature sometimes occur, but this time we got through without any mishap beyond a good wetting. We passed under a fine bridge, a single stone arch which gives Brugg its name, "Brugg" in German signifying bridge.

We remained at Brugg that day. It is a small but pretty town; the town hall and most of the houses are painted on the outside with frescoes. Here there may be seen pictures of kings or emperors painted on the houses, or those of generals on foot and on horseback; and again on other houses there are animals, such as lions, tigers, elephants, or sometimes landscapes, the effect of all these painted houses being very curious and pretty.

Brugg is the last town in the Canton of Berne; we left it on the 17th at midday, and dined at Klingnau; two hours afterwards we entered the Rhine where it joins the Aar at Waldshut. When we reached Laufenburg we all left the boat, for here there is a high fall of from thirty to forty feet. The merchandise and baggage were removed and laden on carts, which were to rejoin the boat beyond the fall. We went to walk on the Esplanade just opposite the cataract, and we

saw our boat being let down by the help of ropes, about a dozen men being busy with this job, and they had much trouble over it, for the boat might easily have been destroyed. We were told that when the water is very low boats have to be transported on carts below the cataract. The merchandise being safely packed once more, the travellers got in, and we slept at Seckingen, reaching Basle next day.

Basle is the largest as well as one of the finest towns in Switzerland, and almost all its inhabitants are merchants. The river Rhine divides the town into two parts, Basle and Little Basle, which are joined together by a fine wooden bridge. At one of the ends of this bridge is a tower containing a fine clock, and you have to pass through the gate of this tower to cross the bridge. Above the gate is a large wooden head representing a bearded old man, who at each minute opens his huge mouth and puts his tongue out at Little Basle. The clocks of Basle are one hour in advance of those in other places, the reason for this being, I was told, that once upon a time a conspiracy between the two Basles had been dis-

covered owing to a clock being too fast, and the custom has come down from that time.

We went to see the Dance of Death, a fresco painted by the famous Holbein on a wall in the cemetery of a church. Connoisseurs admire this painting for its delicacy and beauty; time has unfortunately harmed it in many places. The women of Basle are very good-looking; I thought their dress suited them to perfection. On their heads they wear small three-pointed caps made of velvet or of rich silken stuff; little bodices tighten their waists and give them trim figures; their skirts are short, and their feet are neatly and carefully shod. I was told that the women of Basle are by no means inimical to Cupid.

On the 19th we visited Huninguen, a French fortress, and on the 21st, after dinner, we started once more on our travels. So far we had not much enjoyed our journey by water; it had rained almost all the time. The river Aar, with its swift current and hidden dangerous rocks, had often frightened the ladies of our party. On the Rhine so far we had not been much more fortunate, but happily the remainder of our journey was much

pleasanter than the beginning had been, and the weather became much finer. That night we slept at Breisach in Breisgau, a town belonging to the Emperor. We arrived late and left early, and I could not see what manner of place it was. On the 22nd we stopped to visit Strasbourg, one of the largest and finest towns that belong to the King of France. The cathedral is magnificent, and its steeple very curious. It is built in the Gothic style, but is pierced all over in designs; it is said to be the most interesting in France. In this steeple there is a wonderful clock with a perpetual almanack and many curious things. When the clock is about to strike, a gilt cock perched above the clock flaps its wings and crows three times; then a little painted copper figure representing the Virgin opens the door. At midday the Twelve Apostles come out; they pass along a gallery, and when half-way through their journey they stop, and with a hammer which each holds in his hand strike upon a bell; they then proceed to the end of the gallery, where the Angel Gabriel opens a door and closes it behind them. At one o'clock one apostle appears, at two o'clock two apostles,

and so on. I was told that the maker of this marvellous clock had made one also for Lyons, and that the governors of Strasbourg, jealous lest the man should make a third and perhaps finer clock than the other two, had ordered him to be blinded in order to prevent his ever working again.

The women of Strasbourg are dressed much like those of Basle, but I thought them even more attractive and better-looking. Strasbourg is a big town and well fortified for modern warfare, the garrison numbering seven or eight thousand men. We made acquaintance with some officers of the de Villars regiment, and we were invited to assist at a play and to partake of an excellent little supper.

Early in the morning of April 23rd we left Strasbourg, and at eleven o'clock passed the fortress of St. Louis. A sentinel called to us several times to stop, but I do not know whether our head boatman hoped to get by without paying toll, or whether he could not manage the boat properly; anyhow, the sentinel evidently thought we did not mean to stop, and he ran alongside, pointing his

gun at our boat. Whilst this soldier was running along the bank he tripped over a stone and fell. Unluckily for him, he happened to be smoking at the time; his pipe, breaking in his mouth, no doubt hurt him, and this made him so angry that as soon as he had risen to his feet he fired his gun at us. We heard the bullet whizzing over our heads. More soldiers came to their comrade's help, and they seemed inclined to shoot at us too. The ladies in our boat, more dead than alive with fright, made such a noise and uproar that they at last forced our men to land us. The soldiers seized our head boatman and put him in prison, but we interceded for him and gave money to the commandant of the place, who soon ordered his release, so that we were not delayed. We arrived very late at Seltz, and had only straw to sleep on.

On the 24th, in the early morning, we left this inhospitable place, but we reached Philipsbourg late that night, and the gates of the town were already closed. We were forced to put up at a bad inn frequented by soldiers, and could only have one room amongst us all. After a very bad supper, some straw was laid down on the floor, and we

had to sleep on it as best we could. A gentleman of the party, seeing that one of the ladies was cold, went across the room to her with the intention of offering her his cloak. Our stout friend, Madame de Joffroy, perceiving that a man had come over to the ladies' side of the room, made such a commotion that she wakened everybody, had the one candle relit, and ordered the gallant knight to go back to his end of the room. The funny part of this episode was that the lady who had felt cold was so offended with Madame de Joffroy's vigilance, which seemed to imply that her conduct was not above suspicion, that she gave Madame de Joffroy a piece of her mind, and this lady being somewhat of a shrew, there ensued a fierce discussion which amused us exceedingly. Gradually, however, the ladies calmed down, and in about an hour's time we were all sleeping peacefully.

On April 25th we passed Spires, but only stopped to pay toll, and reached Mannheim at midday. This town is the usual residence of the Elector Palatine, and was built in 1688, shortly after the destruction of Heidelberg by the French. We wished to spend the night here, so as to attend

the theatre in the evening, where we should have seen the Elector and all his court, but our head boatman would not consent to this arrangement, and we had to make up our minds to continue our journey. Immediately after leaving Mannheim we came across some curious water-mills on flat, wooden boats, the latter anchored in the river.

At eight o'clock we arrived at Worms. The gates being closed and the town at some distance, we had to put up at two little inns by the river-side. A bridal feast was taking place in one of these inns. We were made welcome to it, partook of good food, and danced all night, being encouraged in these festivities by the presence of several pretty girls; but next day, April 26th, we were made to pay pretty heavily for our dissipation. At three o'clock we reached Mayence, this being a fine fortified town. We visited the Elector's gardens; they are very fine, and have many fountains and statues. On the big terrace are three pavilions or summer-houses, all decorated with frescoes, gilding, and sculpture. We would not quit this town before tasting its famous Mayence hams, and we took a certain number with us on

board as supplies for the journey. These hams were delicious.

On the 27th we embarked late in the day and landed at Bacharach, where we had time to taste the famous and excellent wines, said to be the best on the Rhine. We found these wines so much to our taste that we laid in a small store of them. On the 28th, in the early morning, we left Bacharach, and stopped at St. Goar, an ugly, dirty little garrison town. On coming to the gates of the town we were much surprised to see that some of our fellow-travellers who had preceded us had been stopped by the soldiers; but our surprise was still greater when we saw that one of our friends wore a silver pillory collar round his neck, the soldiers laughingly explaining that the customs of the place forbade anyone who was not a Christian from being permitted to enter the town. No stranger, being a heathen, Jew, or Mahometan, might enter; therefore the custom was that he should be christened, and our fellow-traveller was allowed to choose whether the rite should be performed with water or not. Our friend answered he was not aware that one could be christened with aught but water.

No sooner had he uttered the word than he received a whole bucketful on his head, tilted down from a window just above him. He was then released, angry, cold, and damp. After him the soldiers took another of our fellow-travellers, and as he said he preferred wine to water, a large pewter vessel full of the liquid was immediately brought to him, and he was made to swallow a goodly portion; then he was forced to pay for what he had drunk and for what he could not drink before being released from the silver collar. As for myself and friends, we were allowed to avoid the christening ceremony by paying liberally for christening the soldiers' thirsty throats. These men form the gate guard; we were taken by them to a tavern, where we had to drink their sergeant's health while he wrote our names in a big book in which the names of strangers of distinction were inscribed. We saw the signatures and seals of several princes and noblemen—that of Prince Eugène, of the Duke of Marlborough, Marshal Villars, and other well-known soldiers.

Some miles after leaving St. Goar we saw the large fortress of Hesse-Rheinfels. This building

is on a rock washed by the Rhine. We had commenced passing through a part of the river hemmed in by a chain of hills on either side, and we saw numerous old forts and castles on the summits, which we named the "Ugly Beauties," because, though being so ruined and deserted, these old castles lend a certain charm to the view; but you gradually get so tired of seeing them that you are almost tempted to regret they were ever built. Throughout these hills there is a wonderful echo, and we amused ourselves by firing off guns, which caused a remarkably loud noise.

At about three o'clock we passed the Rat-Tower. The river here is rather dangerous on account of hidden rocks. This tower is built on an island in the middle of the Rhine, and I will relate its history to you, in case you do not know it. A certain Bishop of Trèves, being one day surrounded by a number of peasants clamouring for food, had them all shut up in a barn, to which he set fire, the peasants being burnt to death. On hearing the unfortunate people scream, the wicked Bishop turned to his attendants and said, "Listen to these rats, how they squeal." But before long

he was punished for his cruelty, for an infinitely numerous army of rats followed him day and night, and to escape from them he ordered a high tower to be built in the middle of the river; but the rats swam across the Rhine, invaded the tower, and devoured the Bishop. I do not vouch for the authenticity of this story, and tell it you as it was told me.

We landed early in the afternoon at Coblentz. This town is situated on the Rhine and Moselle. At this place we saw the finest ferry-bridge we had yet seen. It is a large square boat, rather longer than it is wide, and around it, in order to prevent accidents, is a wooden balustrade painted and gilt. This ferry-boat can hold two coaches drawn by six horses at one and the same time. When it rains the passengers may take shelter in a well-kept cabin, of which there is one at each corner of the boat; the whole is decorated with sculptures and painting of a rough sort. This bridge, or boat, is secured by a long cable, held above the water by about twenty little boats, and at certain hours the current carries the bridge to the opposite side of the river, and you can thus get across at a trifling cost.

At Coblentz we met with a little adventure which might have become most unpleasant. In every town where we stopped our custom was to visit the principal churches, and here also we decided we would go and see the church nearest our inn, and which appeared to be an interesting building. At the hour of vespers we went into this church, and found a large assembly of people. Two Capuchin monks came in soon after us, and Mademoiselle Blanchard, who had never seen any priests like them before, was so struck by their appearance that she gave an exclamation of surprise. The monks curtseyed and prayed before the altar and disappeared in the vestry, from which they emerged very soon, dressed in silken stoles and other sacerdotal garments, their heads covered with muslin handkerchiefs, and this apparel contrasted so oddly with their aged faces and long white beards that on seeing them Mademoiselle Blanchard began to laugh, and turning to me, made such an amusing remark that I am sorry to say I smiled too. Several persons standing by saw and heard us; they perceived we were strangers, and imagined we were heretics laughing at the customs

of their church, and a murmur arose amongst them. Some old women began discoursing and clamouring in the German tongue, which none of us could understand. Things began to look unpleasant, and when we perceived this, we decided on returning to the inn. More than a score of old women and children followed us, insulting us and even throwing stones at us. Fortunately we were not far from our inn, so we hurried in and closed the doors. I think that if we had had far to go, and thus given the populace time to collect, that we might have been in danger, nothing being more unpleasant in a large town than an excited and hostile crowd. Whilst we were being besieged in the inn, not knowing what would befall us next, two of our fellow-travellers, who had not accompanied us to the church, returned to the inn, and were much surprised at seeing it surrounded by a clamouring mob; but they were still more so when they were seized and taken before a magistrate. After many explanations they were released, but exhorted not to show themselves in the town, the populace being greatly excited against us, and we were all of us most severely reproved for the scandal we had so

innocently caused. We remained shut up in the inn till the next day, and set out on our journey in the early morning. That same evening we slept at Bonn, the Elector's, or Archbishop's, ordinary residence. We were not permitted to visit the palace, but we saw the stables, in which were many fine horses. Some of these were curious animals spotted like tigers, white with black spots all over their bodies; they have white manes and tails, and are beautiful and wonderful beasts. Six of these horses generally draw the Elector's coach. As we were wandering about in front of the principal church at seven o'clock in the evening, we saw the Elector, or Archbishop, pass in his coach, returning from the chase. He was clad in a secular hunting dress of green embroidered with gold Spanish point, and a hat trimmed with the same gold lace. His coach was drawn by four white horses, and many noblemen and gentlemen followed on horseback.

Next day, the last of the month, we landed at Cologne, which is a large town, containing as many churches and chapels as there are days in the year. We visited the cathedral, the finest in Germany.

Cologne has a quaint privilege; the sovereign cannot reside or even sleep in this town for a night without a permission from the chief magistrate. We left Cologne at three o'clock in the afternoon; notwithstanding all we could do or say, our head boatman refused to wait for Mister Morrison, who, with a fellow-traveller, was still in the town. After we had journeyed for about an hour, we saw a small boat following ours with great rapidity, and our two fellow-travellers soon caught us up. Mister Morrison, furious at not having been waited for, threatened our boatman with his stick, and he did not stop at that, for as soon as his foot was in the boat he fell upon the man, who retaliated immediately by taking Mister Morrison by the throat and by knocking him down. Madame de Joffroy, who was seated at the after end of the boat, seeing her beloved son so badly treated, and forgetting her heavy weight and corpulence, flew to the rescue. With surprising agility she passed over several people, strode over bales of merchandise, and with heroic courage, throwing herself into the fray, she began pommelling the head boatman, who in his turn showered blows on her son with usury. This battle was

being fought on one side of the boat, and we expected every minute to be capsized; the boat dipped heavily, and everyone on board was terrified, the combatants alone not perceiving the danger. The ladies screamed and tried to change places, the boat dipped still more, and we were as close as possible to capsizing; there was so much disorder, such turmoil on board, it was most ludicrous, though dangerous. When our champions were quite worn out with giving and receiving blows peace was restored, but not till then, for though we had all tried our influence and persuasions, no one had been able to succeed in calming them down.

Rather late in the day we landed at Wiesdorf, a dirty village. The ladies had beds to sleep in, we men only straw to lie upon. On the 1st of May we left this place at dawn, and landed and passed the night at Dusseldorf, capital of the Duchy of Bergnau. The Elector Palatine, to whom this duchy belongs, has a fine palace in this town. In it is a room, the doors, walls, and ceiling of which are composed of mirrors, so wonderfully joined together that they seem to be all of one piece. These mirrors are cut in such a fashion that you

see your reflection about twenty thousand times running, and get, I assure you, very sick of the sight.

On the 2nd of May we left Dusseldorf for Wesel. There is nothing remarkable to be seen in this town excepting some very fine soldiers belonging to the King of Prussia, these being tall, martial-looking men. On the 3rd we left Wesel and slept at Arnheim, this being our first night in Holland. This is a charmingly clean place, and it struck us all the more, most of the German towns we had stopped in being dirty and very muddy. We slept in a nice clean inn. Almost all the houses of this town are built of bricks. The belfry has a fine chime.

Late on the 4th we reached Culembourg. The gates of the town were closed, and we were forced to sleep in a bad inn, on the river Leck, a small tributary of the Rhine; we partook of a meagre supper, and were extremely badly lodged. Next morning we were presented with a very large bill, amounting to forty-five sols a head. We told our host that we considered his bill too large. He at once answered that he would make us out another;

we naturally expected that he would reduce the first, but to our extreme vexation he made us up another bill to which he added several items, such as wood for the kitchen fire, for candles, and also "so much for spitting on the floors or in the rooms and dirtying them." This last item filled us with wrath against this Jew, but we were obliged to pay for all he charged us, and dared make no more remarks, lest he should make out another bill heavier than the other two. This little incident was a lesson to us to settle prices beforehand, and anyone travelling in Holland had better beware of a similar fate.

At seven o'clock next morning, May 5th, we landed at Schoonhoven, a pretty, clean little town. By this time we were very tired and weary of our journey by boat, so we made up a party of seven to proceed by coach. We hired a vehicle to convey us to Rotterdam. This was a lumbering machine, partly like a coach and partly like a chaise, simply secured on wheels without being balanced in any way; it made a rumbling noise and shook us most cruelly. To this coach only four horses were harnessed, but they went very fast, the roads in

Holland being very smooth and probably the best in the world. We passed many charming villages and beautiful country houses and gardens. I was surprised at the number of windmills I saw; some of them are used for grinding grain, some for sawing wood, and others again for making paper, and you see these mills whichever way you turn.

We slept at Rotterdam on the 5th, after having journeyed for twenty-four days from the time we left Yverdon. I was very sick of the journey. I think it might have been a pleasant one had we been entirely amongst friends, if we had had a boat to ourselves, and especially if we had been permitted to choose our quarters and sleep where we liked.

Rotterdam is, after Amsterdam, the largest town in Holland; its port is always full of ships, which go down the wide canals, so that you see a wonderful mixture of trees, steeples, and masts. The market-place surprised me by its large size, its beauty, and especially by the diversity of the sea-fish that were there exposed for sale, for I had never seen any of these creatures before. The statue of Erasmus in bronze, and said to be a work

of art, is erected on the bridge over the river Meuse. This celebrated man was born in this town. I suppose you have heard of the cleanliness of the Dutch; I will therefore only tell you that I think they exaggerate this virtue. Every morning the streets are washed, and in the houses the utensils and furniture are kept, I will not merely say clean, but also exceedingly bright.

We stopped three days in Rotterdam, and seeing that the ship in which we were to sail for England could not leave for several days owing to contrary winds, I with a fellow-traveller decided on visiting the Hague. Just outside Rotterdam is a canal, and every hour a boat goes down it to Delft. This boat is drawn by a trotting horse; it is very comfortable, having a large, clean cabin, good seats, and a table. If you prefer it, by paying extra you can have a small cabin to yourself. All through Holland you can travel in this way at a trifling cost and very fast. We stopped an hour at Delft and visited a church, where we saw the tomb of a Prince of Orange, which seemed to me very magnificent, with its columns of bronze and marble, its ornaments of jasper, porphyry, and alabaster.

From Delft to the Hague there is another canal, only wider, its border being of stone, and fine avenues of trees are planted alongside. The nearer we got to the Hague the more we admired the beautiful country houses, mostly built of bricks. We reached the Hague at six o'clock, after a fairy-like journey.

We spent the whole of May 10th visiting this beautiful village. Almost all the nobility reside here; so do the ambassadors and foreign ministers, for the Dutch States-General assemble at the Hague. The streets are wide, long, and straight; the palace, though built in an antique style, is magnificent, and was formerly the residence of the Princes of Orange. We should have liked to stay longer at the Hague, so as to visit its beautiful park, but we were afraid of the ship sailing without us, and as our belongings were already on board, we were forced to go back without delay.

On May 12th we embarked on an English sloop, or two-masted vessel. The wind being unfavourable, we had to sail round the island of Voorn and to pass Helvoet, where we anchored on the 13th. Our captain went on shore for provisions. I

accompanied him, and whilst he was busy I visited the little town. We then returned to the ship, weighed anchor, and sailed. The wind was useless, the tide alone aiding us a little. Some distance from land we saw a poor dog in the water, battling against death. The captain took pity on this unfortunate animal, and ordered some of his men to rescue him. He turned out to be a fine white spaniel, and our captain was delighted with his find.

On the 14th the wind was quite contrary, blowing from north to west; during the very dark night a smack, all sails set, ran into us, her sailors evidently being asleep. We were frightened, but no harm was done. On the 15th a nice breeze got up from the south, and we sailed along merrily, but towards evening the north wind got up and sent us back again.

On the 16th, the weather and wind being favourable, we sighted the coasts of England, but in the night a violent north-west wind got up and threw us back towards Holland. This wind continued to blow all the 17th. We suffered terribly from sea-sickness, the waves being very high, and we

were unaccustomed to this mode of dancing, few of the travellers ever having been on the sea before. I was very ill and could eat nothing. In the evening the wind veered to the east, and next morning, the 18th, we once more saw the coasts of England; but unfortunately this favourable wind did not last long, for it shifted to north again. That evening, the sea being very high and the wind rather increasing than abating, we cast anchor about four leagues from land. When the tide went down, the captain saw, to his dismay, that we were anchored between four sandbanks, and should the cables break nothing could save us from destruction. An unpleasant reminder of the fact was the sight of the masts of a vessel which had undergone shipwreck, our seemingly impending fate, a few weeks previously. The wind did not go down as we had hoped, but increased in fury, so we threw out all our anchors and trusted to Providence. We suffered terribly all that night, but as soon as the tide was sufficiently high we left this dangerous spot. On the 19th, in the morning, the wind having abated, at midday it turned to the east and threw us into the mouth

of the river Thames, where we anchored at eight o'clock in the evening and awaited the tide. At midnight we set sail, and were at Gravesend on May 20th.

As soon as our ship was sighted five or six officers from the Customs prepared to board us, and as soon as possible began to search in every nook and cranny in the hope of discovering smuggled goods. When they were tired of searching, they departed, after receiving several bottles of wine and spirits from our captain. After this first batch of men had left us others took their place, and I think our ship was searched by five or six different parties of these men from the Customs, the captain, hoping to please them, making them all presents, for ships are occasionally much damaged by these visits, the searchers being allowed to break down the wooden partitions so as to make sure nothing is concealed in them, and the more generous the captain shows himself the less harm is done to the ship. Some pounds of tea were found hidden away between the stones of the kitchen stove of our vessel.

You can imagine nothing more beautiful than the banks of the Thames; on either side are charming country houses and many pretty towns and villages, the principal being Sheerness, Gravesend, and Greenwich; in the latter place is a magnificent hospital for seamen.

In the evening of May 20th we were still a league from London, and as on account of the ebbing tide our ship could not reach London that night, we hired some small boats to convey us on shore. As we were leaving the ship, two officers of the Customs, belonging to the party who had first visited our ship, announced their intention of searching our persons, lest any forbidden merchandise should be concealed on us. Perceiving that most of us were foreigners never having been in England before, they did not trouble us much, but were far stricter with Madame de Joffroy and with Mister Morrison, her son; but when they came to a French refugee captain in the King of England's service, they were still more severe, for, perceiving that the captain's breeches were rather bulky in the seat, they searched him and found a packet of Flanders lace concealed therein. The

turn of the captain's mother and sisters came next; the Customs men were impudent enough to search beneath these French ladies' petticoats, and I must own not unsuccessfully, for they did not draw their hands out empty, but produced several more packets of lace.

Between seven and eight o'clock we landed at the Tower of London. My journey from Lausanne had lasted one month and fourteen days. I have scarcely been out as yet, for my first desire being to tell you of my arrival here, and to give you an account of my travels, most of my time has been taken up with writing this epistle.

I hope that you will not find it tedious, and that you will receive it as a proof of my great attachment to you.

LETTER II

London—The author gets lost—The Court of London—Palace of St. James—Drawing-room or circle—About George I., King of England—Of the Prince of Wales and family—The Park of St. James—Abbey of Westminster—Tombs of the kings—Palaces of Parliament—House of Peers—House of Commons—The King goes in state to Parliament—King's livery.

LONDON, *Sept.* 17, 1725

You are kind enough to tell me the interest you took in my long letter to you, and that you will be pleased to hear from me again and to know more about England. It is a difficult task for such an inexperienced pen as mine, and I feel as if I ought to refuse your request rather than disappoint you by my style; but a young man of my age cannot refuse the request of an old friend, and I will do the best I can, according to your desire.

The reason why I have not sent off my second letter sooner is that I thought I had better see

more of London before attempting to describe it to you.

I have often heard travellers and scholars declare that London is undoubtedly the largest and most populous city in the whole of Europe. The city is ten miles long from Millbank to Blackwall, and its width is about three miles from Southwark to Moorfields; it contains more than one million inhabitants. The streets are long, wide, and straight, some of them being more than a mile in length. On either side of the street the ground is raised and paved with flat stones, so that you can walk in the streets without danger of being knocked down by coaches and horses. The City of London itself is not very large, being only three miles in circumference. It is inclosed by stone walls and has gates; but so many houses have been built around, especially on the western side, that London has been joined to Westminster, which latter place was formerly two miles distant. The space between consisted of fields and pastures, but now is part of the town. That which is surrounded by walls is called the City, and is almost entirely inhabited by merchants; the other part of London is called

the Liberty of Westminster, and here you will find the Court, and the residences of the peers and noblemen and of other persons of distinction.

A few days after my arrival in London I had an unpleasant experience. Wishing one evening to walk in the park, and having already visited it twice, I thought I could easily find my way there and back alone. The evening was very fine, and I stayed in the park till ten o'clock, enjoying my stroll and the amusing sights around me, the park being very crowded that evening. When I wished to go home again and cross the Mews, a large square occupied by the King's stables, by which way I had come, I found the gates already closed. I immediately set about trying to find out my whereabouts and a new way home. Unfortunately I could not speak a word of English, and wandered aimlessly about, trying to find my way, unable to ask anyone's help or to hire a hackney-coach, as I could not make a driver understand me or give him my address. The only thing I could do was to walk from street to street, in the hopes of recognising some landmark or other; but after hoping this for about an hour I found myself in an

entirely unknown part. It was now past midnight; the streets were empty, and I did not know what to do. I sat down on a seat in front of a shop and longed for day. After I had been seated there for half an hour or so, to my intense relief two gentlemen happened to go by, and you can imagine my delight when I heard them conversing in French. I almost thought they were angels sent to my help! I hastened to stop them, to explain to them my unpleasant situation. They inquired where I lived, which I could not tell them, the name of the street having completely escaped my memory. After questioning me for some minutes as to what country I came from, how long I had been in London, whether I had any acquaintances, it turned out most fortunately for me that these gentlemen were acquainted with a friend of mine, and that they lived at no great distance from him. They were kind enough to show me the way themselves, and we walked two miles together before I got back to my rooms. Since then I have taken good care not to lose myself again. I am too much afraid of spending such another weary night.

On the Sunday following my arrival a friend

ST. JAMES'S PALACE AND THE MALL IN 1741.

FROM A PRINT BY J. MAURER.

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asked me to accompany him to Court, and at mid-day we went together to St. James's Palace. We passed through several rooms in which were noblemen and officers awaiting the opening of the King's apartments. As soon as the signal was given, all these people disappeared inside them, we being unable to follow on account of the crowd. Knowing there was a gallery leading to the chapel through which the Court must pass, we posted ourselves on it, and had not long to wait. Six Yeomen appeared at the head of the procession; they reminded me very much of the Swiss Guard at Versailles, being dressed in the same quaint fashion. They carried halberds on their shoulders, and walked two and two. These Yeomen were followed by several gentlemen of the Court, by the Duke of Grafton, the King's Chamberlain, and by the Duke of Dorset, Master of the King's Household, each carrying a long white wand of office. Two sergeants-at-arms, or mace-bearers, followed, carrying their maces on their shoulders, these being of silver-gilt, surmounted by crowns of the same precious metal. A nobleman of the Court followed, carrying the sword of state. This weapon

is very long and broad; the scabbard is of crimson velvet, the hilt of massive gold, enriched with some precious stones. The King then appeared, followed by the three young Princesses who reside with him in the Palace; they are the Prince of Wales's three eldest daughters. Each of these young Princesses was escorted by her squire, the train of her dress being carried by pages. About ten Gentlemen Pensioners closed the march. These gentlemen compose the King's special bodyguard, and consist of about forty persons with their officers; their dress is of scarlet, with braidings and laces of gold. They carry small axes or halberds covered with crimson velvet, and ornamented with big silver-gilt nails. They mount guard on Sundays and on certain weekdays, only half their number being habitually on duty. These places can be purchased, and bring in about one hundred pounds sterling.

I was surprised at seeing everyone making a profound reverence or bow as the King went by, which he in his turn acknowledged by a slight inclination of the head. The English do not consider their King to be so very much above them

that they dare not salute him, as in France; they respect him and are faithful to him, and often sincerely attached to him. I speak, of course, of those who favour the reigning family, for there are in England many different political parties. There is a custom which shows the fidelity of those who are attached to the King: at dessert or after a meal the first glass of wine that is tasted is always drunk to the King's health.

Whilst His Majesty was attending service in the chapel we visited the interior of the Palace, which is very old, and said to have been built by Cardinal Wolsey in the reign of Henry VIII. This Palace does not give you the impression from outside of being the residence of a great king, but it is a large and roomy building. In the first court, where a company of foot-guards mount guard, is a whale's carcase, twenty feet long, fastened to the wall by iron cramps. Above the grand staircase is a room which is that of the Yeomen. This room is filled with guns, pistols, swords, and halberds, beautifully arranged in perfect order. From this room you go into that of the Gentlemen Pensioners, called the Presence Chamber, which is furnished with

antique hangings, and from thence into another room, where the gentlemen of the Court await the opening of the King's apartments. The King's chambers consist firstly of a big room which leads into the bedchamber, the bed being covered with crimson velvet, braided and embroidered in gold. The bed stands in a sort of alcove, shut off from the rest of the room by a balustrade of gilded wood. To the right of the grand ante-chamber is the drawing-room, where the King gives audiences and receives ambassadors. In these two chambers there are canopies of purple velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, surmounting two armchairs, also covered with crimson velvet. All these rooms look on to the park gardens, and are hung with beautiful old tapestries. On the walls I saw excellent paintings, mostly original; the chandeliers are of silver, and some of them of silver-gilt. Inside the Palace inclosure are the two chapels, one of these, the Royal Chapel, being in no manner remarkable. Here the King attends divine service every Sunday and Feast-day. The service is entirely musical, some of the laymen having superb voices; they are aided by a dozen

or so of chorister-boys and by some very excellent musicians, the whole forming a delightful symphony, and what is not sung is intoned by the clergy. The second chapel is much finer and larger, and was built by Queen Catherine, wife of Charles II., for the use of the Roman Catholics. French and Dutch Protestant services are now held in this chapel.

At about two o'clock we returned to the chamber called the circle or drawing-room, and found it already filled with ladies and gentlemen. On leaving chapel the King appeared with the three young Princesses; he was immediately surrounded by a circle of persons all standing up, there being no chairs in the room lest anyone should be guilty of seating themselves. The King went to the end of the room and talked with the foreign ministers for a few minutes. Three ladies were then presented to His Majesty; he kissed them all affectionately on the lips, and I remarked that he seemed to take most pleasure in kissing the prettiest of the three. Let not this mode of greeting scandalise you; it is the custom in this country, and many ladies would be displeased should you fail to salute

them thus; still some of the ladies who have travelled in foreign countries now offer their cheeks instead of their lips. The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived soon after the King; I was surprised at this, for I know that the King and the Prince, his son, are not on good terms. The Prince and Princess, together with Prince William, their youngest son, and the two youngest Princesses, live in a mansion belonging to Lord Leicester, and which they rent from him. As soon as the Princess of Wales entered the drawing-room the King went to greet her, treated her most graciously, and conversed with her for some time, but he did not speak to the Prince, and even avoided going near him.

Three Drawing-rooms are held every week, one on Sundays from two till three, and the other two on Mondays and Fridays from eight till ten or eleven in the evening. These evening circles are much pleasanter than those held on Sundays, for the apartments are magnificently lighted, and more ladies attend them, and the latter are always an ornament to society.

You will be interested, I think, to know more

about the King, the Prince and Princess, and their children. The King is about sixty-five years of age; he is short of stature and very corpulent, though not hindered in his movements by his size; his cheeks are pendent, and his eyes are too big; he looks kind and amiable, but those who do not like him say he is not generous in money matters; he seems to be very discerning, and knows all about the affairs of his own country and about those of foreign nations; he is fond of pleasures, and especially of those of the chase and of the table. His Majesty often invites five or six noblemen to supper, and at these familiar little parties liberty and gaiety reign supreme. The King is fond of women; he has a mistress, sister of the Duke of Schulenburg, officer in the service of Venice. The King has created her Duchess of Kendal and of Munster in Ireland; she is a fine, handsome woman, and said to be very benevolent and charitable. The King is very fond of her, yet he is not always quite faithful to her, amusing himself with passing intrigues every now and then.

The Prince of Wales is about forty-three. He is taller than his father, his figure well-proportioned,

and he is not as stout; his eyes are very prominent. He looks serious and even grave, and is always richly dressed, being fond of fine clothes. I am told the Prince is not as kindly as his father, and he is not as popular, being very hasty and easily angered.

The Princess of Wales is about forty-one years of age, and is of the House of Brandenburg-Anspach. She has been one of the most beautiful princesses in Europe, but has grown too stout. She is witty and well-read, and speaks four or five different languages, and she is gracious and amiable, besides being very charitable and kind; but the enemies of the House of Hanover complain that she is too economical. When the King and his son disagreed, and the latter was ordered to leave the Palace, the King did all in his power to persuade the Princess to remain with him, but she would not, and insisted on following her husband.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have seven children—two sons and five daughters. Prince Frederick, the eldest son, was brought up in Hanover, and still resides in that country. The three princesses who live with their grandfather

the King are named Anne, Amelia, and Caroline.* Princess Anne is very pale, and would be good-looking were she not marked with small-pox. She is sixteen years of age. Princess Amelia, a handsome blonde with charming features, is fourteen years of age, and Princess Caroline, who is not yet thirteen, is very tall and stout, and looks like a woman. She is good-looking, with very dark hair. The other children are Prince William, aged five, Princess Mary, aged three, the youngest child, Princess Louisa, being only a year old. After the Royal Family had left the circle, we went to walk in St. James's Park. At one end of the park is a space called the Parade, for every morning a battalion of the foot-guards parade in this place, and from thence proceed to mount guard before St. James's Palace, before the Prince of Wales's mansion, and at the Tower. Along one side of the Palace is a magnificent place for the game of pall-mall, which extends the entire length of

* Frederick, afterwards Prince of Wales, was father of George III. and died in 1751. Anne, Princess Royal, married William, Prince of Orange, and died in 1759. Amelia died unmarried in 1786. Caroline is probably a mistake for Elizabeth, who died 1758.

the park, and is bordered on either side by a long avenue of trees. This place is no longer used for the game, but is a promenade, and every spring it is bestrewn with tiny sea-shells, which are then crushed by means of a heavy roller. St. James's Park contains several avenues of elm and lime trees, two large ponds, and a pretty little island; in a word, this is an enchanting spot in summer time. Society comes to walk here on fine, warm days, from seven to ten in the evening, and in winter from one to three o'clock. English men and women are fond of walking, and the park is so crowded at times that you cannot help touching your neighbour. Some people come to see, some to be seen, and others to seek their fortunes; for many priestesses of Venus are abroad, some of them magnificently attired, and all on the look-out for adventures, and many young men are not long in repenting that they have become acquainted with such beautiful and amiable nymphs. The ponds are covered with wild ducks and geese, deer and roe-deer are so tame that they eat out of your hand, and there is little danger of being attacked in the park or in the neighbourhood of

THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE IN 1742, WITH A ROYAL PROCESSION.

FROM A PRINT BY J. MAURER.

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the Palace, for should the offender be taken up in any of these privileged parts, the laws would condemn him to lose his hand. No one can be taken up and imprisoned for debt so long as he does not leave the vicinity of the Palace.

I intend taking you with me in imagination in order to show you the most curious sights and interesting parts of London. Let us therefore leave the Palace and visit Westminster Abbey. We must cross the park, two narrow and dirty streets, and we shall find ourselves in a very ancient church dedicated to St. Peter, and called the Abbey, because in Roman Catholic times this was a Benedictine monastery. The principal entrance is on the west; the interior is long and narrow, and the roof upheld by rows of massive columns. Divine service is held in a small space like the choir of the Cathedral of Lausanne. As in all the other cathedrals, colleges, and chapels of England, the service is entirely musical. The kings of England are crowned and buried in this church. In the northern part are the tombs of several peers and noblemen. I saw those of the Dukes of Newcastle; that of the last Duke of the Holles family, now extinct, is

particularly magnificent, for it is ornamented with statues and columns of the finest marble. The tombs of celebrated scholars and poets are in the southern part of the church, amongst them being those of Milton, Shakespeare, Prior, Dryden, and St. Evremond. We will now visit the sepulchres of the kings. By giving sixpence to a guardian we shall be shown all the objects of interest in the Abbey. Our conductor, holding a stick in his hand, and speaking so quickly that I had much difficulty in understanding him, conducted us behind the choir and showed us three or four chapels, all filled with the tombs of ancient kings, queens, and peers of the kingdom. I did not see anything of particular interest excepting the tomb and statue of a young girl about twelve years of age, whom the guide told us was the daughter of Henry V. She is said to have died through pricking her finger with a needle whilst embroidering. At that time surgeons cannot have been very clever. After visiting the tombs we were shown the chapel where the kings of England are crowned, and called on that account the Royal Chapel. In this part of the Abbey, there are also the tombs of some former

kings without any ornament or statues, but with Latin epitaphs. On that of Edward I. there is a sword more than seven or eight feet in length, and a shield of enormous size. We were told they were the weapons used by that king, but they looked like the weapons of Goliath. In this same chapel we saw a very ancient chair made of wood and gilt, on which the kings of England are crowned. On the day of the great ceremony this chair is covered with crimson velvet. A large stone is firmly set under the seat of this venerable chair, and we are assured that it is the same stone the patriarch Jacob slept on when he dreamed his famous dream. You must own you did not expect me to find such a relic as this in a Protestant church. However, nothing is truer, and this stone is kept with the greatest care, having been taken from the Scots by the English several centuries ago.

From this Royal Chapel we went into another built by Henry VII. at very great expense to serve as his sepulchre. This is a magnificent chapel of large size, and on every side there are bas-reliefs and carvings, both in wood and stone. On the wooden seats intended for the canons there are

carvings of a very immodest design, but the figures are so small that they generally pass unperceived. We saw the tombs of Henry VII. and of his spouse, of massive bronze. In another chapel is the tomb of the famous Queen Elizabeth, also in bronze, surrounded by a balustrade of the same metal forming a royal crown. In a sort of closet are the waxen figures of King William III. and of Queen Mary his wife, and said to be very good likenesses; we were informed that the royal robes they wear are the same the King and Queen wore for their coronation, the precious stones and pearls having been replaced by false ones. In another closet we saw the figures of Charles II., of General Monk, and of a Duchess of Richmond, of wonderful beauty.

I think we have sojourned long enough among the dead and their tombs. Let us go into the House of Parliament, which is close to the Abbey. In former times this building was a royal palace, large and spacious, but it was almost entirely destroyed by fire, nothing but a large hall and a few rooms remaining. The hall is about 280 feet long and 50 wide; it is filled on either side

by booths occupied by booksellers, silversmiths, printers, and picture-dealers. Above the booths are numerous flags and standards taken from England's enemies. On the western side at one end of the hall are the two principal tribunals of justice. One of these is the High Chancellor's Court, where he is sole judge, though he occasionally consults some of his several assistants. The second tribunal is that of the King's Bench, composed of four judges. There is a third magistrates' court at the other end of the hall, composed of four judges, where civil lawsuits are pleaded. A curious custom is that of the Lord Chancellor and other judges carrying large nosegays of flowers in their hands, the reason of this apparently being that the scent of the flowers is expected to help them to keep awake during the pleadings. During the hours the tribunals are open the hall is crowded with barristers and lawyers without hats, wearing big wigs and clad in long robes. Between the two first courts is a staircase, at the top of which there is a door through which you enter a fine, large, newly-built hall called the Petition Chamber, where the Lords of the High Chamber and the

members of the Lower House may rest when the sittings are too lengthy. Adjoining this hall are two or three coffee-rooms and an eating-room, where food may be procured; silversmiths and booksellers have portable stalls in this same place. Leaving this hall for another, where footmen await their masters, you find a passage by which you enter the House of Peers or Lords.

This House, or Chamber, is large, and longer than it is broad. At the opposite end you see a large canopy of purple velvet, braided and fringed with gold and silver; the arms of England are embroidered in relief on the front of this canopy, under which is a large armchair raised on a sort of platform. A low footstool, covered with a cushion, placed before it, allows the King when seated to rest his feet if he so wills it. This armchair, the stool, and the cushion are all of purple velvet, like the canopy, and fringed with gold and silver. The platform and steps are hidden by an oriental carpet. Such is the King's throne. On His Majesty's right hand is a chair without arms for the Prince of Wales, and on his left, though one step lower, is a similar chair for

the Duke of York, the King's brother. These chairs are also covered with purple velvet trimmed with gold and silver fringes. The two archbishops have little seats on the right of the King's throne; these seats are placed against the wall, and end where the fireplace begins. On the other side, and also against the wall, are two long benches for the bishops. Dukes, marquises, and earls have three benches on the left of the throne all along the hall, and the remaining part against the wall is filled with benches for the viscounts and barons. Between the throne and these seats there are six large and long sacks filled with wool. The Lord Chancellor, who is at the same time President of the Chamber, sits on the first of these sacks at the foot of the throne; the high judges of the kingdom, the councillors of state, and the masters of Chancery sit on the others; the last of these bales or sacks is destined for the use of the judges, clerks, and secretaries, these having a square table placed before them covered with a Turkey table-cloth. All these seats are upholstered and covered with red cloth, as are also the bales of wool, which are placed in this hall according to an ancient

custom, intended to remind Parliament of the great wealth England has derived from woollen merchandise, and in order to encourage the development of this branch of her industry. The hall is hung with tapestries formerly belonging to Mary Queen of Scots, and which she is supposed to have embroidered, with the help of her ladies, during her long captivity. These tapestries are all of silk, and represent the history of the famous Spanish Armada which Philip II. of Spain sent against Queen Elizabeth. This is an immense piece of work; you see the fleet sailing from the ports of Spain, its dispersal by storm, and its final destruction by the English fleet.

We will now visit the House of Commons. This is a large square hall, the seats placed in such a way as to hold as many members as possible. Everyone sits where he likes, without distinction of rank. The Speaker or President of the Chamber alone sits in a slightly elevated chair in the middle of the room, the clerks and secretaries being seated at a table before him. The walls and the seats of this chamber are draped and covered with green

cloth. There is a gallery above, and here noblemen and those who have permission may listen to the debates. In this former ancient palace there are other rooms, and also apartments for the King, for the Prince of Wales, and for the Peers when they don their robes and habiliments of ceremony and state.

About a month after my arrival in London, the King went in state to adjourn Parliament. I was fortunate enough to see the entire ceremony, and as it is well worth relating, I will describe it to you.

At about midday the Peers and the members of the Commons retire into their respective chambers to don their robes. Those of the Peers are very long and ample, scarlet in colour, and bordered with ermine. The dukes' robes of state have five bands of gold across the sleeves, from shoulder to elbow, divided by as many bands of ermine. Counts or earls have three bands, viscounts and barons two. Those noblemen who belong to the Order of the Garter or to the Order of the Thistle wear the golden collars of those orders over their robes, fastened on the shoulders with wide black ribbons.

The princes of the Church wear their episcopal garments, which are ample white surplices of cambric, and over these their scarves. Instead of hats they wear flat, square black caps, trimmed with a thick tuft of black silk. Peers and noblemen never wear their robes of state except when the King goes to Parliament. About a quarter of an hour before the King's arrival the Grand Chamberlain of his household, accompanied by several minor officers, visits the underground passages and all the lower apartments of the ancient Palace of Westminster, this being a custom which has always been continued ever since the famous and terrible Gunpowder Treason Plot, which story you know full well. The King leaves the Palace of St. James usually at one o'clock. Grenadiers on horseback open the march, and are followed by three or four of the King's coaches with the royal pages; after the coaches come four mace-bearers, two footmen, and some officers of the royal household; next, a detachment of Grenadiers on horseback, followed by about twenty Yeomen, carrying halberds on their shoulders, and marching two and two. This detachment is followed by four-and-twenty footmen with swords

at their sides, and with sticks in their hands, their livery being scarlet, with vests and facings of blue, braided on the seams with two rows of gold braid, between which are two rows of velvet. Instead of hats they always wear small caps of black velvet, which they are never seen to take off. The state coach, drawn by eight splendid horses, then appears. The horses are not fat and heavy animals such as usually draw coaches, but are fine and elegant, more suited for the saddle and parade than for drawing a heavy coach. Their harness is very ornate and rich, and so are all the ornaments of this fine coach, all the woodwork of which is carved and doubly gilt, the doors being beautifully and delicately painted. The front and sides have large mirrors, and the back and outside are lined with red leather, ornamented with gilt nails, the inside being of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold, with heavy gold fringes. The King only makes use of the eight splendid horses and of this magnificent coach when he goes in state to Parliament. Four Yeomen walk on either side, and a detachment of Guards on horseback with their officers close the march. An infinite number of the populace, called

in England "mob," follow on either side, calling out "Hurrah!" and throwing their caps in the air, this being the "Vive le Roi" of the English.

Two gentlemen are habitually seated with the King in his coach, one of them being his Grand Equerry and the other his Gentleman of the Chamber. At the precise minute the King sets his foot on the ground, and also when he enters his coach to return to the Palace, twenty-one shots are fired from cannon posted on the river side, opposite the Houses of Parliament.

The Lord Chancellor and four noblemen of the King's palace receive His Majesty at the foot of the stairs, and accompany him into his own apartments, where he dons a robe of crimson velvet, bordered with ermine; round his neck the collar of the Order of the Garter is placed, and on his head a royal crown of gold enriched with magnificent gems, the cap surmounting it being of crimson velvet. The King then passes into the hall, preceded by four mace-bearers, by a peer carrying the sword of state, and by the Lord Chancellor wearing a long robe of black velvet braided and fringed with gold along and across the sleeves, and

carrying a large purse or sort of square bag of crimson velvet, containing the Great Seal, the arms of England being embroidered on this purse in gold and silver. On whatever occasion the Lord Chancellor appears in public, he carries this seal.

The mace-bearers stand in couples on either side of the throne, and when the King is seated they are obliged to kneel. As soon as His Majesty is ready to receive them, the messenger of the House of Peers is ordered by the Lord Chancellor to call in the Commons. I forgot to mention that there is in the House of Lords a large open space without seats, separated from the remainder of the hall by a wooden balustrade, called in French "Barre." and above this space there is a big projecting gallery, where the foreign ministers and the ladies of the Court usually sit on those eventful days when the King goes to Parliament.

The members of the Lower House, having the President or Speaker at their head, proceed to the Upper House and stand in the empty space behind the "Barre." Here the Speaker, dressed in a scarlet robe, addresses the King, and in a speech

informs His Majesty of the topics which have been discussed in the House, and then reads out the titles of those bills which have been passed and which are inscribed on two rolls of parchment. His Majesty gives his consent to the passing of these bills, and the Recorder announces the fact in the French or rather Norman tongue by the words, "Le Roi le veult," or, "Soit fait comme il est désiré." After this declaration, the Lord Chancellor, standing up, reads the King's Speech, approving of all that the Chambers have done during the Session, and in particular he thanks the Commons for the subsidies he has received during the year, and he ends by announcing the adjournment of Parliament until a given time, permitting each member to retire to his own county and country seat should he desire to do so.

Queen Anne was in the habit of reading her own speeches, but as the present reigning King cannot speak English, the Lord Chancellor is obliged to replace him. I cannot to-day tell you of the laws, customs, and privileges of the Houses of Parliament; you must study *The Present State*

of Great Britain, by Chamberlaine, which book has been translated into French.

As I am not writing you a book, but a long letter, it is time I ended, assuring you that I am yours from my heart.

LETTER III

Whitehall Palace—The Admiralty—The streets of London—The Watch—Houses of London—Squares and Places—The City—Temple Bar—Fleet Ditch—Ludgate—St. Paul's—Guildhall—Stock Exchange—Shop signs—The Monument—London Bridge—Southwark—The Customs—Tower of London—King's Menagerie—Regalia in the Tower—Smithfield—Moorfields—Bedlam—The Thames.

LONDON, *December* 16, 1725

IN my last letter I commenced a description of London, but perceiving that my epistle was getting too lengthy, I concluded that a rest would be good for both of us. I now take up my pen once more and continue where I left off.

Whitehall, once a vast and handsome palace, used to be the usual residence of the kings of England. This palace was burnt down in 1698, and I know not whether it was from negligence, or from what cause, very little was attempted to save this building from utter destruction, and only

the banqueting house and an old chapel, since pulled down, and a few rooms of the King's apartments were saved; these latter are now part of the mansion belonging to the Duke of Portland, and there is nothing of interest to be seen in the building except the banqueting house, which remains as it was in former times, and is a large isolated building of magnificent architecture, containing beautiful paintings. It is built of freestone, and the front is ornamented with a double row of columns and pillars. The interior consists of a single hall, the ceiling of which is painted in fresco by the famous Rubens. James I. is here portrayed surrounded by different figures, representing Abundance, Peace, Justice, Strength, and other virtues. This hall was built for the purpose of receiving ambassadors, or addresses, and for giving banquets. To-day a very different use is made of this hall, for it is used as a chapel, large and magnificent, and divine service, according to the Protestant Anglican service, is held in it.

Behind this building is a pretty square, in the centre of which is a bronze statue of James II. The ground around belongs to the Crown, and

parts of it have been let to different lords and noblemen for a term of years, on which pretty and picturesque mansions overlooking the river have been built for their residence. The wide street in front of the banqueting hall is paved with little square stones, and here you see the very ancient gate of Westminster, remarkable for its Gothic architecture and also for its antiquity. It was in this wide street that a scaffold was erected, adjoining the banqueting house, and the unfortunate King Charles I., stepping through one of the windows, was led to the block, where he lost his head.

The Admiralty is situated fifty paces further on, and is a fine building recently completed. The chief, or president, of the Admiralty resides here; the noblemen who compose the Board assemble in its walls; and you can generally see many well-known sea-captains and men on business intent.

Continuing your walk up the street, you reach Charing Cross. This is a large triangular place with the equestrian statue of King Charles I. in bronze. This statue is said to be a work of art. The story goes that the maker of it, seeing his

statue so much admired, was almost beside himself with joy and pride; but having examined it more carefully, he suddenly discovered that he had omitted the girths of the saddle, and his despair was such at knowing that there was no remedy for the defect that he went and hanged himself. This man was without doubt an Englishman; this trait depicts his energetic character.

Do not expect me to describe to you all the streets of London. I should have too much to do, and we should get tired of one another. A number of them are dirty, narrow, and badly built; others again are wide and straight, bordered with fine houses. Most of the streets are wonderfully well lighted, for in front of each house hangs a lantern or a large globe of glass, inside of which is placed a lamp which burns all night. Large houses have two of these lamps suspended outside their doors by iron supports, and some have even four. The streets of London are unpleasantly full either of dust or of mud. This arises from the quantity of houses that are continually being built, and also from the large number of coaches and chariots rolling in the streets day and night. Carts are

used for removing mud, and in the summer time the streets are watered by carts carrying barrels, or casks, pierced with holes, through which the water flows.

Another of the unpleasantnesses of the streets is that the pavement is so bad and rough that when you drive in a coach you are most cruelly shaken, whereas if you go on foot you have a nice smooth path paved with wide flat stones, and elevated above the road; but I believe I have mentioned this before.

London does not possess any watchmen, either on foot or on horseback as in Paris, to prevent murder and robbery; the only watchman you see is a man in every street carrying a stick and a lantern, who, every time the clock strikes, calls out the hour and state of the weather. The first time this man goes on his rounds he pushes the doors of the shops and houses with his stick to ascertain whether they are properly fastened, and if they are not he warns the proprietors.

I must own that Englishmen build their houses with taste; it is not possible to make a better use of ground, or to have more comfortable houses. It

is surprising to see in what a small space they will build, and in what an incredibly short time. The houses are of bricks; the walls are thin, most of them having only one foot and a half thickness. The finest houses sometimes have cornices and borders to divide the floors, and round the doors and windows you occasionally see a sort of polished marble. In all the newly-built quarters the houses have one floor made in the earth, containing the kitchens, offices, and servants' rooms. This floor is well lighted, and has as much air as the others have. In order to accomplish this a sort of moat, five or six feet in width and eight or nine deep, is dug in front of all the houses, and is called the "area." This moat is edged on the side next the street with an iron railing. The cellars and vaults where coal is stored are very strongly built beneath the streets, and to reach them you cross the area. Hangings are little used in London houses on account of the coal smoke, which would ruin them, besides which woodwork is considered to be cleaner and prevents damp on the walls. Almost all the houses have little gardens or courtyards at the back.

I think I have already told you that houses are built for a term of years, and I must tell you the reason why; it rarely happens that the person who builds also possesses the ground. The ground is habitually let for ninety-nine years, but sometimes also for sixty-six years, or even less. The contractor builds according to the term of years. Should the ground be leased for sixty years, he will not build so thoroughly as for ninety-nine, and he knows so exactly what is required, that houses are often on the point of tumbling down a short time before or after the term has expired. The proprietor of the ground then regains possession of his property and of the house, good or bad.

London has many fine open spaces called squares, because they are of that shape. The centres of these squares are shut in by railings of painted wood, and contain gardens with flowers, trees, and paths. Those of Soho, of Leicester Fields, of the Red Lion, and the Golden Square are in this style. Those of Hanover and Cavendish are not yet finished, and belong to the newly-built quarter. That of St. James is fine; it is surrounded with handsome houses belonging to

wealthy noblemen. In the centre of this square is a fine fountain, surrounded by iron balustrades, with lanterns at equal distances. Going towards the City you see another big place, named by the French "Commun-Jardin," and by the English Covent Garden. Every sort of flower, fruit, and garden produce is sold here. It is surrounded on two sides by fine arcades, which are most convenient for shelter in bad weather. From this place you can continue to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where there is nothing in particular to be seen except some fine mansions, those belonging to the Duke of Ancaster and to the Duke of Newcastle being particularly magnificent. Quite close to this place is the spacious college of Lincoln's Inn; it is composed of several buildings and courts, where a quantity of young students, called by the name of "Lawyers," reside. They have a fine and well-kept garden, open to honest folk. A little further is another fine college—Gray's Inn—which is likewise destined for lawyers. The finest mansions in London are those belonging to the Duke of Buckingham, in St. James's Park; of the Duke of Montagu, in Great Russell Street; and that of the

Duke of Bedford, in Bloomsbury Square. The two first-mentioned are magnificent residences, rendered so by their architecture, their paintings, sculptures, gilding, and works of art and decoration. I have not as yet written a word about London Town or City; I have only described the town of Westminster and its suburbs, and it is time to tell you of this wonderful City, so famed for its riches and grandeur.

Supposing we start from Charing Cross, we must follow a fine street called the Strand, about a mile in length and very wide in some parts. Let us stop for a few minutes in our walk to look at the Somerset House, which was built in the time of Edward VI., in the low Italian fashion then in vogue. Its courtyard is surrounded with arcades, and at the back there is a big garden stretching down to the river. This palace is the residence of the Queen Dowager, and a guard is mounted before it, as before all the royal palaces. At the end of the Strand is a fine large gate called Temple Bar, having four statues in niches. This gate is the first of the City, and when any proclamation has to be made of peace or of war, of the death

of a king or of the accession of his successor to the throne, the Herald-at-Arms and his officers find the gate closed; they knock at it thrice, and my Lord Mayor, who is on the other side with his aldermen, inquires, "Who is there?" The officers of the King make answer that they are ordered to proclaim such and such a thing, my lord permitting. The Lord Mayor then consults his aldermen as to whether they can consent or not, and as you may believe, the answer is never in the negative. Leaving Temple Bar, you will see on your right hand a spacious college called the Temple, which in former times belonged to the Knights Templars, hence its name. The Temple is now used as a college for London lawyers; it is surrounded by walls, and contains some fine buildings, gardens, and a church; in fact this inclosure is like a little town.

After passing through the gate of Temple Bar you find yourself in Fleet Street, a mile in length, at the end of which is Fleet Ditch, a sort of canal, where big barges come up with the help of the tide. The houses on either side of this canal possess two singular privileges, one of them being

that no one can be taken up for debt when in this part of London, and the other allowing you to get married without any licence or publication of banns. Sailors and people of the common sort make great use of this latter privilege, their marriage being blessed in some tavern or pot-house, the priest being paid with half a crown and a bottle of wine.

Leaving Fleet Ditch, you come to Ludgate Hill. This is not a long street, but a wide and handsome one, and is entirely occupied by merchants' wares, silken tissues of beautiful and costly kinds being sold here. At the end of the street is the gate, named after King Lud, said to have been the founder of London. This gate is ornamented on one side with statues of this legendary king and of his two sons, and on the other side, facing St. Paul's, with a statue of Queen Elizabeth. On this gate you see the heads of persons who have been executed for high treason stuck on stakes, and I was shown a head said to be that of Oliver Cromwell.

At the end of a short wide street, opposite this gate, the superb cathedral of St. Paul stands out

before you. This edifice is the most truly magnificent of all London and England. I cannot give you an exact account of this building—it would weary you; but it took fifty years in building and cost enormous sums, being constructed of handsome white stone from Portland. I am told that this cathedral is 700 feet long and 150 wide, and its height more than 150. It is built in the shape of a cross, the arms, which are not long, composing the centre of the edifice. The principal façade is at the western end, and possesses a superb doorway above a fine flight of steps. This door is ornamented with two porticoes, one above the other, supported by handsome columns, between which are fine statues in niches. The columns of the second portico support a magnificent triangular parapet, on which is sculptured in bas-relief the history of the conversion of St. Paul; the statue of this saint is placed on the highest point of the parapet. The statues of the other apostles stand on the cornice near the roof, and from the street seem to be life-sized. This fine façade is flanked by two small round towers, and is terminated by a dome supported by beautiful columns. In one

of the towers is a clock, said to be the most reliable in London. Still on the western side, there is a sort of court shut off by iron railings that continue all round the edifice; in the centre is the statue of Queen Anne, sculptured by a clever artist in beautiful white marble, this Queen being represented clad in her royal robes, the sceptre in her hand, and the royal crown on her head. The centre of the cathedral is surmounted by a magnificent round tower, over three hundred feet in height, surrounded by a portico, the columns of which are thirty feet in height. They support a fine gallery bordered with a balustrade of pilasters. A remarkably handsome dome, covered with lead and seventy feet high, surmounts the tower. Above this dome is a lantern forty feet high, ornamented on the outside with columns. At the base of the lantern there is a little gallery surrounded by a railing of gilt bronze. From this elevation on a fine day, when the atmosphere is clear, you can see the whole of London and also the Thames and the pastures around. This is one of the finest views in the world, and my words cannot give you any real idea of its beauty; so let us leave it and visit

the dome and the interesting frescoes representing the Twelve Apostles, by the celebrated painter Godfrey Kneller, for these paintings are held in great admiration by connoisseurs. In the centre of the interior of the tower is a circular gallery with railings of gilt iron. In this place I made a curious experiment in what in French is called "physique." One of my friends stood at a point in the gallery, exactly opposite to me. He laid his ear against the wall, whilst I put my lips against it and spoke as low as possible. My friend caught every word I spoke, whereas others who were on the same gallery between us did not catch a syllable. I must not try to explain this problem, especially to such a scholarly and learned man as you are.

Let us descend into the church. Nothing can be more majestic and superb than the columns, pilasters, and entire decoration of this building. Divine service is held in the choir, which is shut off by a beautiful screen of various kinds of marble, with a bronze door. This part of the church contains many fine sculptures in wood and in stone, and above the altar is an excellent piece of painting

by Kneller, "The Conversion of St. Paul." I am afraid I have kept you too long at St. Paul's, but if you could see this church you would never be weary of admiring its magnificence, for it passes—and justly, I think—for being one of the finest in the world. I have always heard that the three handsomest churches the world contains are those of St. Sophia in Constantinople, St. Peter in Rome, and St. Paul in London. But let us pass to other subjects, for I feel full well that, whatever I might say, I could never give you a perfect picture of the beautiful reality.

After leaving St. Paul's we pass into a fine street called Cheapside, and thence to the Guildhall. This is a spacious edifice built in antique fashion, the exterior being in no way remarkable. In the large entrance hall you see life-sized portraits of William III. and Mary his wife, and those of different Lord Chancellors and judges of the kingdom. The Lord Mayor's banquets are held in this hall. The church of St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside is one of the finest in London, and has the most remarkable peal of bells in England. The Stock Market is at the end of this street.

The equestrian statue in marble of Charles II., treading Oliver Cromwell under his horse's feet, stands before it. In the middle of Cornhill is the Royal Exchange, and we will stop here a few minutes. This building is spacious and handsome, built in modern style of the beautiful Portland stone. The architecture of the front looking towards Cornhill and that of the tower above is remarkably fine. In this tower is a clock, and a chime which rings different tunes. In the interior of the building is a large, square court with four gates, two large and two small, leading into it. The sides of this court are ornamented with fine porticoes, supported by tall and massive columns. In the centre is the statue of Charles II., clad in Roman draperies, on a pedestal carved with bas-reliefs, the whole being surmounted by a balustrade of iron. Statues of all the kings of England, beginning with William the Conqueror, are placed in niches on the floor above, those of King William and Queen Mary being in one and the same niche. George I., present King of England, is the last, but several empty niches are ready for his successors. In the square court and under the porticoes

merchants congregate and discuss their business. From about one till two o'clock they stand in great numbers, and you can scarcely make your exit if you happen to be in the court at that hour. Merchants of every nation and of every country and foreign languages of every sort are to be seen and heard around. On either side of the Royal Exchange two large flights of stairs lead up to the first floor, where there are four galleries or wide passages, with booths along either side covered with rich merchandise, jewellery, and other tempting wares. These stalls bring in much money, and so do the vaults beneath the building, which are let for the storage of merchandise. It is said that this is the wealthiest corner of the earth, as it covers relatively a small space of ground, and brings in more than two thousand pounds sterling a year. There are many taverns in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange; they are filled from midday till two o'clock with merchants. Change Alley, close by, is also crowded with money-dealers; at times you can scarcely move.

The four streets—the Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside, and Cornhill—are, I imagine, the finest

in Europe. What help to make them interesting and attractive are the shops and the signs. Every house, or rather every shop, has a sign of copper, pewter, or wood painted and gilt. Some of these signs are really magnificent, and have cost as much as one hundred pounds sterling; they hang on big iron branches, and sometimes on gilt ones. The signs belonging to taverns and pothouses are generally finer than the others. Every house possesses one or two shops where the choicest merchandise from the four quarters of the globe is exposed to the sight of the passers-by. A stranger might spend whole days, without ever feeling bored, examining these wonderful goods. There is a shop opposite St. Paul's where the most beautiful jewellery in Europe is said to be found. You cannot help admiring the exquisite workmanship, the riches and curiosities here exposed; but as I cannot make you see them, it is no use lingering any longer, and we will pass on.

Let us visit the Monument, which is not far off. This is a pyramid, or more properly a column, raised by order of Parliament at the exact spot where the terrible fire of 1666 broke out, by which

about two-thirds of the City was destroyed. This column of Portland stone is fluted in the Doric style, and is two hundred feet high. Inside it is a winding staircase of black marble, by the aid of which you reach a gallery or square balcony with railings of gilt iron. In the centre is a sort of vase, surmounted by an artichoke, the leaves being of gilt copper. The vase and the artichoke are about forty feet high. You can with some difficulty climb higher by means of an iron ladder. On one side of the pedestal is a fine bas-relief representing the Fire of London; on the other three sides are inscriptions. The first, in Latin, relates the history of the fire; the second, also in Latin, gives an account of what has been done to rebuild the city; and the third, in English, accuses the Roman Catholics of being the authors of this terrible conflagration in the hope of destroying the Protestant religion together with liberty, and of introducing Popery and slavery in its stead.

When James II., who was a zealous Roman Catholic, ascended the throne he caused this inscription to be erased; but shortly afterwards William III., his son-in-law, who succeeded him,

ordered this inscription to be engraved deeper than before. Leaving the Monument, you get to the Thames bridge, which is built of stone. A stranger standing on this bridge can scarcely tell it is one, houses on either side making it look like a pretty street. In the centre a space is left free, from which you obtain a good view of the river, with its different boats and ships at anchor. At the end of this bridge, on the London side, is a curious machine for pumping water and for sending it into different parts of the town. This machine turns in either direction, according to the tide, so that it is always in use.

The suburb of Southwark, habitually known as Sodrick, lies on the opposite side of the bridge, and it would elsewhere be considered quite a large town with its five parishes. Southwark has two large hospitals—one for incurables and one for the poor and sick. Though joined to the City of London by the bridge, it is independent of that town, having its own Members of Parliament and its magistrates, besides being situated in the county of Surrey, and not, like London, in Middlesex.

Let us return to this latter place, where many things of interest remain to be seen, amongst others the Custom House, called by the French in London "La Coutume." This is a large modern building near the river. On the first floor is a big hall with about thirty different offices, and here you must declare the species of merchandise you want brought into England, and pay duty on it. This hall is generally so crowded with merchants, captains of vessels, and other applicants that you have some difficulty in making your way in. Custom-house officers in this country are extraordinarily clever at discovering anything contraband, a share going into their pockets, and a stranger has often much trouble in recovering his belongings. I had to go to the Customs several times, and wait many days, before I could recover my boxes, and it cost me four or five half-crowns, though I had no sort of contraband goods. It seems to me that making strangers pay for bringing worn clothes into a country is not creditable to the English nation, and I have heard it said it is the custom in no other country.

We must visit the Tower, which is close by; it

is the citadel of London and of great antiquity. This building is about a mile in circumference, and is surrounded by a wide moat and a high wall flanked by towers and bastions. Being built on the banks of the river, it commands the town and the water, on which a number of cannon are always pointed.

In the first inclosure you must see the King's menagerie, this being a small and rather dirty place containing ten lions, a panther, two tigers, and four leopards, each in his own den or cage. Last time I went we also saw a quantity of curious birds, but what amused us most was the sight of four young lions a few months old, born in the Tower, and as they were too young to be ferocious, they allowed us to fondle and caress them as if they had been little dogs. I also saw what I considered to be a very curious and extraordinary animal, which the keeper called a "Tiger-man." It was a very big monkey, its face, hands, and feet resembling those of a man more than those of any monkey I have ever seen, and it had a small white beard, giving it quite the appearance of an old man. Its hide was striped like that of a tiger,

especially on the back, with handsome, well-defined, white, red, and black stripes. We were told that this animal was very intelligent, and I will give you a proof of this. One day, the poor beast being ill, a little wine was given it, which seemed to do it good. The rogue found it excellent, and having remarked that no wine was given him unless he was ill, he feigned sickness two or three times in order to receive the coveted remedy; this little scheme answered at first, but one day his keeper, seeing him leap about with mischievous joy after drinking the wine, discovered the trick and beat him soundly. We were told that the captain of a ship belonging to the East India Company had brought this "tiger-man" some months before from the island of Sumatra; we remarked that he seemed to suffer from the cold, and we predicted that he could not live long in such a different climate, and we were right, for he died about six weeks later.

As soon as we had passed the drawbridge we came upon a company of Guards and Yeomen; we were told to give up our swords and sticks, and with a Yeoman deputed to show us the curiosities

of the place we went into the interior of the building. Our guide conducted us into a large, square, and very ancient edifice, at every corner of which is a square turret. In the centre of the building stands a tall pole or staff, from which a standard or flag flies on holidays. Buildings have from time to time been added to the ancient fortress. We saw the lower arsenals all filled with cannons of various sizes, with culverins, mortars, and a quantity of implements of war of every description. In the upper arsenal, which we visited next, is a long and wide hall where weapons in sufficient quantity to arm fifty thousand men are kept in readiness and in the greatest order and cleanliness. We were told that two hundred men are daily employed in this work.

We next entered another hall containing statues and figures of a score or so of ancient English kings and of several princes and generals, all on horseback in full armour, with helmets on their heads and lances in their hands; the horses, richly caparisoned, seemed ready to rush into battle. These figures are made to resemble the original persons and are of painted wood. Near the

entrance of the hall is the figure of Henry VIII.; he is represented standing in his royal robes, with a sceptre in his hand, and this is said to be a good likeness of this celebrated king. If you press a spot on the floor with your feet, you will see something surprising with regard to this figure; but I will not say more, and leave you to guess what it is.

Leaving the hall, we were next shown the Treasure Chamber, which is shut off by an iron railing; visitors remain in the outer half, and the guardian locks himself into the inner half. We saw a quantity of jewels and rare and precious treasures; here is a list of the principal:—

1. St. Edward's crown, with which all the kings who have succeeded him have been crowned.
2. The queen's crown.
3. The crown the king wears when in Parliament.

The two first-mentioned crowns are of purple velvet, the third is of crimson velvet lined with white satin. They are surmounted by two crossed branches with a little globe above, and a cross above the globe. Round the lower part of the

crown is a circle ornamented with crosses, "fleurs de lys," and at the lower edge of this circle is a border of ermine. The circle, the branches, the globe, and the cross are all of massive gold, enriched with a quantity of exceedingly precious stones; these are diamonds, emeralds, rubies, carbuncles, and pearls of no ordinary size. The crown the king wears in Parliament has the little globe beneath the cross of a single emerald, nearly six inches in size, and a ruby of inestimable worth is let into the centre of the circlet.

4. Two gold sceptres ornamented with jewels of great worth, these sceptres being carried by the king and queen at their coronation.

5. The golden globe the king holds in his hand at the coronation. It is surmounted with a cross enriched with precious stones. This globe is divided horizontally by a circlet of pearls, another circlet passing over the globe.

6. A golden ewer for holding the sacred oil, and a golden spoon in use at the coronation for anointing the king and queen.

7. Two gold spurs worn by kings on the day of their coronation.

8. An ivory sceptre named Sceptre of Peace, of exquisite workmanship, with a dove hovering over it.

9. Three fine gold swords, the hilts of gold enriched with precious stones; the sheaths are of purple velvet. These swords are worn at the coronation.

10. A large *épergne* for the table. It is silver-gilt, and represents the Tower or Citadel of London, the four turrets being used as salt-cellars. This piece of plate is extremely ancient, and is placed on the king's table at the coronation banquet.

The archives of the Crown are kept in the Tower, as also are the ancient laws of the kingdom, the charters or privileges different kings have accorded to their subjects, the documents as to their rights over France, and a quantity of parchments or historic papers. We had not the curiosity to go and examine these, but preferred going to see money coined, the Tower being the only place in the kingdom where this is done.

If you wanted to see all the curiosities in the Tower, it would take you several days, and it would

be to your cost, for the French proverb, "On n'a rien pour rien," holds good in England as elsewhere, and perhaps even more so. Prisoners of state, especially peers and persons of rank, are lodged in the principal building, where there are several apartments destined for their use. One may say that the Tower is a small town; in its inclosure are several private abodes, a church, and a court of justice. The Governor is usually a nobleman of high rank.

From here we will go on to Smithfield and to Aldersgate, two suburbs of the City. In the former place there is nothing to be seen of remarkable interest excepting the fine hospital of St. Bartholomew. During three days in the week Smithfield is filled with a quantity of animals for sale—horses, horned cattle, and sheep. These markets are almost fairs; but there is one more important fair held on St. Bartholomew's Day, of a fortnight's duration, the place being filled with wooden booths, in which you can see every sort of mountebank, together with comedians and rope-dancers, performing. A multitude of idlers come from all parts, and you can take your choice of sights and pleasures,

but I can assure you that both times I visited this fair I experienced little of the latter, for the noise and uproar is so continuous and overwhelming, besides which you run a perpetual risk of being crushed to death, and also of being robbed, for I think that no cleverer pickpockets exist than in this country, and in every crowd you must beware, else your pockets will soon be picked and emptied.

To reach Moorfields you must pass Moorgate, which has a fine place divided by avenues of trees. A magnificent hospital occupies all the width of the place. It is one of the largest and handsomest buildings in London, and its frontage is said to resemble that of the Louvre in Paris, being in fact built on that model.

This fine hospital is named Bethlehem Hospital,* shortened to Bedlam, and is the abode of most of the lunatics of London. The gate of this hospital is superb; above it and on either side a statue represents a chained maniac. After passing through a court and up a small flight of steps you reach the door of the building, and find yourself in a long

* Bethlehem Hospital, or Bedlam, in Moorfields, was built in 1675, but was pulled down in 1814, when the existing asylum in St. George's Fields was erected.

NEW BEDLAM AND MOORFIELDS IN 1710.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY NUTTING.

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and wide gallery, on either side of which are a large number of little cells where lunatics of every description are shut up, and you can get a sight of these poor creatures, little windows being let into the doors. Many inoffensive madmen walk in the big gallery. On the second floor is a corridor and cells like those on the first floor, and this is the part reserved for dangerous maniacs, most of them being chained and terrible to behold. On holidays numerous persons of both sexes, but belonging generally to the lower classes, visit this hospital, and amuse themselves watching these unfortunate wretches, who often give them cause for laughter. On leaving this melancholy abode, you are expected by the porter to give him a penny, but if you happen to have no change and give him a silver coin, he will keep the whole sum and return you nothing. As everyone is aware of this custom, the porter does not often get the chance of making such a good thing out of you.

So far I have hardly spoken of the Thames; this river is too beautiful not to be worth a description. It takes its rise in the county of Oxford, and is early navigable. The Thames is everywhere

wide, beautiful, and peaceful; the nearer it flows towards London the wider it becomes, on account of small tributaries and of the tide, which is felt as far as twelve miles above. You can judge of the width of the Thames by the length of London Bridge, which is not built over the widest part of the river, yet is eight hundred feet long. You cannot see anything more charming and delightful than this river. Above the bridge it is covered with craft of every sort; round about London there are at least 15,000 boats for the transport of persons, and numbers of others for that of merchandise. Besides these boats there are others called barges or galleys, painted, carved, and gilt. Nothing is more charming and attractive than the Thames on a fine summer evening; the conversations you hear are most entertaining, for I must tell you that it is the custom for anyone on the water to call out whatever he pleases to other occupants of boats, even were it to the King himself, and no one has a right to be shocked. Some of my friends have told me that on the river Queen Anne was often called "Boutique d'Eau-de-vie," because of her well-known liking for the bottle and spirituous

liquors. Most bargemen are very skilful in this mode of warfare; they use singular and even quite extraordinary terms, and generally very coarse and dirty ones, and I cannot explain them to you.

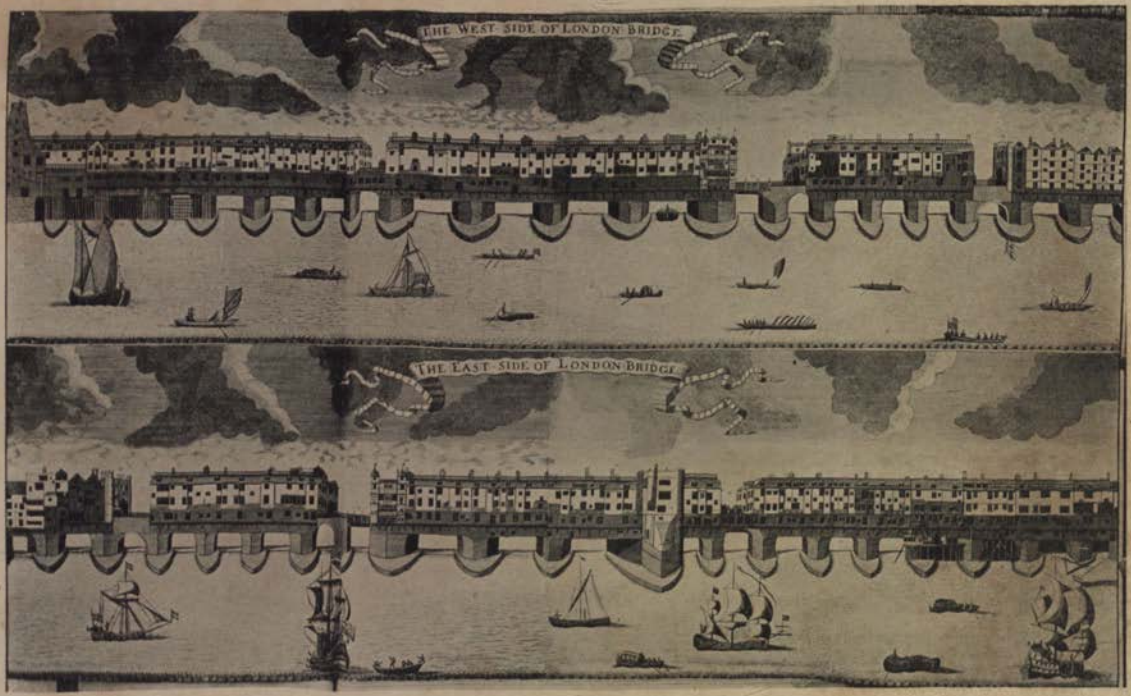
In the midst of the river, opposite Somerset House, a large boat called *The Folly* is anchored. This is a big flat craft, on which a sort of house, two floors high, with many windows, is built. This house is decorated with paintings inside and out. The first floor consists of a large room in which you find a band of musicians, and water-nymphs eating and drinking with tritons and other sea divinities who go and visit them. On the second floor are a few small apartments where the nymphs, or more properly syrens, tired of the world, retire, and, for fear of being lonely, invite a friend to amuse them. From the top of the building there is an enchanting view of the city and river.

The Thames below the bridge is almost hidden by merchant vessels from every country. All these ships are anchored in rows, forming streets with open passages between. The French vessels form one line, the Dutch another, those that transport coal from Newcastle a third, and so on. In this

way you can easily discover any ship you desire to look for, and the arrangement as viewed from the bridge is charming. The tide always rises twice in twenty-four hours, and brings vessels containing immense riches from every quarter of the globe.

One may truly say that the River Thames is the foster-mother of this great city, for besides providing her with a prodigious quantity of fish, she carries on her surface the greater part of the food that the big town consumes.

Now, dear sir, this is a curtailed description of the magnificent city of London. I could write a book and not a letter, if I wished to describe everything I have seen. I should like to tell you of the charming surroundings, and of many curious and interesting sights I have witnessed, such as the investiture of the Knights of the Bath and the Lord Mayor's festival; but I must put this off till another day, for I cannot but own that I am tired of writing, and I daresay you will likewise be fatigued before you reach the end of this lengthy epistle.



THE EAST AND WEST SIDES OF LONDON BRIDGE IN ABOUT 1710.

FROM A PRINT BY SUTTON NICHOLLS.

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LETTER IV

Investiture of the Knights of the Bath—Procession of the Knights—The Aldermen of London—The Lord Mayor—Lord Mayor's Day—English manner of dressing—The Duke of Bolton is insulted by a footman—Execution of thirteen criminals—Highwaymen, Footpads, Pickpockets—Jonathan Wild, captain of robbers.

LONDON, *February*, 1726

I AM sure you will agree with me that my last letter was not an entertaining one. I know full well that the mere description of a town like London cannot be amusing. I find it impossible to give you a really true idea of the beautiful sights I have seen, and above all I cannot make you realise the great enjoyment I am experiencing. I continue my letters, however, hoping at least to satisfy your curiosity.

I promised to give you an account of the investiture of the Order of the Bath, which took place two months after my arrival here, that is to say, in July last year.

This order is a very ancient one. Those who belong to it are called Knights of the Bath, for the reason that formerly a bath in the Tower was one of the ceremonies to be gone through before they received their knighthood. The knights number six-and-thirty. No new members can be created until all the old ones are dead.

About five or six weeks before the ceremony His Majesty the King chose the Duke of Montague to be Grand Master of the order, and named the remaining four-and-thirty knights, amongst whom were William, the Prince of Wales's second son, then five years old, and several peers and noblemen of the highest rank and distinction; also the celebrated Mr. Robert Walpole, who is the first minister of the kingdom. As soon as the knights were named they were permitted to appear in public wearing the order of the knighthood from right to left across their breasts. This order consists of a broad red ribbon, to it being suspended a gold medal, having the emblem and motto of the order engraven on its surface. The emblem is three small crowns, and the motto, "Tria in unum." It is only after being knighted that the star may be

worn. It is worn on the left side, and in the centre of the star the same emblem and motto are embroidered in silver. On the day before the ceremony a wooden bridge was constructed, with railings on each side. The height of the bridge was about three feet. It commenced at the big door by which the King enters Parliament, crossed Old Palace Yard, all along St. Margaret's Churchyard, and ended before the western porch of Westminster Abbey.

On the morning of the great day this wooden bridge was entirely hidden by blue cloth, and a detachment of Foot and Horse Guards took up their positions on it, the first by the side of the railings, and the latter on either side and along the bridge. Early in the day the knights assembled in the hall called the Princes' Chamber, in the House of Parliament, from which they issued forth at about ten o'clock in the following order :—

1. The drummers of the King's house, with the chief drummer at their head.

2. The kettledrums and trumpets of the King's Horse Guards.

3. Four-and-twenty paupers of the parish of Westminster. These men had each been presented with a cloak and a square cap of blue cloth.

4. The messenger of the order in his robes of ceremony.

5. The knights' esquires walking together three and three. There were one hundred and eight of them, each knight having three. Over their shoulders they wore cloaks of a brown colour, on the left side of which the emblem and motto of the order were embroidered in silks of various colours. In their hands they carried old-fashioned caps of the same hue as their cloaks, and over their vests they wore wide belted girdles, from which hung large old-fashioned swords of ancient workmanship.

6. The twelve canons of Westminster wearing the cloaks of the order, with cambric surplices visible beneath, and they carried square caps of black cloth in their hands.

7. The heralds and king-at-arms wearing dalmatics or long doublets of blue silk, on which the arms of England are stamped in divers colours,

and that in such a way as to cover the whole doublet. They also wore the collar and insignia of the order, with its motto and device.

8. Four-and-thirty Knights of the Bath, or their representatives, walking two and two. They were clad in vests and breeches of white satin, and wore hose and shoes of white. Over their vests were wide girdles of crimson velvet, from which hung ancient swords of gold or silver-gilt workmanship. From their shoulders hung long cloaks of crimson velvet lined with white satin, on the left side of which a silver insignia of the order was embroidered, encircled in a star. These cloaks were fastened by two thick silver cords, with large tassels of silver hanging down to their belts. In their hands they carried old-fashioned caps of white satin, with beautiful overhanging white ostrich plumes. The cloaks, caps, and swords of the absent knights were carried by their representatives.

9. The recorder of the order. He was accompanied on his right by the secretary of the order, and on his left by the gentleman usher. All three were dressed after the manner of the knights, and

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they carried caps in their hands, but these were without ostrich plumes.

10. The First King-at-arms, or Lord Garter, having on his right the Second King-at-arms, and on his left the Genealogist of the order. All three were clad in coat-armour and carried caps in their hands.

11. The Bishop of Rochester, senior of the order, wearing a cloak like those of the other knights, and attached to a red ribbon round his throat hung the insignia of the order. In one hand he carried a mitre; in the other the address he was to read to the knights, and the statement of the oaths they were to take.

12. The Duke of Montague, Grand Master of the order, clad like the other knights, but wearing his ostrich-plumed cap on his head. Over his cloak and fastened round his shoulders he wore the golden collar from which was suspended the medallion or insignia of the order. Long golden spurs were fastened to his heels, in order to show that he had been previously invested by the King with the order.

13. The Chevalier Fontaine, Vice-Chamberlain

to the Princess of Wales and representative of the youthful Prince William. He carried the latter's cloak, cap and sword in his hand.

14. The procession was closed by a detachment of the Yeomen of the Guard, carrying halberds on their shoulders. When they had all reached the porch of the Abbey the drummers drew up on one side and the trumpeters on the other, and the procession entered the Abbey. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince William were in a stand expressly erected for them. The young Prince here joined the knights, and took his place behind the Grand Master. The Chevalier Fontaine led the Prince by the hand, and helped him to don the cloak, sword, and put the cap in his hand. Everyone then passed on into Henry VII.'s Chapel, where each took his appointed place with all the outward and necessary ceremony too lengthy to recount here. The Grand Master then invested the knights with the Order of the Bath, presenting them each with a copy of the statutes, and making them take the vows from the Senior Knight, and throwing over their necks and shoulders the collar of gold to which the medallion or insignia of the

order is suspended, buckling on their feet big golden spurs, and giving them the "accolade," or blow, with the flat of the sword. After all these ceremonies had been gone through, divine service was held. Then the Grand Master together with the knights according to their rank, and headed by the First and Second King-at-arms, approached the railings of the altar, and every knight unsheathing his sword, presented it to the Senior Knight, who returned them, admonishing the knights in these terms: "I exhort you, by the oath you have taken, to use this sword for the glory of God, for the defence of the Gospel, the maintenance of the rights and glory of your sovereign, and of justice and of equity as much as in you lies, so help you God."

The knights then leaving Henry VII.'s Chapel, walked to the door of the church, where they were met by the King's head cook, his chopper in his hand, girded about the waist with a green apron and with a linen napkin. He addressed each knight in these words: "Sir, you know what a solemn vow you have just taken. If you observe

it, it will be to your honour; but if you betray it, I shall be compelled by my office to cleave off your spurs with my chopper."

The knights then leaving the abbey, returned to the Princes' Chamber in the same order they had observed before, except that on their return the esquires, the canons, and the king-at-arms all wore their caps, those of the knights surmounted with white waving ostrich plumes making a charming picture. They also wore the collars and insignia of the order and long spurs of gold or silver-gilt. Young Prince William did not take part in the return procession; he gave his collar, sword, spurs, and cap to his representative, who was to take his place in the banquet; but he took part in all the ceremonies of the investiture except that of taking the oath.

Nothing could be more diverting than seeing the Foot Guards and the populace remove the bridge and the blue cloth which covered it, for these were given them, and they fought for the largest share. Hardly had the Yeomen of the Guard passed before the boards and the cloth were torn away almost from under their feet. Many blows were

given and returned. These disturbances and broils were most amusing to the onlookers. The Grand Master, the knights, and the dean of the order walked in ceremony to the chamber, "Cour des Requetes," where a magnificent feast was prepared, to which all the foreign ministers had been invited. In the adjoining rooms were several other tables for the esquires and all the other persons who had taken part in the procession. You cannot imagine what a number of people there were looking on from windows and from stands built for the occasion, everyone being desirous of witnessing this magnificent pageant. Another charming spectacle was the sight of noblemen, ladies, and persons of rank, all beautifully dressed, who came to see the curious ceremony, no one being able to remember having seen such another before. I was fortunate in having a good view of the whole proceedings, comfortably and without any cost, for I was then lodging in a house with windows looking on to the Old Palace Yard. It is true I had to give up my room and my windows to persons of high rank, who paid the proprietor of the house very liberally, whilst I took refuge,

together with two or three persons of the household, in a sort of garret or room, but we saw every bit as well as we should have done from my own windows.

In the month of October I saw another ceremony and procession, neither as interesting or as rare as the investiture, for it takes place every year. Still, I must describe it to you. It is what English people call "My Lord Mayor's Show," and it takes place every year on the 28th of October. But before describing this show, I think you might like to know something more of the Lord Mayor, of the aldermen and magistrates of London.

The City—I mean that part of London which is inclosed by walls and has gates—is divided into twenty-six parts called wards. Each ward has its own particular alderman, elected by the citizens of the ward and called freemen. This magistrate, who is elected for life, has his own court of justice, where he judges the disputes in his ward. The twenty-six aldermen, one of whom is the Lord Mayor, hold the general council, where all the causes of the City are judged. These aldermen are all merchants. They must be members of one

of the twelve principal corporations of merchants, of which I may possibly write more hereafter.

There is a new Lord Mayor every year; the citizens or freemen elect him from the body of aldermen. They generally choose the oldest of the aldermen, and one who has not yet filled the post; there have been, however, some examples to the contrary, but very rarely. The Lord Mayor has many privileges. He is always knighted by the King before his year of office is over; his style of living is magnificent and sumptuous; he keeps open table, and has many well-paid functionaries in his service, one of these being the officer who carries the big sword of ceremony before the Lord Mayor whenever he appears in public. This appointment is worth £1,000. When the throne is vacant the Lord Mayor is the first officer of the Crown, and on the day of coronation he is the King's first cupbearer. His authority is great, and stretches over all the town of London, over a great part of its suburbs, and the Thames up to twenty-five miles above the bridge. The day of his investiture, the Lord Mayor with all his aldermen and train goes to the riverside, where a dozen or more

THE GUILDHALL, LONDON, IN 1720

FROM A PRINT BY TOMS.

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barges and galleys are waiting for them. The Lord Mayor's barge is magnificent; it is enriched with gilding, carving, and delicate paintings; it is decked with banners, streamers, and flags, and is manned by forty oarsmen, all wearing a bright-hued livery and caps of black velvet. The other barges are handsomely decorated likewise, one of them having a band of excellent musicians on board. A great number of ordinary but well-decorated boats follow and make a charming flotilla, keeping in good time to the strains of music. The boats stop at the Stairs or Quai of Westminster, where the procession forms and goes on foot to the Grand Hall of Westminster. You see firstly a large body of the lower officers of police called constables, carrying a thick staff, on which the arms of the King are painted, this staff being their mark of office. These constables walk two and two. Then follows a deputation of from fifteen to twenty persons from the principal merchant corporations, all wearing blue cloaks and walking by fours together; they are followed by several magistrates. Next come five-and-twenty aldermen wearing long scarlet robes bordered with marten. Those who

have previously filled the office of Lord Mayor wear a heavy chain of gold hanging down to their waists.

The five-and-twenty aldermen are followed by two sheriffs or magistrates of a higher rank; one of them represents the City of London, the other the County of Middlesex. Like the Lord Mayor, they are elected yearly, and are dressed in the same fashion. After them come several of the Lord Mayor's officers, his gentlemen, and esquires, all richly dressed. The most distinguished of these officers carries a very large and precious sword of state immediately preceding the Lord Mayor, who walks alone. The Lord Mayor is dressed in a long, old-fashioned robe of crimson velvet bordered with ermine, the long train of which is borne by two gentlemen-in-waiting; round his neck hangs a massive and long chain. Several officers of the militia follow, closing the march. In this order the Lord Mayor proceeds to the Tribunal of the Exchequer, where he takes the oath of loyalty. He then walks round the hall and invites the Lord Chancellor and all the judges to honour his banquet with their presence. Then with all his train he

returns to the canal of Fleet Street, where he and the Sheriff and Aldermen, and other persons of note who accompany him, mount richly caparisoned steeds, and the procession forms again in the same order as before, save that it is preceded and closed by several companies of the militia of the City. When the Guildhall is reached a magnificent repast is served, and this terminates the ceremony, which is sometimes honoured by the presence of the King and by that of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

You cannot imagine the quantity of people there are at the windows, balconies, and in the streets to see the pageant pass. The Lord Mayor's Day is a great holiday in the City. The populace on that day is particularly insolent and rowdy, turning into lawless freedom the great liberty it enjoys. At these times it is almost dangerous for an honest man, and more particularly for a foreigner, if at all well dressed, to walk in the streets, for he runs a great risk of being insulted by the vulgar populace, which is the most cursed brood in existence. He is sure of not only being jeered at and being bespattered with mud, but as likely as not dead dogs and cats will be thrown at him, for the mob

makes a provision beforehand of these playthings, so that they may amuse themselves with them on the great day. If the stranger were to get angry, his treatment would be all the worse. The best thing to be done on these occasions is not to run the risk of mixing with the crowd; but, should you desire to do so from curiosity, you had better dress yourself as simply as possible in the English fashion, and trust to pass unnoticed. I daresay it would interest you to hear of the style and the way Englishmen usually dress. They do not trouble themselves about dress, but leave that to their womenfolk. When the people see a well-dressed person in the streets, especially if he is wearing a braided coat, a plume in his hat, or his hair tied in a bow, he will, without doubt, be called "French dog" twenty times perhaps before he reaches his destination. This name is the most common, and evidently, according to popular idea, the greatest and most forcible insult that can be given to any man, and it is applied indifferently to all foreigners, French or otherwise. Englishmen are usually very plainly dressed, they scarcely ever wear gold on their clothes; they wear little

coats called "frocks," without facings and without pleats, with a short cape above. Almost all wear small, round wigs, plain hats, and carry canes in their hands, but no swords. Their cloth and linen are of the best and finest. You will see rich merchants and gentlemen thus dressed, and sometimes even noblemen of high rank, especially in the morning, walking through the filthy and muddy streets. Englishmen are, however, very lavish in other ways. They have splendid equipages and costly apparel when required. Peers and other persons of rank are richly dressed when they go to Court, especially on gala days, when their grand coaches, with their magnificent accoutrements, are used. The lower classes are usually well dressed, wearing good cloth and linen. You never see wooden shoes in England, and the poorest individuals never go with naked feet.

I have already told you that noblemen of rank occasionally amuse themselves by going "incognito" through the streets dressed as simple citizens. I will relate to you what happened a short time ago to the Duke of Bolton, who I think will not be tempted to try further adventures. One morning

the Duke was in a narrow but populous street; he was very simply dressed in a plain frock, a small, round wig, and carrying a stick in his hand. He had no sword or visible order, though he is a Knight of the Garter; in short, he wore nothing by which he could be distinguished from an ordinary citizen. Walking along rather rapidly, the Duke met a footman wearing the Duke of Somerset's livery, who pushed him aside very rudely, either purposely or unknowingly. The Duke of Bolton, who is very proud, reprimanded the man in a few words about his rudeness. The footman, who was evidently quick-tempered, answered in an insolent manner. The Duke retaliated, so did the footman by thrusting his fist into the Duke's face and offering to close with him and fight; but the Duke, unaccustomed to this form of exercise and afraid of not getting the best of it, refused the offer, and prudently retired. The following day, richly dressed and in a magnificent coach, the Duke of Bolton went to visit the Duke of Somerset. This nobleman, who is the second peer in England, is very proud and particular about the keeping up of rank, and in consequence not

very popular. After the usual compliments in vogue amongst the higher classes, the Duke of Bolton made his complaints, stating how he had been treated by the footman. The Duke of Somerset proudly and coldly, yet very courteously, listened to the complaint, and summoned all his servants. As soon as the footman appeared the Duke of Bolton recognised him, and pointed him out to his master. The Duke of Somerset inquired severely from his servant how he had dared to insult the Duke of Bolton. The man humbly answered that he had no knowledge of having done so; it was true he had bandied words with a brutal citizen dressed in such and such a way, but who had absolutely no mark or appearance of rank to make him suspect he could possibly be the Duke of Bolton. The Duke of Somerset reprimanded the man very severely, and then ordered all the servants to retire, after which he turned to the Duke, saying he could not understand how a person of his rank could walk alone through the streets dressed after the manner of a common gentleman, that if anything unpleasant occurred he had only himself to blame, and that under the

circumstances no one was obliged to recognise him. That is all the satisfaction the poor Duke of Bolton got from the Duke of Somerset, and he retired humbled and not too well pleased.

Some time after my arrival in London I witnessed a spectacle which certainly was not as magnificent or as brilliant as the Lord Mayor's Show; it is true it was quite a different kind of entertainment. I saw thirteen criminals all hanged at the same time. It will interest you, no doubt, to know something about justice in England, how it is practised, how criminals are punished, in what manner they are executed, as here it is done in quite a different way to what it is in other countries.

In London there are a great number of minor magistrates. When a crime or a robbery has been committed, the relations of the murdered person or of those who have been robbed, or in their stead the attorney for the Crown, declare the fact to the magistrate and accuse the persons whom they suspect. They must give bail or appear in court whenever the case comes on. The magistrate then gives out a warrant or order to take the accused person prisoner. The constable or officers of police

do this latter work. As soon as the guilty man is discovered they exhibit their warrant and their staff or mark of office, on which are painted the arms of the King. If the accused threatens them and refuses to allow himself to be made prisoner, all those persons who by chance are present are obliged, if the constables desire it, to come to their aid. When the criminal is secured he is conveyed to Newgate, one of the big gates of London, near which the prison is situated. Sometimes a rather peculiar plan is adopted in order to discover and arrest those who have committed a crime, if it is thought that they have several accomplices. An announcement is published in the gazettes and other public papers that those among the suspected who will deliver themselves up to justice, constitute themselves prisoners, denounce their accomplices, and give evidence against them, will be pardoned. Sometimes they are even rewarded by receiving sums varying from twenty to a hundred guineas, according to the seriousness of the case. By this means many criminals who would otherwise escape the gibbets are caught.

The criminals remain in prison till the day of

the assizes, which come on every six weeks in London, and every three months in the provinces. In the former place they are held at Old Bailey, close to the prison of Newgate. This tribunal is composed of one of the twelve chief justices of the kingdom, of the sheriff of the province, the attorney for the Crown, the King's recorder, a secretary, and twelve jurymen, who must be of the same social order as the accused. Should a peer of the realm be judged, the jury would consist of twelve peers; if a gentleman, he must be judged by twelve gentlemen; and if a man of the lower classes, the jury must be plebeian likewise, but educated—that is to say, able to read and write, and each having the reputation of being an honest man. Six-and-thirty persons are chosen as jurymen. The accused is allowed to refuse twelve of the number without giving any reason, and twelve others, but giving his reasons, and the twelve remaining men will constitute the jury. You must not think, however, that the jury is changed for every criminal, for as these habitually come from the scum of the people, honest artisans are usually chosen for the whole assizes,

which lasts from three to four days, according to the number of prisoners to be judged. In this country torture is not resorted to to make a man confess a crime; it is thought that many an innocent person might be sacrificed were this barbarous custom adopted. Englishmen say that it is better that twelve culprits should escape human justice rather than that one innocent man should perish. Still there is a sort of question called the "Press," which is made use of when an accused person refuses to plead or contest the authority of the tribunal over him. In these cases he is stretched on the ground, his feet and hands are tied to stakes, and on his stomach is placed a plank with weights, more weights being added every four hours. The accused remains without food in this position until he consents to plead his cause and to recognise the validity of the tribunal. Cases have been known of criminals preferring to die in this fashion, after two or three days of atrocious suffering, rather than by the hands of the executioner, and this in order not to leave a mark of infamy on their families, and to save their possessions from going to the Crown according to the

law. It is, however, very rarely that the King makes use of this privilege, and almost always gives up these possessions in favour of the families of the criminals.

Let us now consider the judgment. When the tribunal is formed and the prisoner stands at the bar, the twelve jurymen take the oath on the Gospel that they will, according to their consciences, endeavour to judge rightly. The magistrate's report is then read, giving the reasons why the accused has been arrested and at whose instigation. After hearing this report the Lord Chief Justice asks the prisoner whether he is guilty of the crime of which he is accused, to which he must answer "No," otherwise, were he to own himself guilty, his case would be ended, and he would be judged according to the law. But this rarely occurs, for every criminal prefers trying to escape by pleading "Not Guilty." The person who has been the cause of his arrest appears and takes the oath, swearing he will speak nothing but the truth. He proceeds to give a detailed account of the circumstances which have led to the prisoner's arrest. Should there be any more witnesses, they also take

the oath before speaking, and should any person be able to declare on his oath that the accused is a person of bad antecedents, and suspected of such and such a bad action, he will be listened to with attention. When every person willing to speak against the prisoner has been heard, he is asked whether he has anything to say in self-defence, and he may speak as long as he likes. Should he have witnesses to put forward in his own favour, they take the oath and speak. I wish you to understand that a prisoner's good reputation is of great value. If several persons take the oath and say that he has always been an honest man, his case will be considered in quite a different light to what it would have been had he been suspected on other occasions of villainy. When everything has been heard and said for either side, the Lord Chief Justice addresses the jury and makes a summing-up of the whole case. He weighs in general more upon the good than upon the bad. The jury then retire into a room where they have no light and no food, and here they must remain until they are unanimous as to whether the accused is guilty or innocent. I am told that there have been cases

of eleven out of the twelve jurymen being convinced of the guilt of the accused and condemning him, whilst the one wishing to save him has insisted on declaring him innocent, and after remaining an entire day and even two without food, forcing the others to come round to his opinion; but such a case is extremely rare.

The jury being unanimous, return to the court of justice and announce their decision. If they find the prisoner innocent he is immediately set free; but if they find him guilty the Lord Chief Justice, donning his red* cap, pronounces him guilty according to the law and without the benefit of the clergy. I must tell you the meaning of this latter phrase. It was formerly a privilege accorded to churchmen, but which to-day also belongs to laymen convicted of certain crimes, particularly for cases of involuntary murder. In virtue of this privilege a New Testament, printed in Latin with Gothic letters, is presented to the accused, out of which he must read two verses. A person is chosen to listen, and if he pronounces these words, "Legit ut Clericus," which is always said, even

* This is probably a mistake for black.

were the accused to read abominably, his only punishment will consist of being branded on the palms of the hands with a red-hot iron; but by paying thirteen and a half pence he has a right to have the iron dipped in cold water before being touched with it. I think that this institution must have been invented in former times to encourage the ignorant clergy to learn to read. The judge having pronounced the sentence, the criminal is conducted back to prison covered with chains, and shut up in a dungeon. When the assizes are over and all the prisoners have been judged, the King is presented with a list of the condemned to death, for in England no criminal can be executed without the consent and approbation of the King, who occasionally pardons one or two of the least guilty ones, or changes their condemnation to transportation to the English plantations of America, where malefactors are condemned to slavery for periods of five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, and sometimes for life. Should a transported prisoner escape and return to England before his time is up, he will, if caught, be hanged without mercy.

Criminals are not executed immediately after

their trial, as they are abroad, but are given several days to prepare for death. During that time they may ask for anything that they require either for the soul or for the body. The chaplain of the prison (for there is one) does not leave them, and offers every consolation in his power. The day before the execution those who desire it may receive the sacrament, provided the chaplain thinks that they have sincerely repented and are worthy of it. On the day of execution the condemned prisoners, wearing a sort of white linen shirt over their clothes and a cap on their heads, are tied two together and placed on carts with their backs to the horses' tails. These carts are guarded and surrounded by constables and other police officers on horseback, each armed with a sort of pike. In this way part of the town is crossed, and Tyburn, which is a good half-mile from the last suburb, is reached, and here stands the gibbet. One often sees criminals going to their death perfectly unconcerned, others so impenitent that they fill themselves full of liquor and mock at those who are repentant. When all the prisoners arrive at their destination they are

made to mount on a very wide cart made expressly for the purpose, a cord is passed round their necks and the end fastened to the gibbet, which is not very high. The chaplain who accompanies the condemned men is also on the cart; he makes them pray and sing a few verses of the Psalms. The relatives are permitted to mount the cart and take farewell. When the time is up—that is to say about a quarter of an hour—the chaplain and relations get off the cart, the executioner covers the eyes and faces of the prisoners with their caps, lashes the horses that draw the cart, which slips from under the condemned men's feet, and in this way they remain all hanging together. You often see friends and relations tugging at the hanging men's feet so that they should die quicker and not suffer. The bodies and clothes of the dead belong to the executioner; relatives must, if they wish for them, buy them from him, and unclaimed bodies are sold to surgeons to be dissected. You see most amusing scenes between the people who do not like the bodies to be cut up and the messengers the surgeons have sent for the bodies; blows are given and returned before

they can be got away, and sometimes in the turmoil the bodies are quickly removed and buried. Again, the populace often come to blows as to who will carry the bought corpses to the parents who are waiting in coaches and cabs to receive them, for the carriers are well paid for their trouble. All these scenes are most diverting, the noise and confusion is unbelievable, and can be witnessed from a sort of amphitheatre erected for spectators near the gibbet. There is no other form of execution but hanging; it is thought that the taking of life is sufficient punishment for any crime without worse torture. After hanging murderers are, however, punished in a particular fashion. They are first hung on the common gibbet, their bodies are then covered with tallow and fat substances, over this is placed a tarred shirt fastened down with iron bands, and the bodies are hung with chains to the gibbet, which is erected on the spot, or as near as possible to the place, where the crime was committed, and there it hangs till it falls to dust. This is what is called in this country to "hang in chains." The lower classes do not consider it a great disgrace

to be simply hanged, but have a great horror of the hanging in chains, and the shame of it is terrible for the relatives of the condemned. Peers of the realm are executed by beheading; their heads are placed on the block and severed with a hatchet. Women who have murdered their husbands are put to death in what I consider to be an unjust way: they are condemned to be burned alive. Men who murder their wives are only hanged, but the English say that any person guilty of treason, that is to say of murdering those to whom they owe faith and allegiance, must be punished in an exemplary and terrible fashion. Such would be the case of a woman murdering her husband, a slave or servant his master, a clerk his bishop, and, in short, any person who is guilty of the death of his lord and superior.

Executions are frequent in London; they take place every six weeks, and five, ten, or fifteen criminals are hanged on these occasions. Notwithstanding this, there are in this country a surprising quantity of robbers. They may be classed in three divisions—highwaymen, footpads,

and pickpockets, all very audacious and bold. Highwaymen are generally well mounted; one of them will stop a coach containing six or seven travellers. With one hand he will present a pistol, with the other his hat, asking the unfortunate passengers most politely for their purses or their lives. No one caring to run the risk of being killed or maimed, a share of every traveller's money is thrown into the hat, for were one to make the slightest attempt at self-defence the ruffian would turn bridle and fly, but not before attempting to revenge himself by killing you. If, on the contrary, he receives a reasonable contribution, he retires without doing you any injury. When there are several highwaymen together, they will search you thoroughly and leave nothing. Again, others take only a part of what they find; but all these robbers ill-treat only those who try to defend themselves. I have been told that some highwaymen are quite polite and generous, begging to be excused for being forced to rob, and leaving passengers the wherewithal to continue their journey. All highwaymen that are caught are hanged without mercy.

There is a queer law to encourage counties to get rid of thieves. If a person is robbed of a considerable sum in the daytime and on the high road, and if he declares the theft to the sheriff of the county before the sun sets, and can prove that the sum has been taken from him in such and such a place, the county in which he has been robbed is obliged to refund him the sum. This happened to a friend of mine, who was robbed of two hundred guineas. Being able to declare the theft, and to prove it before the sun went down, he had no difficulty in recovering the amount from the sheriff of the county of Hertfordshire.

Footpads are met with in towns, especially in and around London. Should they meet any well-dressed person at night in some unfrequented spot, they will collar him, put the muzzle of a pistol to his throat, and threaten to kill him if he makes the slightest movement or calls for help. During that time another rascal will rob the victim of any valuables he may possess. These thieves, when caught, are also hanged. Pickpockets are legion. With extraordinary dexterity they will steal handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, watches—in short, anything

they can find in your pockets. Their profession is practised in the streets, in churches, at the play, and especially in crowds. Quite lately a valuable snuff-box was stolen from me. I had placed it in the pocket of my carefully-buttoned waistcoat; my coat was buttoned likewise, and I was holding both my hands over the pockets of my coat. It is true the theft occurred in a very narrow, crowded street, or more properly called passage, leading into a park. These rascals are so impudent, they steal even under the gibbet. There never is any execution without handkerchiefs and other articles being stolen. When any of these pickpockets are caught in the act and are given over to the populace, they are dragged to the nearest fountain or well and dipped in the water till nearly drowned. When a pickpocket appears before a magistrate for the first time, he is sent to a house of correction called Bridewell; but if he is an old hand at the trade and has already been punished, he is sent to the prison of Newgate, where he remains till the assizes; he is then judged, and generally condemned to transportation to America, where he becomes a slave.

All horse stealers or thieves who break into a

house at night through doors and windows are hanged without mercy. You will without doubt think all these details exceedingly lengthy, but I think they are very curious and will interest you, who are so accustomed to Swiss honesty. I am convinced that in the thirteen cantons and their allies fewer robbers are caught in a year than there are judged in a single London assizes. Before leaving the subject allow me to say a few more words concerning a famous robber captain, Jonathan Wild, who was one of the thirteen I saw executed. During the ten or twelve years of his successful career in London, this man had had almost all the thieves of the town under his control. He used to give them so much money for all stolen goods brought to him. Were you robbed, you had only to address yourself to him and you were sure of recovering your property, by paying half its value or perhaps a trifle over, for he consented to be satisfied with a small profit. By this arrangement thieves were certain of not being caught with the stolen goods on them, and were paid besides; those persons who had been robbed were delighted to recover for half their value the things they had

lost, and everyone was satisfied. Perhaps you will be surprised at this business going on so long, but I must tell you there was then no law against receivers of stolen goods. Jonathan Wild was never personally guilty of robbery, and was quite friendly with justice, for he would occasionally give up to the hangman one or two of the least skilful of his underlings, or one of those he was displeased with, by giving evidence against them. However, things went too far, and an act of Parliament being passed against receivers of stolen goods, and Jonathan Wild continuing his profession notwithstanding this new law, was taken, condemned and hanged. Many persons consider that more harm was done than good by the execution of this famous thief, for there is now no one to go to who will help you to recover your stolen property; the government has certainly got rid of a robber, but he was only one, whereas by his help several were hanged every year.

This time I have done. When I commenced this letter I intended describing to you the surroundings of London, but this is already such a long epistle that I must stop.

LETTER V

Chelsea—Coffee-house of Salter—Kensington—Hyde Park—Marylebone—Islington—Sadler's Wells—Lambeth—East Sheen—Richmond—Richmond Park—Petersham—Hampton Court—High roads of England—Savage found in the forests of Hanover—King's birthday—Old man presents him with a nosegay.

EAST SHEEN, NEAR RICHMOND
June 14, 1826

TO-DAY I am going to fulfil my promise by telling you about the surroundings of London.

Outside the town you scarcely see anything but large, fine pastures, where all the year round thousands of cows graze and give an abundance of milk. English people consume a great quantity of dairy produce; they are very fond of cream, milk, and butter. In these large pastures you see neither trees nor hedges; the property of each individual is marked by ditches. Beyond these pastures there are many charming country houses with fine large gardens, flourishing villages, but very little culti-

vated land. Chelsea is one of the finest and largest villages outside London. It is not more than a mile distant from St. James's Park, and is partly situated on the borders of the Thames. It has a splendid hospital founded by Charles II., enlarged by James II. and by William III., and finished by Queen Anne. It supports about eight hundred soldiers who have been wounded in the wars, or are too old for service. They take their meals in a large dining-hall, where a fresco portrait of the founder on horseback is to be seen. This portrait is much admired by judges of good painting, and is by the brush of Godfrey Kneller. In the centre of the court, which is in the interior of the building, there is a bronze statue of Charles II. The apartments, the kitchen, the dining-tables delight one by their scrupulous cleanliness. Behind the building there is a fine, large, and perfectly-kept garden. This magnificent hospital is well worth a visit.

The handsome botanical garden belonging to the College of Medicine is situated near the hospital; in it all kinds of trees are to be seen, and also curious plants. I saw two or three big cedars, and

several varieties of aloes and sensitive plants. The orangery is fine, and its architecture in very good taste. The statue of Hans Sloane, President of the College of Doctors, stands in it; this white marble statue is considered to be fine. The principal street of Chelsea, which is situated along the river side, is charming, and has several large houses. At the end of the street is Salter's famous public-house. In its rooms more than five hundred curious and rare objects are artistically grouped and exposed to public view, and amongst these curiosities are sea monsters, birds, reptiles, animals from Asia, America, and Africa, all so well preserved that they seem alive. Garments and weapons having belonged to ancient nations and to savages from the Indies, petrifications, medals, and rare objects of every sort can be examined at ease whilst drinking a cup of coffee.

Going north, about two miles from Chelsea you reach Kensington, a large and fine village situated on a slight elevation. The King has a palace at this spot, which William III. purchased from the Count of Nottingham, but it was much enlarged and embellished by Queen Anne and by the pre-

sent reigning King. It contains some magnificent paintings by Titian, Correggio, Veronese, and other painters. In this palace there is a little marble room, very rich and handsome on account of its rare and precious marbles and its excellent fresco paintings. This palace is not vast, but its apartments are convenient and in good taste. When the King does not go to Hanover, he spends his summer in this palace. The gardens are so immense that twenty or thirty gardeners work in them. One evening, being surprised at seeing so many of these men going home from work, I inquired how many there were. One of them answered there had been fifty or sixty at work for the last fortnight.

The large gardens of this country consist principally of extremely smooth lawns, the grass being kept very short, which makes it thick and even, like green carpet. These are divided into plots and squares by long and wide paths, which are covered with a sort of brown gravel much used in this country. On these alleys a sort of iron or marble cylinder is passed, which hardens the ground, causing the rain to flow off, so that these walks are almost

always dry. Strangers cannot help admiring these gravel paths. In the large gardens you also see avenues of elms, of horse chestnuts, and lime trees, and bushes and labyrinths kept with great care; holly, yew, laurel, and cypress cut in all sorts of shapes and figures with great art. English people like to have statues, ornamental ponds, and fountains in their gardens, but you see very few beds of flowers. Around London there are numerous fine large gardens, all belonging to gardeners who grow vegetables of every kind and flowers and fruit trees. What makes them so interesting and pretty is that the gardeners cultivate long alleys and plantations of all sorts of young trees, which are grown for sale. You can easily obtain permission to walk in these delightful gardens. Kensington is about three short miles from London, and is separated from this town by a magnificent park called Hyde Park, which is about five or six miles in circumference, and is closed in by high walls. It contains several avenues and a quantity of elm and lime trees, planted irregularly and forming little woods. A small river or stream flows through the park and forms an ornamental pond. In this park is a place

called the "Ring." It is a round place, two or three hundred feet in diameter, and shut in by railings. This ring is surrounded by fine trees, and it is here on Sundays, during the warm season, between five and six o'clock, that fine ladies and gentlemen come and drive slowly round, in order to see and to be seen. Sometimes there are from one to two hundred chariots in this ring. Nothing is more beautiful than the road from London to Kensington, crossing Hyde Park. It is perfectly straight and so wide that three or four coaches can drive abreast. It is bordered on either side by a wide ditch, and has posts put up at even distances, on the tops of which lanterns are hung and lamps placed in them, which are lighted every evening when the Court is at Kensington. When you look from one end of the road to the other the effect is charming. In this park and in St. James's there are numbers of buck and roe-deer. These parks being separated by Piccadilly only, the animals can wander from one to the other. The King's Household is reviewed twice a year in Hyde Park.

Marylebone is a fine large village about one mile from London. It contains several handsome houses

and a very fine and large public garden. Many people go there on Sundays and holidays. Near this village is a large pond, which is filled by machinery with water from the Thames, from whence it flows into fountains situated in different quarters of the town.

Paddington is a small village further north, and two miles distant from London. It has fine houses and a spring of mineral water formerly in great demand.

In the north-east of London, and about two miles distant, is a large village or small market-town called Islington. This place extends over a mile in length. Before getting to it you pass London Spa. This is a large house and garden, and possesses a spring of mineral water which in summer time attracts a great many people. Excellent beer is made with this mineral water.

Fifty paces from London Spa you see another big house, Sadler's Wells. An entertainment is given here all the summer through, which lasts from four o'clock in the afternoon till ten o'clock at night. You first see rope-dancers, tumblers, and acrobats; after that tricks of skill and daring are

performed, amongst others that of men going up ladders which lean against nothing, their heads downwards and their feet in the air, and all kinds of tricks of equilibrium and diversions of that sort. The entertainment ends with a pantomime, acted on a very pretty little theatre with good scenery. Besides this there is quite a good orchestra; but the best of it is you pay nothing for this entertainment—you need only throw the actors a few coins. Each party of spectators sits in a kind of box, which contains a little table on which to place plates and glasses, for everyone must have something to eat or to drink, as none are allowed into this house for the diversion of the eyes and ears only, enjoyment must also be given to the palate. You may order any sort of wine, cold meats, and sweetmeats, which are not dearer than elsewhere, the only difference being that the bottles here contain about one glass less than at other places. Notwithstanding the cheapness, the proprietor is quite satisfied with the profits, for many persons come daily, and much wine is drunk.

Near Sadler's Wells is a large cistern, filled by the waters of a little river that has its source in

the county of Hertfordshire, more than twenty miles distant, which a knight, Sir Hugh Myddelton, had had brought there at his own expense. This enterprise ruined him, but enriched his descendants, for they made a good fortune out of this reservoir, its waters being now sold in many quarters of the town.

About two miles from Islington you see two hills, on which stand two fine villages, Hampstead and Highgate, from which places you have an enchanting view. You can see all London, the country round about, and part of the Thames.

Two miles from Islington is a village with fine houses, called Hackney. Lambeth is a small market town on the other side of the river, almost opposite Westminster. The Archbishop of Canterbury possesses a very ancient but fine palace in this place, and makes it his residence. This palace possesses a fine library, open for three days in the week and at certain hours to honest people. Saturdays open table is kept, and anyone personally known to the Archbishop may even bring one or two friends with him. From Lambeth to Sodrick,*

* See above, p. 83, where this is given as the popular pronunciation of Southwark.

all along the river, there are many fine houses, but chiefly glass-works, foundries, dyers' works, or timber yards of wood merchants. You will perceive by the date of my letter that I am no longer in London. For the last two months I have been in the country, in order to learn the language better. East Sheen, the place I have chosen, is a charming village with several fine houses, very pretty walks, and good company. It is only eight miles distant from London, and you can go there by water up the Thames. On the borders of Surrey you see Wandsworth, where there are very many French refugees, who have established several manufactories and built a French church. Putney, a fine village, can also be seen, and the big parish of Mortlake, stretching two miles along the river, with several fine houses, the residences of many persons of distinction. East Sheen is only a stone's-throw from Mortlake. Continuing up the river you come to Kew, where there is a fine old royal building, belonging to the Prince of Wales. About one mile higher up is Richmond, a fine large market town. I often go to this place, for it is charming, and much pleasant company is to be found there. In

the centre of the town is a large place called "The Green"; it is a wonderfully green spot, bordered with avenues of fine trees. On the front of this green you see the remains of an ancient palace built by Henry VII. In summer Queen Elizabeth habitually dwelt in it, and it was here she died. Civil wars have almost entirely destroyed this interesting abode, which must have been remarkably fine.

About a stone's-throw from Richmond is another palace, which belonged to the Duke of Ormonde, and which the Prince of Wales has purchased; it is small, but in good taste. The Princess takes great interest in the gardens, which are spacious, and she has greatly embellished them. The Prince of Wales and his family spend their summer in this palace, and, owing to this reason, Richmond is very fashionable in the warm season. At the end of the town there is an elevation called Richmond's Hill; the view from it is superb. From this hill you go into Henry VIII.'s park, which is more than six miles in circumference, and is entirely surrounded by walls. It contains woods and fields and some cultivated land, and in the centre is a large pond

abounding with fish. This park is full of game—deer, roe-deer, hares, pheasants, partridges, which are all preserved for the King's pleasure.

At the foot of Richmond Hill is the pretty village of Petersham. It is composed of ten or twelve mansions, all having beautiful gardens and belonging to persons of rank. Leaving this village, you see two long and wide avenues of trees, so high and so thick with foliage that the air is always fresh and cool. Close by is Ham, a fine large house belonging to the Earl of Dysart. This residence is on the banks of the Thames, and has such fine walks and avenues of trees as to attract all the grand company from Richmond. Three miles higher up is Kingston, capital of the county of Surrey. It is a pretty and well-situated town. The assizes of the county are held there every three months.

This, my dear sir, is a description of the most remarkable places in Surrey. Now let us go across to Middlesex. In order to do this we need only leave Kingston, go over a fine wooden bridge, and we find ourselves at Hampton town. A mile further on and twelve from London we arrive at

the royal palace of Hampton Court. This is a very fine and vast edifice, commenced by Cardinal Wolsey, enlarged by James I., and altered and embellished by William III. This palace is divided into four courts, surrounded by the palace buildings. It is so spacious that two different sovereigns might with all their retinue easily lodge in it at the same time, for it contains about twelve hundred rooms. King William's apartments have been modernised; they look on to the gardens, their architecture is simple but in very good taste, and the rooms are richly furnished with fine tapestries and numerous and excellent paintings by painters of renown. Amongst them you see Raphael's masterpieces representing our Saviour's miracles, and which, though simply painted on pasteboard with colours diluted with gum and water, are considered absolutely perfect. Louis XIV. of France offered a million for them, wishing to add these paintings to some he already possessed in the same style done by the celebrated painter. Large portraits of seven of the most beautiful women of Charles II.'s court, and which are the admiration of all connoisseurs, are also to be seen. The gardens are very extensive and

ornamented with fountains, ponds, and statues of bronze and marble. This palace possesses two parks, in one of which is a long and wide canal, bordered by beautiful avenues of trees. Had William III. lived longer, he would have made the palace of Hampton Court one of the most beautiful in Europe, for he was very fond of it and greatly embellished it.

Going down the river from Hampton Court to London, you pass many villages and country houses on the Middlesex side. The principal of these are Thistleworth,* Chiswick, and also Sion House, which possesses fine avenues and gardens, and belongs to the Duke of Somerset. Brentford, more than one mile in length, is divided into Old and New Brentford. Hammersmith—where there is said to be a Roman Catholic convent, but called a "young ladies' school"—Fulham, and Chelsea: I shall do nothing more than name these places, for I feel that I can give you no real idea of the beauties of the Thames.

It is not only on the Thames that you travel with enjoyment. The journey on the high roads

* Until comparatively recent times Isleworth was commonly designated Thistleworth. In Domesday Book it appears as Gistelworde.

of England, and more especially near London, is most enjoyable and interesting. These roads are magnificent, being wide, smooth, and well kept. Contractors have the care of them, and cover them when necessary with that fine gravel so common in this country. The roads are rounded in the shape of an ass's back, so that the centre is higher than the sides, and the rain flows off into the ditches with which the roads are bordered on either side. It is not the custom here, as it is in France, for the poor peasants to be forced to make and keep up the high roads at their own expense and care. In this country everyone who makes use of the roads is obliged to contribute to the expense of keeping them up. At even distances there are barriers on the roads called "Turnpikes," where you have to pay a penny per horse. The keeper of these turnpikes gives you a ticket and a leaden mark, so that you need not pay a second time on your way back that same day. If you journey on foot you pay nothing; but I am certain all these details bore you, so let us talk of other things.

You know, no doubt, that the King went to his estates in Germany last summer, and that he re-

turned to England at the end of the autumn; but I am sure you do not know that he brought a most singular creature back with him, a real savage. A short time before leaving Hanover some huntsmen saw an entirely naked human being in a dense forest. It fled at their approach and disappeared. Surprised at such a sight in an entirely deserted spot, the huntsmen went back several times in the hopes of seeing it again, and were one day lucky enough to do so. They followed the creature, and found it had hidden and taken refuge in the trunk of a big hollow tree. Having seized it, they found it was a youth of from fifteen to sixteen years of age. On being taken prisoner, he gave the most terrible howls, and could not articulate a single word. His hair was matted and bristling, his nails very long, his skin hardened and tanned by the air —in a word he was a perfect savage, probably born, fed, and brought up with the wild beasts of the forest, and speaking no human language. He was taken to the King, who ordered him to be taken care of, and sent to England when he himself should return. A short time after the savage's arrival in this country I had an opportunity

of seeing him in St. James's Park, where he was occasionally made to walk and take the air. I was much struck with his appearance, and remarked that his clothes seemed to hinder his movements. He couldn't bear his hat on his head, but kept throwing it down on the ground. His hair bristled and covered his forehead. . His eyes were haggard, and did not rest on any object, and he looked so wild and extraordinary I cannot describe the impression he made. He frightened me. I am told that the first time he was taken to the park, he showed the greatest joy and pleasure at finding himself in a sort of wood. With surprising agility he climbed up the highest tree, and his keepers had much difficulty in getting him down again.

One night, some weeks after the King's return, he ordered his savage to be brought to him in the drawing-room or Court circle. The youth did not appear put out or embarrassed at finding himself in the midst of such a fashionable assembly. He remained where he was, planted like a statue. The Princess of Wales wore that evening a sort of habit of black velvet, with fastenings and trimmings of diamonds, and at her girdle hung

a gold watch that struck the hours. The chiming of this watch attracted the young savage, who ran towards the Princess to see from whence the sound came; without permission he examined the sparkling gems on the Princess's gown and also the watch, which she made chime several times for his pleasure. For some time he thus stood, much to the amusement of the whole circle, but unfortunately he could not be taught good manners, and he had to be removed.

The King was kind enough to take much interest in this poor creature; he ordered that he was to be cared for and taught to speak, and he was sent to a school where the master was said to be patient and clever in teaching children. Everyone was longing for the savage to speak, to learn his history, but that satisfaction was not to be. The change of food and his new way of living helped no doubt to make him fall ill; he pined away and died about two months after his arrival in England, and just as he was learning to say a word or two. Everyone was sorry. I am told that his master had extreme difficulty in making him understand anything, his intellect being very dull and stunted.

The King's birthday has been celebrated since his return. At midday twelve cannon were pointed from St. James's Park and fired. The same was done at the Tower, at Woolwich, Deptford, and in all the ports and fortified towns in the kingdom. All the noblemen and ladies of the Court went to join the circle at one o'clock; on that day it is always very crowded and brilliant, everyone making it a rule to appear in new habiliments. In the evening there were illuminations and bonfires in the principal squares and also a grand ball at Court. The town of London on that day presents the King with a nosegay of flowers, and it is offered him by the oldest male inhabitant that can be found; he must, however, be in good health, able to walk, to talk, and to present himself well. This old man, in offering the nosegay, makes a little speech, expressing to the King that it is the most ardent wish of all his subjects, more particularly of those of London, that His Majesty may attain to as green an old age as he himself has done. This year I assisted at the ceremony; the old man who presented the nosegay was very tall and strong-looking, he had long and perfectly white

hair, he held himself very erect, and was dressed in the garb of a soldier. After his little speech, the King inquired from him how old he was. "Sire," the man answered, "I do not know my age, but I began to carry arms at the time of the Civil Wars under Charles I. I continued serving under Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., James II., King William, Queen Anne, and under your Majesty." At the same time he told the King that he was nothing but a common soldier, that he had left the service only a few years previously, and that none of his friends had sufficient interest to help him to enter the soldiers' hospital. The King was much struck at the sight of such a fine old man, and sorry that his services should not have been better rewarded; he ordered that thirty guineas should be given him, and that he should be allowed to enter Chelsea Hospital with the rank of sergeant.

The person who kindly consents to take charge of my packet starts on his journey to-morrow morning. It is getting late, and I must close, assuring you I am yours from my heart.

LETTER VI

Penny Post—Fire insurance—Fountains of London—York Buildings machinery—Cleanliness of the English—English beer—Taverns and wine shops — Coffee-houses — Newspapers — Inns—Cabs—Coaches—Sedan chairs—Boats—Markets of London—Aurora Borealis—Knights of the Garter—Mr. Walpole knighted.

FROM EAST SHEEN, NEAR RICHMOND
October 29, 1726

IN my preceding letter I gave you what you may perhaps have thought an insipid description of London and its surroundings. I think that I will do well to tell you of a few of the advantages of this city, for they are many, and are not to be found in other towns. Foremost amongst the number I must place the penny post, which is a most useful institution. It would be very inconvenient in such a large town as London to have to run from one end of it to the other every time you had anything special to communicate. In order to provide for

this difficulty, a large number of small offices have been established in every quarter of the town and in the principal streets. You may, if you wish it, write twice a day to anyone living in the town or suburbs, and once in the day to about one hundred and fifty small towns and villages in the vicinity of London. Should the letter be addressed to any place further than London and its suburbs, the person who sends it, in giving it to be posted, will have to pay one penny, and the receiver will also have to pay the same sum; but if the letter is addressed to the town or suburbs the sender alone pays the penny. You can send parcels in the same way; a parcel weighing a pound will not cost more than a simple letter. Whatever is sent by the penny post is well cared for, provided you have taken the trouble of registering it at the office, because should the parcel get lost, the clerk is in that case answerable for it.

Every person has the facility of insuring his house against fire. "What!" I can hear you exclaim, "have you the right to prevent your house from burning?" No, this is not the case; but there are in London two or three companies

of insurance who for a small sum paid yearly, according to the value of the house, are bound to pay for it or to rebuild it, should it be burnt down or otherwise destroyed from the effects of fire. These companies pay a considerable number of men to run and extinguish a fire as soon as signalled. All insured houses have on their fronts placards or slabs of metal, on which their number and also the mark or sign of the company is engraved.

One of the conveniences of London is that everyone can have an abundance of water. The big reservoir or cistern near Islington, the York Buildings machinery near the Strand, and that of the Bridge supply every quarter abundantly. In every street there is a large principal pipe made of oak wood, and little leaden pipes are adapted to this principal pipe, and carry water into all the houses. Every private individual may have one or two fountains in his house, according to his means, and pays so much a year for each fountain. Water is not obtainable all day, these fountains giving three hours' water in every twenty-four. The large leaden cisterns are replenished during

the time the water does not run into the houses. Companies or societies have undertaken this vast enterprise and reap the profits. Besides the distribution of water by the means of pipes, there are in many streets pumps and wells, where poor people who cannot afford to pay for water can obtain it for nothing.

I have named the York Buildings machinery. This is so curious that I must tell you more about it, for everyone understanding machinery admires it greatly. Unfortunately I do not know much, never having studied the question, and so cannot give you a very detailed account of the building. I will only tell you that smoke issuing with force through a little tube, and corresponding with a large and tightly-covered boiler full of boiling water, sets in motion a large piece of machinery, composed of wheels, counterpoise and pendulum, which in their turn cause two large pumps to work continually. This piece of machinery and the two pumps are placed at the foot of a wooden tower, which is, I think, about one hundred feet in height, its breadth diminishing after the manner of pyramids, gradually.

At the summit of this tower, which is octagonal, there is a small leaden cistern or basin, which receives the water the pumps send up, and from thence it flows into the great reservoir or pond of Marylebone. The inventor of this machinery is a very clever mathematician, Dr. Desaiguillières, celebrated for his physical experiments and his hydraulic inventions.

The amount of water English people employ is inconceivable, especially for the cleansing of their houses. Though they are not slaves to cleanliness, like the Dutch, still they are very remarkable for this virtue. Not a week passes by but well-kept houses are washed twice in the seven days, and that from top to bottom; and even every morning most kitchens, staircase, and entrance are scrubbed. All furniture, and especially all kitchen utensils, are kept with the greatest cleanliness. Even the large hammers and the locks on the door are rubbed and shine brightly.

Would you believe it, though water is to be had in abundance in London, and of fairly good quality, absolutely none is drunk? The lower classes, even the paupers, do not know what it is

to quench their thirst with water. In this country nothing but beer is drunk, and it is made in several qualities. Small beer is what everyone drinks when thirsty; it is used even in the best houses, and costs only a penny the pot. Another kind of beer is called porter, meaning carrier, because the greater quantity of this beer is consumed by the working classes. It is a thick and strong beverage, and the effect it produces, if drunk in excess, is the same as that of wine; this porter costs threepence the pot. In London there are a number of ale-houses, where nothing but this sort of beer is sold. There are again other clear beers, called ale, some of these being as transparent as fine old wine, foreigners often mistaking them at first sight for the latter. The prices of ales differ, some costing one shilling the bottle, and others as much as eighteenpence. It is said that more grain is consumed in England for making beer than for making bread.

London possesses a great number of taverns; these are big houses having apartments, some of them very clean and well kept. Nothing but wine is sold in these taverns, but that of any variety and

kind you may wish for, and food, if desired, can be also provided.

You know, of course, that there are no vineyards in England; it is not hot enough for grapes to ripen perfectly. But if no wine is made in the country, that of many other countries is obtainable. They come from France, Portugal, Spain, the Rhine, the Canaries, Madeira, etc. More wine from Oporto, in Portugal, is drunk than any other. The reason may be because of the cheapness (though it costs two shillings the bottle), or because it suits English palates. I myself think this wine heavy, hard, and coarse. The French wines that are drunk are called claret, and come from Bordeaux. These wines after the sea journey are excellent, some of them costing up to five shillings a bottle when sold in taverns. This exorbitant price is owing to the great weight of the casks and also to the heavy duties on French goods. I am told that the duty paid on a cask of wine equals the cost of the wine and the journey together. Though no wine is made in England, yet I am persuaded that three times more is drunk than is imported into the country, and I will solve this

problem by telling you that most wine merchants, and especially tavern proprietors, possess the art and address of doubling their wine and even of making it threefold the original quantity, for with one cask they have purchased they will fill two or three others, by the addition of water and spirits, and other ingredients I do not know of, and this so skilfully that good judges of wines and even epicures do not immediately perceive it; but if they have a drinking bout on it they will soon find out, and to their cost, that the wine has been tampered with. I do not mean you to think that no wines in England are pure. In most good houses and in those of noblemen and persons of rank, pure wines are always found, and are generally purchased by them in the place where they were made.

A considerable quantity of punch is drunk. You may have heard of this drink, but very likely do not know how it is made. It is composed of sour and sweet, of strong and of weak. In order to make a good punch you must take the juice of four lemons, of two bitter oranges for a bowl containing three pots, this drink being always made in a big china bowl. You must have a lump of sugar the

size of your fist, according to taste and whether you like it sweet or not. Next add old brandy from Nantes, in France, which must be mellow; this again to suit your taste. The best punch is made from two liquors that are brought from the Indies —one of them is rum, the other arak. Rum is a sort of brandy made in the West Indies with the dregs or refuse of the sugar cane. It is stronger than brandy, so you must add less of it to the punch. Arak comes from the East Indies, and it is extracted from rice. This is a sweet liquor, and you must add almost as much of it to the punch as you would of spring water. This liquor makes a most agreeable and attractive drink. A stranger who has not tasted it before will find it so good and sweet that he will drink of it without a thought that it might inconvenience him, but he will not fail to find out its hidden strength. A light punch in summer time is a most acceptable and refreshing drink, and slakes thirst much more efficaciously than wine would. In the winter time this drink is taken hot.

In London there are a great number of coffee-houses, most of which, to tell the truth, are not

over clean or well furnished, owing to the quantity of people who resort to these places and because of the smoke, which would quickly destroy good furniture. Englishmen are great drinkers. In these coffee-houses you can partake of chocolate, tea, or coffee, and of all sorts of liquors, served hot; also in many places you can have wine, punch, or ale. But it is not possible to get any refreshing drinks such as you find in Switzerland, that is to say, lemonade, syrups of almonds, of maidenhair fern, raspberries, and others, these drinks or syrups being almost unknown in England. What attracts enormously in these coffee-houses are the gazettes and other public papers. All Englishmen are great newsmongers. Workmen habitually begin the day by going to coffee-rooms in order to read the latest news. I have often seen shoeblacks and other persons of that class club together to purchase a farthing paper. Nothing is more entertaining than hearing men of this class discussing politics and topics of interest concerning royalty. You often see an Englishman taking a treaty of peace more to heart than he does his own affairs. About a dozen different papers appear

in London—some every day, others twice a week or only once. In them you read news from foreign countries, generally copied from the Dutch gazette. The article dated from London is always the most important. In it you read of marriages and deaths, of the doings of distinguished personages, of the advancement of others in civil, military, and ecclesiastical employments, and in fact of everything interesting, comical and tragical, that has occurred in this big city. You can easily imagine of what amusing adventures you occasionally read, and the remaining part is filled up with advertisements. A lady will offer five guineas reward for a little lost dog worth fivepence. A husband will warn the public not to lend or sell his wife anything on credit. Another husband, on the contrary, will be crazy enough to advertise for his beloved better half, who has abandoned him in order to follow her sweetheart, promising a reward to whoever will bring her home, and pledging himself beforehand to ask no questions either of the one or the other of the pair. A quack will advertise that he will cure all ailments. A person who has been robbed promises a reward to whoever will help

him to recover his stolen property. Entertainments and spectacles are advertised; also offers of houses, domains, furniture, carriages, horses for sale or on hire, books, pamphlets, etc., and by reading these papers you know of all the gossip and of everything that has been said and done in this big town. I should have too much to do were I to tell you of all that the papers publish. The *Craftsman*, the *Mist-journal* and some other papers that appear once a week commence with a speech after the manner of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, with this difference—that those appearing at the present day are written in a different style, being entirely composed of censures and satires against the ministers and the government.

Some coffee-houses are a resort for learned scholars and for wits; others are the resort of dandies or of politicians, or again of professional newsmongers; and many others are temples of Venus. You can easily recognise the latter, because they frequently have as sign a woman's arm or hand holding a coffee-pot. There are a great number of these houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden; they pass for being chocolate

houses, and you are waited on by beautiful, neat, well-dressed, and amiable, but very dangerous nymphs.

The common people and low populace have their taverns, or rather spirit shops; for nothing but strong liquor is sold in this class of tavern. Spirits are made from grains or from juniper. These taverns are almost always full of men and women, and even sometimes of children, who drink with so much enjoyment that they find it difficult to walk on going away. Though these liquors are a sort of poison, and many people die from making too free a use of them, it would be most difficult to abolish these pothouses. On the whole the people of this country are very fond of liquors, which are said to be necessary because of the thickness and dampness of the atmosphere. You can easily imagine that London possesses many inns and hostelries and shops where you can purchase cooked food. Men and more especially foreigners live in furnished apartments, and take their meals in eating-houses. You can have rooms from sixpence to half a guinea a head.

The hackney coaches in London are a great con-

venience. About one thousand of these vehicles are to be found day and night in the public places and principal streets of the city and town. Most of them, to tell the truth, are ugly and dirty. The driver is perched high up on a wooden seat, as elevated as the imperial of a coach. The body of the carriage is very badly balanced, so that when inside you are most cruelly shaken, the pavement being very uneven, and most of the horses excellent and fast trotters. A drive costs one shilling, provided you do not go further than a certain distance; other drives will cost two or sometimes three shillings, according to distance. The drivers often ask more than is their due, and this is the case especially when they have to do with foreigners. To avoid being cheated, you must take the number of the coach marked on the door, and offer the driver a handful of coins, telling him to take his fare out of it. In this fashion of dealing he will not take more than his due, for should he do so you have a right to go and complain at the coach office, and the driver will be punished by being made to pay a fine, half of which would go to the plaintiff, and the other half to the officers of the office.

Besides these conveyances there are a great number of chariots and coaches belonging to noblemen and to gentlemen. Some are magnificent, and most are drawn by fine and excellent horses. The chariots belonging to noblemen are recognisable by the small gilt coronets placed at each of the four corners of the imperial; those belonging to dukes have ducal coronets, and so on. These fine chariots, behind which stand two or three footmen attired in rich liveries, are certainly a great ornament to a town, and a convenience to rich people, but they are a great hindrance to those who are not wealthy and go on foot, for the streets being generally very muddy, the passers-by get terribly bespattered and dirty. Pedestrians, it is true, would be far worse off were there not on either side of the street a sort of elevated footpath for their convenience, but I think I have already told you of this.

Near the palace and in its vicinity there are more than three hundred Sedan chairs for hire; like the cabs, they are found in the principal streets and thoroughfares. Chairs are very convenient and pleasant for use, the bearers going

so fast that you have some difficulty in keeping up with them on foot. I do not believe that in the whole of Europe better or more dexterous bearers are to be found; all foreigners are surprised at their strength and skill. Like coaches, Sedan chairs are most convenient for the wealthy, but often very embarrassing for those of another class, for these chairs are allowed to be carried on the footpaths, and when a person does not take heed, or a stranger does not understand the "Have care," or "By your leave, sir," of the bearers, and does not make room to let them pass, he will run a great risk of being knocked down, for the bearers go very fast and cannot turn aside with their burden.

I went through this experience on first coming to London. Not understanding the "By your leave" addressed to me, I did not draw aside, and repented quickly, for I received a tremendous push which hurled me four feet further on, and I should undoubtedly have fallen on my back had it not been for the wall of a house which broke my fall, but much to the injury of my arm. To my cost I thus learnt what the cry of the bearer

means. Sedan chairs are also numbered, and there is an office where you can go and make your complaint if cheated by your bearers.

Besides hackney coaches and Sedan chairs, London possesses another means of public conveyance in its boats. I believe there are about fifteen thousand of these on the Thames, in London and its vicinity. All these boats are numbered, and the boatmen likewise possess an office where you can apply should you have a complaint to lodge against one of their number. These boats are very attractive and cleanly kept, and are light in weight, painted generally in red or in green, and can hold six persons comfortably. On rainy days these boats are covered with coarse, strong tents, so that the rain cannot pass, and in summer, when the sun is burning hot, with an awning made of thin green or red woollen stuff. Some of these boats have two men, called "oars," and others have only one, and are called "scullers." You can hire boats in twenty or thirty different places, called "stairs." At these places from fifteen to twenty of these Tritons are usually to be found, dressed in a singular fashion in a sort of doublet pleated

about the lower edge, some being clad in red, others in green, and on the fronts and backs of their doublets are plates of silver on which are embossed the arms of their masters or protectors, for some of these boatmen belong to the King, others to the Prince of Wales and to different peers of the realm, others again to the Lord Mayor or to the magistrates of London. These places are much sought after, for the oarsmen cannot of course join the fleet and the vessels when they are being manned in time of war. The boatmen wear a peculiar kind of cap made of velvet or of black plush, and sometimes of cloth, the same colour as their waistcoats. As soon as a person approaches the stairs these men run to meet him, calling out lustily, "Oars, oars!" or "Sculler, sculler!" They continue this melodious music until the person who intends taking a boat points with his finger to the man he has chosen, and they at once unite in abusive language at the offending boatman. A boat with two oarsmen costs sixpence, and with one man threepence, and this from the Bridge to Westminster, but as soon as the Bridge is passed the cost will be doubled.

If you wish to go for a pleasure-party on the river it is prudent to fix the price beforehand, for these watermen like to fleece the public. There are also porters and bearers to be found in London. They carry a tin plate fastened to their belts with their numbers engraved on it, and you may in perfect security trust these men with an important packet, their office being obliged to answer for them should the object with which they have been trusted disappear. When a new porter is received into office he is obliged for this reason to give a security for £100 sterling.

Nowhere can you see finer markets than in London, especially those of Leadenhall, of Stock Market, and several others; they are vast, covered, and shut in, and in them you can find every kind of butchers' meat, the finest in all the world, and kept with the greatest cleanliness. England is celebrated, and justly so, for her excellent meats, especially beef and veal, mutton being rather coarse, often tasting of tallow, but full of juice. In these markets an abundance of every kind of salt and fresh water fish is to be found; also vegetables and poultry of every description. Besides these large

public markets, quantities of small vendors go through the streets, especially in the morning, calling out their wares for sale; thus, if you prefer it, you need not leave your house to buy your provisions.

All these details bore you, no doubt, and I dare-say you blame me for giving so many particulars. I will therefore leave this subject, and give you an account of a very strange phenomenon I witnessed here a fortnight ago.

On the 13th of this month of October, at about nine o'clock in the evening, as I was returning home from Richmond, I remarked in the north several lights resembling sheet or summer lightning. This light surprised me, firstly on account of the lateness of the season, and secondly because the sky was quite clear and starlit. I was still more surprised when, after about ten minutes, these lights gradually increased, and spread themselves over the whole firmament like torches of fire, red, blue, and white, flaming and flickering incessantly. At first they did not give out much light, but little by little the brightness increased, for the tongues of fire got closer and closer till they united in the centre

COVENT GARDEN IN 1741.

FROM AN INDIAN INK DRAWING BY J. MAURER IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

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of the firmament, where they formed a circle in appearance like a sun. I was alone in the middle of a field at the time, and I must confess that, never having even heard of a like phenomenon, I was more than startled—I may even say that I was alarmed. I hastened home, and found my host (who is an honest and pious Presbyterian minister, and rather less ignorant than his fellows) in the garden, admiring with all his family the wonderful sight in the heavens. I could not help calling out to ask him the meaning of the strange spectacle. He noticed my anxiety, and hastened to remove it by explaining that we were beholding a magnificent aurora borealis, and that fifteen years before he had already seen one of the same magnitude.

The flaming tongues and the wonderful sun gave out so much light that the stars disappeared. The moon was new, and was therefore not on the horizon. I drew a letter out of my pocket and read it with as much ease as if it had been bright daylight. The bright light and supernatural sun lasted about three-quarters of an hour, the circle gradually increasing in size as the flames which formed it

dispersed in the firmament. It was nearly eleven o'clock when they disappeared towards the north; but all night long faint lightning was to be seen in that direction, and for many nights after.

The aurora borealis is not a rare sight in this country. Now and then one is seen in autumn, but not such important ones as that I have described; they generally throw out a few lights like lightning or flames of fire towards the north. In quite northern countries, like Scotland, Denmark, and Ireland, they are still more frequent.

Yesterday's *Gazette* tells us that this extraordinary phenomenon was witnessed in France, but only in the shape of a great light. In many places it was thought that this extraordinary glimmer was caused by a fire. The tocsin was rung in several towns and villages, and people ran from one place to another trying to discover a fire that did not exist. When you write, please tell me whether this phenomenon was seen at Lausanne, and what effect it produced.

About one month or six weeks ago we had another wonder, but of a different sort. The King created the Duke of Richmond Knight of the

Garter, and also Mr. Robert Walpole. The investiture took place as usual in the chapel of the castle of Windsor. I could not see this ceremony, so it is impossible for me to describe it to you; but I call this event a wonder because everyone was surprised that Mr. Robert Walpole, who is a plain gentleman and has no title, should obtain an honour which so far has scarcely, I may even say has never, been given to a simple, untitled gentleman, but only to princes and peers of the realm. Other persons are less surprised, knowing that Mr. Walpole is the first minister and the King's favourite. Many also think that he is the principal cause of the misunderstanding between the King and the Prince of Wales. The latter certainly treats him very distantly and coldly, to say the least of it, and shows his dislike to him on every possible occasion.

Pray never treat me so.

LETTER VII

Character of the English—They are silent, scientific, courageous—The common people—Fights—Traits of generosity, of ingratitude—Charities—Hospitals—Beggars of London—Story of a beggar—Defects and good qualities of the English—Wine debauches—Sally Salsbury—Englishmen swear—Wines given to servants.

LONDON, *Feb.* 7, 1727

THOUGH I am sure my letters are not worthy of all the amiable compliments you pay me, yet I am charmed to know that they amuse you as well as some of our mutual friends to whom you have shown them; but pray remember they are not written for the public. Hoping you will not be vexed at my request, I continue my letter.

You ask me to tell you something of the character, habits, customs, and ways of the English, but you do not know what a difficult task you set me, and I might answer by begging you to consult authors who have written books on this subject,

and in this way to exempt me from writing badly what others have written well; but as it is always a pleasure for me as well as a law to do what you ask of me, I will make every effort to do my best.

I do not think there is a people more prejudiced in its own favour than the British people, and they allow this to appear in their talk and manners. They look on foreigners in general with contempt, and think nothing is as well done elsewhere as in their own country, and certainly many things contribute to keep up this good opinion of themselves, their love for their nation, its wealth, plenty, and liberty, and the comforts that are enjoyed. They see, on the other hand, what a number of foreigners come to England to seek their fortunes, and comparatively few out of mere curiosity, whilst Englishmen, on the contrary, do not leave their country, but if they do it is only for a few years, and generally only for pleasure.

Englishmen are said to be very proud; certainly many are so, but in general they are more cold and reserved than really proud, and they are taciturn by nature, especially when compared to the French. Though twenty men will be sitting smoking and

reading newspapers in a tavern, they talk so little that you will hear a fly buzz; their conversation is interrupted by long pauses, and an isolated "How do you do?" will alone prove to you that they are aware you are there, and have nothing more to say to you. They are not anxious to welcome foreigners, but rarely make any demonstrations of friendship that are not sincere. You can count upon an Englishman's offer of service, for he will never offer this lightly, and it is a proof he knows he can trust you.

The greater number of educated Englishmen have much solid good sense, and in many cases rare genius, and I am certain that the liberty they enjoy, allowing them to say and write their ideas and opinions freely, contributes immensely to make science popular; but you rarely meet with that bright, petulant, and lively wit you meet with in France. Few Englishmen would amuse themselves inventing and writing love stories after the manner and style of the French, but they write scientific and sound works like those of Newton, Tillotson, Radcliffe, Addison, and others. The writings most in fashion at the present period are

pamphlets for and against the government, on politics and different subjects of interest relating to England and her allies. Almost every day some of these works appear and are eagerly sought after, for politics in this country seem to interest everyone. I suppose this taste is cultivated by the liberty which the government affords, and in which Englishmen take great pride, for they value this gift more than all the joys of life, and would sacrifice everything to retain it. Even the populace will make proof of this, and will give you to understand that there is no country in the world where such perfect freedom may be enjoyed as in England.

It may be said with entire justice that Englishmen are very brave; they give a convincing proof of this in seeming to fear neither death nor danger. Their soldiers fight with the greatest valour. This has been sufficiently proved in the latest wars. However, few Englishmen seek service out of England, and very few are partisans of duelling, so that you do not often hear of this mode of settling quarrels, but should duels occur, the combatants will always come out of the fight with honour.

The lower populace is of a brutal and insolent nature, and is very quarrelsome. Should two men of this class have a disagreement which they cannot end up amicably, they retire into some quiet place and strip from their waists upwards. Everyone who sees them preparing for a fight surrounds them, not in order to separate them, but on the contrary to enjoy the fight, for it is a great sport to the lookers-on, and they judge the blows and also help to enforce certain rules in use for this mode of warfare. The spectators sometimes get so interested that they lay bets on the combatants and form a big circle around them. The two champions shake hands before commencing, and then attack each other courageously with their fists, and sometimes also with their heads, which they use like rams. Should one of the men fall, his opponent may, according to the rules, give him a blow with his fist, but those who have laid their bets on the fallen man generally encourage him to continue till one of the combatants is quite knocked up and says he has had enough. Would you believe it, I have actually seen women—belonging, it is true, to the scum of the people—

fighting in this same manner. The insolence of the populace is so great that as soon as an honest man has any disagreement with one of their kind, he is at once invited to strip and fight. It would be dangerous to retaliate with a cane or sword; the lookers-on would at once be against him, and things might end badly for him. Noblemen of rank, almost beside themselves with anger at the arrogance of a carter or person of that sort, have been seen to throw off their coats, wigs, and swords, in order to use their fists. This sort of adventure often befell the Duke of Leeds, and he even made it into an amusement. My Lord Herbert, who is a very strong and robust man, recently fought a porter, and punished him well; the man was so surprised that he exclaimed, "D—— sure you are the son of a porter, not of a lord; you know how to use your fists too well."

Englishmen are generally generous and grateful for services rendered. I will relate an instance of this which has struck me.

Monsieur de la Harpe, from Rolle, in Switzerland, of whom undoubtedly you have heard, was travelling in Italy with my Lord Boston, the

Earl of Grantham's eldest son. In some small town—I do not remember which—he met an Englishman, who appeared to be in great straits of poverty, and who appealed to him for help, saying he was a gentleman by birth, and that he had been robbed in his travels, and had no money to continue his journey. He was, in fact, in a miserable situation. There was no means of discovering whether this man spoke the truth or not. However, Monsieur de la Harpe offered him a sufficient sum of money to enable him to travel to Milan, and there await a letter of credit from England. This young man was in reality what he had declared himself to be, and as soon as he got to London he returned the sum that had been lent him. Several years later Monsieur de la Harpe was walking in St. James's Park when he met this English gentleman, but did not recognise him. This was not the case on the other side; the grateful Englishman went up to Monsieur de la Harpe, greeted him most affectionately, and invited him to dinner next day. After a sumptuous meal, his host addressed him thus, "Sir, I cannot forget how, and in what an amiable manner, you helped me out of the difficult position I was in.

Allow me to prove my gratitude by making you a small present." With that he presented Monsieur de la Harpe with a deed he had had drawn up that morning, making him owner of a pretty cottage and small domain ten or twelve miles distant from London, the farming of which brought in about £30 sterling a year. You cannot but agree with me that this was a nice present, and though this Englishman was very rich, it does not detract from his merit.

Though Englishmen are, on the whole, generous and large-hearted, others are as ungrateful as elsewhere; these latter show it more especially by closing their doors to persons to whom they owe obligations. I might tell you of several cases of this, but will only give you one in detail, as it was related to me by the person to whom it happened.

One of my acquaintances at Geneva, Monsieur Aubert, rich and successful in business, with a prosperous commerce, comfortable and well-appointed home, once had recommended to him a young Englishman of rank, whom he received constantly and treated with great kindness and hospitality. During the year this young man spent at Geneva

he visited Monsieur Aubert, and took his meals with the family constantly, and his dissolute habits having led him into several difficulties, he every time applied to Monsieur Aubert for help, and never in vain.

When this young nobleman left Geneva he made Monsieur Aubert a thousand protestations of gratitude and affection, and made him promise that should he ever go to England, he would seek him out and not forget his promise. Some years later Monsieur Aubert lost his fortune, and being in difficult circumstances was obliged to seek occupation in another country. He travelled to England, and on arriving in London his first thought was for the young nobleman whom he had treated with so much kindness in Geneva. Monsieur Aubert was received very coldly and his visit curtailed on some business pretext. This treatment surprised Monsieur Aubert, but a few days later he made another attempt. He was told that "My lord" was away, a second time that "My lord" was in the country, on a third visit that he was unwell and could not receive him. Finally, after making about a dozen different attempts, he was one day discussing with

a servant who would not let him into his lordship's presence, when a door giving on to the hall was violently opened, and my lord appearing said, "I am surprised at your showing so much obstinacy in coming here every day, when you have been informed twenty times that I am not at home. In order to save you trouble, I am glad to inform you personally that I am not at home, and never will be for you." With that he retired and shut the door. I leave you to imagine poor Monsieur Aubert's state of mind, for he had always laid the blame on the insolent servants, and he went away fuming at Englishmen in general, supposing them to be all of the same character as this nobleman. I personally know, and think you do too, a fine and large town in Switzerland—I need not name it you—where the inhabitants, and especially the young men, greatly resemble this young Englishman. Ingratitude is found in every country, and I only give you these examples in order to prove my theory that Englishmen push their virtues and vices further than other people.

Here are some traits of charity. No rich person dies without leaving large legacies. Most parishes

in London and in the country have hospitals for the sick, the poor, and the aged; also charity schools where poor children are fed, taught, and clothed. As soon as the children are old enough, many of these schools send them out as apprentices, according to the work the child seems fitted for. I must name a few of these excellent institutions.

Christ's Hospital, where the children on account of the colour of their clothing are named "Blue children." This is one of the largest charity schools, for it brings up eight hundred to one thousand children of either sex and settles them in trade. Their clothes are cut after the fashion of those worn in King Edward VI.'s time, he being the founder of this hospital. Many private individuals have endowed large charitable institutions. A wealthy merchant, Thomas Gresham, in former times founded at least thirty hospitals for the poor and sick, inside and outside London. The knight Sutton spent £20,000 to buy and build the "Chartreuse," which is a spacious building, and he left £4,000 yearly to keep it up. This establishment is the abode of eighty poor and aged gentlemen and officers, and also a place of

education for forty pauper youths, who are educated in classical studies until they are ready to enter the Universities, and they then receive £20 yearly, which sum suffices for their eight years' University education. The revenues of this institution have at present attained the sum of £6,000 sterling. The Merchant Tailors' School, founded by Sir Thomas White for the education and maintenance of three hundred children, is another magnificent charity; and a wealthy publisher named Guy, having neither children nor near relatives, died leaving £100,000 sterling to found and endow a hospital for the poor, the sick, and the wounded; but I should have too much to do were I to tell you of all the institutions of this sort which have been founded by private individuals. Enormous sums are contributed in the whole kingdom in aid of the poor. I have been told they amount to something like £800,000 a year. Every parish has the care of its own poor, and for that purpose receives a certain sum yearly from each of the houses in its district, according to their importance. Notwithstanding all this, quantities of beggars are continually to be seen asking for alms in all the

streets and highways of London; it is true that a great number beg from inclination, and are not in dire necessity. I will relate to you an example told me by a lady of my acquaintance, and I know one can believe all she says.

This lady was much attached to a pretty servant-maid she had, being very well satisfied with her services. A young man became acquainted with the girl, and, falling in love with her, asked her to marry him. She replied that she would accept him with pleasure, but before marrying him she first wished to know his trade and means of sustenance, for that she was afraid to take a man without money or means of livelihood. Her lover at once produced a purse containing at least one hundred golden guineas, and said that his trade brought him in much gain, but that he could not possibly divulge it to her before the marriage. Quite dazzled by the sight of the gold, the girl made no more difficulties, and they were married. A few days later the husband told his wife that it was time she learnt his trade, which was that of simulating a cripple, and he added that she on her side must do the same. For a long time the

poor girl resisted her husband's orders, but he personally inflicted such barbarous treatment on her that her head appeared to be attacked by cancer. In that state, and dressed in rags, she took up her station in Leicesterfield Square near the Prince of Wales's palace, where passers-by gave her charity. About two years later her former mistress, passing this place, saw and recognised her, and, being struck with pity, implored her to go to her and relate her misfortunes, but the woman, no doubt afraid lest her secret should be discovered, disappeared that day from the square and never returned. Several years later her mistress was much surprised at receiving the same woman, looking perfectly healthy and well dressed, but in deep mourning. She confessed the deceits she and her husband had practised in order to make their trade successful, adding that she had been forced into it against her will, and that, fortunately for her, her husband had just died, leaving about £1,000 sterling, all gradually amassed by begging and by saving; for he had been so avaricious that he never spent one penny, but lived on the remains of bread and meat begged

from rich people's houses. You see by this example that in a big town like London there may be, on one hand, beggars who are rogues and cheats, and on another many interesting charities. Let us return to the character of the English. They are most kind-hearted and compassionate, but they think they are more so than any other nation, hence the term "good-natured," which is not found outside England. Generally speaking, English people are not servile, and are not capable of baseness to obtain notoriety. There are even a great number who are not courtiers, and who avoid the court and its pomps, preferring the repose and pleasures of a retired life. A man out of favour at court will not lose his friends on that account, but will very likely gain the friendship of others. The Englishman in general is not made for court; he is too fond of his liberty and is too sincere and artless, and he is not a flatterer. He detests trouble and restraints to such a degree that he lives according to his own taste and ideas, and does not consider that fashion is to be followed with servility. There are some people who keep so apart from fashion that in any

other country they would be considered singularly odd and perhaps something more; but in this country people are above caring what is thought of them, and do not trouble themselves about other people's opinions.

Though many English people have merit and good qualities, many others naturally have their weak points and defects. They cherish their liberty to such an extent that they often let both their religious opinions and their morals degenerate into licentiousness. This is the reason why so many different sects are to be found in England, and also so great a number of persons with deistical opinions, and who, taking advantage of the leniency of the government, occasionally publish pamphlets against the established religion, that in any other country would, together with their authors, pass through the hands of the executioner. A man of the name of Woolston was profane and godless enough to write and publish a treatisé against our Saviour's miracles.

An innumerable quantity of Englishmen are still more corrupt in their morals than in their religion. Debauch runs riot with an unblushing countenance.

It is not the lower populace alone that is addicted to drunkenness; numbers of persons of high rank and even of distinction are over fond of liquor. This vice is said to be less widely spread than formerly; but all men, even churchmen, have a particular club or tavern, where they meet at least twice in the week to drink together in company. Though no wines are grown in England, it is no hindrance to drunkenness, for in the daytime the lower classes get intoxicated with liquor and beer, and the higher classes in the evening with Portuguese wines and punch.

Some time ago a courtesan, of the name of Sally Salsbury, famed for her rare and wonderful beauty, her wit and fun, became the fashion in London, and was favoured by distinguished personages. One night, at a wine supper, one of her admirers having displeased her by some uncomplimentary speech, she seized a knife and plunged it into his body. Next morning she was conveyed a prisoner to Newgate. You will suppose her lovers abandoned her in her distress. They did no such thing, but crowded into the prison, presenting her with every comfort and luxury possible.

As soon as the wounded man—who, by the way, belongs to one of the best-known English families—was sufficiently recovered, he asked for her discharge, but Sally Salsbury died of brain fever, brought on by debauch, before she was able to leave the prison.

You will, no doubt, be surprised to hear of so much corruption, but many causes contribute to this. The liberty and leniency of the government, the impunity of vice, the by no means considerable education which the young men receive, and the easy and frequent temptations of a big town are the sources of the extraordinary licentiousness that reigns openly in London. I do not mean to say that it is a general vice. God forbid! I should be most unjust towards a number of well-conducted, reserved, and respectable persons, whom the public, recognising their merits, term "civil and sober gentlemen."

Englishmen are mighty swearers, and I consider this as another of their defects. Not only the common people have this unfortunate habit, but also officers, and what are termed "beaux," swear when they are youths to give themselves airs, and continue afterwards from habit. I have found

many people very interested in money matters, and one might use the celebrated phrase, "Point d'argent, point de Suisses," as much with regard to them as to my own countrymen. If you frequent fashionable houses, the "wines," or what we call in Switzerland "Trinkgeld," that one is expected to give to the servants is a considerable expense. If you wish to pay your respects to a nobleman and to visit him, you must give his porter money from time to time, else his master will never be at home for you. If you take a meal with a person of rank, you must give every one of the five or six footmen a coin when leaving. They will be ranged in file in the hall, and the least you can give them is one shilling each, and should you fail to do this, you will be treated insolently the next time. My Lord Southwell stopped me one day in the park, and reproached me most amicably with my having let some time pass before going to his house to take soup with him. "In truth, my lord," I answered, "I am not rich enough to take soup with you often." His lordship understood my meaning and smiled. This is an abuse that noblemen and gentlemen have vainly endeavoured to abolish.

Besides these wines, you are expected to give Christmas boxes at the end of the year. An acquaintance of mine, one of Mr. Walpole's most intimate friends, assured me that the latter's porter receives near on £80 as Christmas boxes. Truly this is a prodigious sum; but if you consider that his master is first minister, it is not incredible, for some persons go to his house so often and pay him so much court that they are obliged to give his porter at least a guinea.

My opinion on the whole of Englishmen is, that among them you find more sensible, thoughtful, trustworthy, and noble-hearted men than in any other nation; but, on the other hand, a great number of them are whimsical, capricious, surly, and changeable, being one day devoted to one thing and next day caring for it no longer. Of this I have seen several striking examples, but you may rest assured that this will never be the case with my friendship for you.

LETTER VIII

About suicides—Melancholy of the author—Divers odd suicides—Duke of Manchester attempts suicide—Penalties inflicted on suicides—Of English women—Their style of dressing—Character of English women—They are tender-hearted, but jealous, interested—About lords—Knights—Knights of the Garter—Knights of the Thistle—Knight baronets and bachelors—Squires—The clergy—Merchants—Artisans—Peasants—The populace of London—English cooking.

ISLINGTON, NEAR LONDON
May 29, 1727

I HAVE so many things to tell you concerning the English character that I think I must continue the subject in this letter.

I was much surprised at the light-hearted way in which men of this country commit suicide. I could not understand this mania, which astonished me as greatly as it does other foreigners, but it no longer does so, and I must tell you the reason why.

Shortly after writing my last letter I fell very ill, and I cannot describe to you all the horrors of this

terrible malady. Little by little I lost my appetite and my sleep; I suffered from great anxiety and uneasiness, and that without any reason. Finally I fell into the deepest and blackest melancholy, and suffered untold misery. My friends, full of pity for me, did their best to amuse me, but they gave me more pain than pleasure. Everything made me sad and anxious; I could no longer sleep, and my food disgusted me. Had I been an Englishman I should certainly have put myself out of misery; but I am persuaded that it is a crime to commit suicide, and that there is a life hereafter where we shall have to account for our actions. The desire and thought of putting an end to my sorrows by a speedy death was ever in my thoughts, and it required all my strength of mind to resist its deadly attraction. One of my intimate friends, saddened by my unfortunate condition, hired a lodging for me at Islington, and persuaded me to leave London and go there. I had not been in this place for a fortnight before the change of air, the milk which I took every morning straight from the cow, did me a world of good. By the Lord's grace I am delivered from my terrible anxieties and tortures,

but I still continue taking cow's milk, and, in the hopes of regaining my appetite and health, I shall do so for some time longer. I am certain that most Englishmen who put an end to their days are attacked by this terrible malady of the mind, for it is very frequent in London. Some doctors say beer causes it, others that it is owing to the denseness of the air and the coal-smoke you breathe; but people also put an end to their lives from other motives, and sometimes for very trifling ones. Several reasons are the cause of this. Englishmen look on death in quite a different light to what other nations do, and are not afraid of it. As I have mentioned elsewhere, most criminals may be seen going with wonderful courage and fortitude to the gallows. I have also remarked that the passions of this nation are extremely strong and violent; they cannot bear failure, and customs and example are, I think, a great incitement to them. It is not the men alone who take these deadly resolutions, for women also, who should be gentle, patient, and retiring, kill themselves, many of these being poor creatures who have been abandoned, and who cannot face their existence alone. I must

relate to you a curious episode that appeared last year in print in the gazettes and newspapers.

A well-known courtesan became enamoured of a young Irishman, who did not return her love in the same degree. The fair lady, unable to bear her disappointment, hanged herself. Englishmen were much surprised that a woman of this class should have put an end to her days for love of a man, and more especially for an Irishman.

I have been told by a well-informed person that some years ago a young man, in despair at his mistress's treatment, resolved to have recourse to his country's radical remedy. Having made up his mind to end his life, he locked himself into his room with a pair of loaded pistols. The first bullet carried away his right eye and part of the frontal bone. He then seized the second pistol, but was not more successful, for the second bullet did not kill him, though it shattered his jaw. This man's hand must have shaken, notwithstanding his English courage and fortitude, for it appears to me that in an action of this kind your hand cannot be very assured, whatever your nation. These two pistol-shots attracting the servants, the doors were

forced open, and the young man was found in a terrible plight, for he was still attempting to put an end to his life by hanging himself with a rope fastened to the ceiling. The most curious part of the episode is the ending, for the fair lady was so touched with these extraordinary proofs of affection that she consented to marry the young man as soon as his health was restored, notwithstanding his terrible disfigurement. As such a long distance separates us, I think there cannot be any indiscretion in naming William Montague, Duke of Manchester, as being the hero, if I may so call him, of this tale.

One of my friends, living in the same house with myself, had a valet of whom he was very fond, though the man was of a melancholy, eccentric, and arbitrary character. Whenever his master addressed a word to him that did not please him, he would threaten to go and hang himself. One day my friend, whom these perpetual threats aggravated, drew sixpence from his pocket, and throwing it on the table exclaimed, "Here is the necessary sixpence to buy the rope with." The valet did not wait to be told twice; leaving the room in anger, he

went to the garret and hanged himself. A few hours later a maidservant found him dead. On hearing of this tragical ending, my friend was so distressed that it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevent him from following his dear valet's example. His despair was not so great at the man's having hanged himself as at the thought that he had encouraged him to do so by the offer of the sixpence, and no doubt he was right.

Notwithstanding the penalty the law inflicts on those who have attempted to commit suicide, it does not seem to have put a stop to the custom. Almost every week, and certainly several times in a month, the papers announce a suicide. The penalty of the law consists in the confiscation of money and lands and in the burying of the corpse with a stake thrust through it, and without a bier, at the crossing of two high roads.

Whenever a person has committed suicide an officer of the law, named the Coroner, is called with a jury of twelve men, who examine the corpse and give a verdict. The parents, friends, and acquaintances of the defunct never fail to declare that the deceased was a lunatic, and no doubt with

truth, for to my mind the greatest proof of lunacy anyone can give is taking away his own life in cold blood. The coroner now and then comes in for a windfall. Some years ago an old and wealthy nobleman, in despair at leaving no children, and still more at the thought that after his death his great possessions would go to a brother whom he cordially hated, put an end to his life by a bullet through his head, in hopes that his riches would be confiscated and go to the Crown. Unfortunately for his hopes he left a letter on his table addressed to the King, in which he declared that he was not mad, but that he had killed himself in order that his possessions might be confiscated. His intentions were doomed to failure, for the heirs found the letter and made away with it, giving the coroner the sum of £1,000 sterling in the hopes of appeasing his evident doubts; and thus the hated brother got possession of the titles and riches of the dead man who had accomplished this act in order to prevent it. You cannot but recognise the folly of committing suicide.

Enough of these lugubrious and repugnant tragedies: let us turn to other matters of interest.

I know of some to suit your tastes, for I am quite sure you are waiting for my description of English women with impatience. Allow me to satisfy your curiosity.

You are aware, I know, that the women of this country are said to be beautiful, and I must own that it is the truth, and they are so more especially in the country. Nothing can be more charming and attractive than these country girls. Their complexions are like lilies and roses; they have a look of health that entrances you; and their manners are artless, simple, and modest. Foreigners —more especially Frenchmen—are surprised at their charm, for I have been told that in that country the women of this condition are ugly and disgusting. You do not see many beautiful women in London Society, and at Court I remarked only four or five who could pass muster. But among the citizen class they are more numerous, and there are a great number among the courtesans, these being mostly women from the country who have been led astray and then forsaken, and have come to London to seek their fortune.

Most English women are fair and have pink and

white complexions, soft though not expressive eyes, and slim, pretty figures, of which they are very proud and take great care, for in the morning as soon as they rise they don a sort of bodice which encircles their waists tightly. Their shoulders and throats are generally fine. They are fond of ornaments, and old and young alike wear four or five patches, and always two large ones on the forehead. Few women curl or powder their hair, and they seldom wear ribbons, feathers, or flowers, but little headdresses of cambric or of magnificent lace on their pretty, well-kept hair. They pride themselves on their neatly shod feet, on their fine linen, and on their gowns, which are made according to the season either of rich silk or of cotton from the Indies. Very few women wear woollen gowns. Even servant-maids wear silks on Sundays and holidays, when they are almost as well dressed as their mistresses. Gowns have enormous hoops, short and very wide sleeves, and it is the fashion to wear little mantles of scarlet or of black velvet, and small hats of straw that are vastly becoming. Ladies even of the highest rank are thus attired when they go walking or to make a simple visit.

English women and men are very clean: not a day passes by without their washing their hands, arms, faces, necks, and throats in cold water, and that in winter as well as in summer.

I have mentioned that English women are fond of luxury and of ornaments, and they spare no trouble to be becomingly attired. A merchant had sent for a very rich silk and gold brocaded cloth from France, and had offered it to the Princess of Wales, who refused to purchase it, finding it too brilliant and costly. The wife of a wealthy brewer, alderman of the City, hearing of this, purchased the cloth, had it made into a gown, and wore it at the next drawing-room or Court circle. I think no French woman would have ventured to pay court in such a fashion.

I must now give you my experience of the character of English women. I find them gentle, frank, and artless, and they do not try to conceal their sentiments and passions. Generally speaking, they are not coquettish, and they do not simper affectedly, nor do they make a show of displeasing, bold airs. On the contrary, their modest demeanour charms you, and they soon lose their timidity, and

will banter with you. They are rather lazy, and few do any needlework, but spend their time eating or walking, and going to the play or assemblies where games are played. Even women of the lower class do little needlework.

English women are tender-hearted. When they have a passion for anyone they do not trouble to conceal it, but are capable of great resolution to show their love. The result of this trait of their character is a number of ill-assorted marriages. A mistress, knowing that her lover would run a risk of being hanged if he ran away with her, will not scruple to run away with him herself, knowing that the law cannot reach her. The women of this country do not despise foreigners as the men do; they are not distant to them and sometimes will prefer them to their own countrymen. This is not surprising, for Englishmen do not spoil their women by flattery and attentions, generally preferring drinking and gambling to female company.

If Englishmen are not jealous of their wives, neither are the wives jealous of their husbands. A wife is not generally unhappy when she discovers

her husband has a mistress; on the contrary, it sometimes happens that if her husband so desires it she will be polite towards her rival, but at the same time she will probably console herself with a friend, and thus both husband and wife are happy. I have been assured that one of the first noblemen in the kingdom obliged his wife to receive his mistress, but the wife was so clever and managed her husband so well that he in his turn was persuaded to receive her lover. When my lady's lover died she was so unhappy that she wore deep mourning and made her servants wear it too, without her husband showing any desire to prevent it.

English women walk fast and well, but in reality I think they do it more in order to show their clothes than for the pleasure of the exercise; and this is the case too with plays and concerts, in which they do not really seem to take much interest. I have told you that I find men interested in money matters; the women are just as much so. Few will refuse presents, these being often the keys to their hearts. A sign that they are very fond of wealth is that as soon as you

mention anyone to them that they do not know, their first inquiry will be, "Is he rich?" In this country one is esteemed for one's wealth more than for anything else. It is true that riches are accounted happiness everywhere, but more particularly here.

Now that I have told you all I can about English men and women, I must tell you about rank. There are different classes of nobility. Peers are properly the nobles; their sons have the title of lord, but are not nobles; dukes' sons are called lords by courtesy; viscounts, and the sons of viscounts and barons, have no title. The eldest son of a count is by courtesy a viscount. Most noblemen are very wealthy. The Duke of Bedford possesses more than £50,000 a year. Many others have ten, twenty, and thirty. A duke possessing five or six thousand pounds sterling a year is not considered wealthy. Being so rich as they are, it is not surprising if English peers spend a great deal and have numerous coaches, horses, and servants. A curious fact is that many noblemen live in town to economise, and though they are surrounded with great luxury, they declare

that in their country seats they are forced to spend far more, having to keep open house and table, packs of hounds, stables full of horses, and to entertain followers of every description.

When in town they do not have these same expenses, but they are not so much thought of as in the country, where they are like little kings, according to the good they do and to the extent of their bounty. In the country most of them have sumptuous abodes, or rather palaces, whereas in town they are lodged like citizens. Peers of the realm have several privileges; they are not obliged to swear fealty, and there is a law called *scandalum magnatum*, which forbids under a heavy fine scandal to be spoken of them. Like the members of the Lower House of Parliament, they pay no duty on letters that do not come from foreign countries.

There are different classes of knights, some wearing orders and others not. Those who wear them are Knights of the Garter or St. George, of the Thistle and of the Bath. Those who do not wear orders are the knights baronets and the knights bachelors. I will give you particulars of each.

There is no question that the Order of the Garter

is one of the most ancient and noble in all Europe. It was instituted in 1350 by the brave King Edward III. Some historians tell you that the Countess of Salisbury, dancing at a ball, let a garter of blue silk ribbon fall on the ground. The King, much struck with the grace and beauty of the fair wearer, hastened to pick it up, and perceiving that some of the courtiers smiled at his taste, he pronounced the words, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and knotting the ribbon round his arm, declared that many would be only too honoured were they decorated with this badge. A few days later King Edward created the knighthood in question. Other historians ridicule this legend, and declare that King Edward instituted this order to commemorate some military exploit. In any case, it is the most ancient of all orders of knighthood, and a very noble one, the kings of England being its grand masters. Only four-and-twenty knights can be created at a time; thus it has never been debased or made common, for only foreign princes and peers of the realm are knighted, and rarely, perhaps only once in a century, is this honour bestowed on a plain gentleman.

Knights wear across their breast, from left to right, a blue ribbon to which is suspended a St. George in gold and enamel, enriched with gems, or sometimes a large gold medallion representing the patron saint of the order. The star is embroidered on the left side of the coat, and in its centre is a red cross surrounded with the garter, its rays being embroidered in silver. Besides the insignia they wear a blue garter on the left leg; this is fastened with a gold buckle, on which the motto of the order is embroidered in gold or pearls. The investiture always takes place in the chapel of Windsor Castle.

The order of the Knights of the Thistle is a Scottish order, and also extremely ancient. It is given only to the first peers of the realm, and there can only be twelve in number, the King being grand master. They wear a wide green ribbon across their breasts, and a silver star on the left side of their coats, in the centre of which is a thistle, emblem of the order, embroidered in gold.

The knights who do not wear orders are the knights baronets and the knights bachelors. The former inherit their title from their fathers, and

this rank is the most honoured after that of baron. Baronets were created by James I. in 1612, and counted two hundred; their number is now greatly increased. The King creates the knights bachelors and gives this title indifferently to soldiers and civilians, and also to merchants. Most of the knights, and especially the baronets, are very wealthy, making great show of riches, and living like noblemen.

After the knights come the esquires. This title is given to the descendants of good and ancient families, and to those who fill some office in the service of the King or State. A great number of these gentry or lesser nobility have neither the manners nor the politeness which real gentlemen are supposed to possess, and their education is often very limited. Debauch and hunting form their principal occupations. Naturally there are several noted exceptions to this rule. I know of some men who have travelled, and of others who take a particular interest in science and literature, but they are certainly in the minority. The term gentleman is usually given to any well-dressed person wearing a sword.

We will now pass to the clergy. It consists of two archbishops, four-and-twenty bishops, six-and-twenty deans, and a certain number of archdeacons and canons in every cathedral and collegiate church, besides a quantity of rectors, vicars, and curates. When a bishop dies the dean and canons of his bishopric assemble to name his successor. Should the King have anyone he desires to recommend to the post, that person is always elected, the archbishop ratifies the choice, and he is confirmed and consecrated by his grand vicar, and invested by the archbishop of the diocese. All the clergy who attend the ceremony are dressed in long cassocks reaching to the ankles and fastened all the way down with small buttons, they are belted with wide sashes of silk, and over this they wear ample robes opening in front and having very wide sleeves. Their hats are much larger than those of laymen, not being looped, but trimmed with a thick, twisted cord, the two ends forming a big rose. Their bands are not wide. All the dignitaries of the church and the chaplains wear a long scarf of silk hanging over their shoulders, the two front parts

falling to the hems of their robes. I need not add that these garments are black.

A foreigner is surprised to find the clergy in public places, in taverns, and eating-houses, where they smoke and drink just like laymen; but, as they scandalise no one, you quickly get accustomed to this sight. The greater number of the priests are stout and ruddy, and their comfortable appearance convinces you that they lead pleasant and not fatiguing lives. They pass for being rather lazy, and I do not know whether they are maligned, though, to tell the truth, their sermons do not seem to give them much trouble, for they make them very short, and do not lose their time in learning them by heart; they sink their addresses into a velvet cushion and glance at them from time to time, therefore you cannot either truthfully say that they do not learn them at all, and it is only justice to add that you sometimes hear most eloquent preachers whose sermons are touching and convincing, though simple and always short. I am quite certain that you would appreciate the manner of preaching English ministers have, for in the pulpit they are modest and sincere and

have none of the transports and gesticulations that make preaching seem so exaggerated in France. English clergymen always pray with their heads uncovered, and I do not think anyone would venture to cover his head at any time in church. I cannot help approving this custom, for one can never show too much respect for religion. The clergy are permitted to possess two or three incumbencies, though they cannot live in them all at a time, and a vicar, to whom a small pension is paid, may officiate in their stead, which, to my mind, is not very canonical. Many clergymen have large revenues, and others possess scarcely any. I am told that in Wales, for instance, many livings only bring in from £12 to £15 sterling a year. Among the English clergy many first-class scholars are to be found, whose writings are sound and convincing, showing serious thought and very great ability.

Merchants come after the clergy, and in England commerce is not looked down upon as being derogatory, as it is in France and Germany. Here men of good family and even of rank may become merchants without losing caste. I have heard of

younger sons of peers, whose families have been reduced to poverty through the habits of extravagance and dissipation of an elder son, retrieve the fallen fortunes of their house by becoming merchants and working energetically for several years.

London is assuredly the greatest commercial city in the world, and her merchants have founded several powerful companies, the four principal being: Firstly, that of the East Indies, to which country money coined and in bullion is exported, and tea, china, silk, both raw and woven, cotton, linens, groceries, gems are sent to England in return. This company is extremely rich and powerful. Secondly, the South Sea Company, which, according to the treaty made with Spain, has the right to send two ships yearly to Spain or to Mexico. These ships, which are very large, are termed "Assiento," and carry merchandise from Europe, and in return bring money, woods for dyeing, leather, and various drugs from America, this commerce also bringing great gain to the company. The third is that of the Levant or Turkey, where clothes, groceries, lead, pewter,

and clockwork are exchanged for silken tissues from Persia, and for coffee and drugs from Arabia. The fourth is the Africa Company, to which hemisphere merchandise of every sort is exported, especially ironmongery. Ivory, gold powder, and black slaves are given in exchange, the latter being conveyed to the American plantations. The two latter companies are not so powerful as formerly, the French having succeeded in obtaining part of the commerce. The laws of these four companies forbid any man to trade on his own account with the countries they themselves trade with. Should any private individual wish to trade with, for example, the Levant, he must first join the company.

Besides these four principal trading companies, many others bring immense riches from every corner of the globe, and in London you find more merchants than in any other town of the world, excepting in those of Holland. Some merchants are certainly far wealthier than many sovereign princes of Germany and Italy. They live in great state; their houses are richly furnished, their tables spread with delicacies; they have servants and

coaches, sometimes even two—one for the master of the house and one for the mistress. It is certain that you see in the City almost as many coaches belonging to merchants as to noblemen and gentlemen. One peculiarity of English merchants is that after obtaining wealth they are often satisfied to retire from business, and to live the quiet life of the English gentleman. You must not imagine, however, that all merchants are prosperous; the greater number are not, and live like ordinary citizens. You occasionally hear of bankruptcies, but on the whole less than one hears of in a town of our neighbourhood in Switzerland.

English workmen are everywhere renowned, and that justly. They work to perfection, and though not inventive, are capable of improving and of finishing most admirably what the French and Germans have invented. English artisans excel in clockwork, in joiners' and carpenters' work, in saddlery, and in all sorts of iron and steel work, which they know how to polish in a superior manner. Their manufactures of cloth, of hats, and of hose are held in high repute on account of the beauty and quality of the merchandise, the ex-

cellent wools of the country being the chief factor in this result. Louis XIV. did this country a good turn when he drove the Protestants away from his dominions, for a great number of these clever workmen sought refuge in this island and established several manufactories, and brought hats and hose to their present perfection. Work done in London is very expensive; it is supposed to be better finished than that done in the country, and workmen are better paid, but most London artisans are debauched and drunkards, the greater part of their week's gain being spent on Sundays alone.

As far as I can judge, English peasants are comfortably off. I am told that some of the farmers of Kent and other counties give their daughters when they marry dowries of three or four thousand pounds sterling. A farmer never travels from home except on horseback, this being the reason you see so many of them in London booted, spurred, and in riding coats. Carters coming in from the country ride their own horses, these not being harnessed to the carts. I have visited several farmers' homes in the country; their houses are clean and well furnished with all neces-

saries, and most of them possess silver spoons and mugs. They are all well fed and well dressed, and the coarse black bread our peasants eat is unknown to them. On Sundays they always have a good piece of beef before the fire, and all the year round a cask of ale in the cellar; in a word, there is plenty everywhere.

I must now say a word about the populace, and I have already complained of its arrogance and rude behaviour. It has no education and little fear of God. I am even persuaded that many of this class never go to church, and have no notion of religion, and are addicted to all manner of debauch. I am speaking of London; in the country it is different. The lower classes are usually well dressed, and in England this is a sign of good feeding, for with this nation the table comes first; and speaking of this, it will no doubt interest you to know something about the food.

English people are large eaters; they prefer meat to bread, some people scarcely touching the latter. The cooking is simple and uniform, stews are seldom served, and they do not roast or boil

their meats as much as we do, which makes it, I think, more succulent and delicate, thereby giving it a better taste. Noblemen who have travelled generally have cooks from France, and eat partly in the foreign fashion, partly in the English, adding pastries and French garnishings to the roast meats and English puddings; their tables are abundantly and magnificently spread, and the table linen is always very clean.

The tables of most noblemen and of numerous gentlemen and merchants are not served in this sumptuous fashion, almost everyone being satisfied with a good big dish of meat weighing, according to the number of those who are to partake of it, ten, twelve, or fifteen pounds, though I have even seen it weigh twenty. Beef for boiling is salted for seven or eight days, and is then boiled in a quantity of water, and by this method the juice is kept in. English cooks make none or very little broth with beef, but they make it with mutton, which they boil with different vegetables, especially turnips and carrots, and they thicken the broth with gruel and eat it with snippets of toasted bread.

A couple of dishes are generally added to the

principal one of meat, one of these being a pudding made of rice, flour, or bread crumbs. This is a very good dish, and I have never met with a foreigner who did not appreciate it. English people consume a great deal of butter, and they do not know how to prepare fish and vegetables except with this ingredient melted. I was surprised at their manner of roasting veal with butter; veal in this country being very fine and fat, all this grease does not seem very necessary. At every dessert cheese and butter is served. No vegetables are eaten except with meat, and then always put under the roast or boiled meat. You find an abundance of fresh and salt water fish in London; the small oysters from Colchester are delicious, and appreciated even as far as Paris, to which town numbers are exported. An Englishman's table is remarkably clean, the linen is very white, the plate shines brightly, and knives and forks are changed surprisingly often, that is to say, every time a plate is removed. When everyone has done eating, the table is cleared, the cloth even being removed, and a bottle of wine with a glass for each guest is placed on the table. The King's health is first

drunk, then that of the Prince of Wales, and finally that of all the Royal Family. After these toasts the women rise and leave the room, the men paying them no attention or asking them to stay; the men remain together for a longer or lesser time. This custom surprises foreigners, especially Frenchmen, who are infinitely more polite with regard to women than are Englishmen; but it is the custom, and one must submit. Dinner is taken at two or three o'clock, sometimes even later, and there is no supper. If you wish to eat or drink in the evening you can do so, but supper is not considered a necessary meal. In this respect I have not followed the English custom, and I must leave you now to go to supper. I am infinitely more than I can tell you.

LETTER IX

Death of George I.—Sir Robert Walpole breaks news to the Prince of Wales—King George II. arrives in London from Richmond —Proclamation—General mourning—About Mr. Chevalier, chief of French Calvinists—Amorous adventure.

LONDON, *September* 24, 1727

IT will be no news I am sure telling you that King George I. expired on June 22 last on his way to Hanover, but you will not have heard how the news was broken to the present reigning King. No doubt you are aware, like everyone else, that the Prince was at enmity with his father; they rarely spoke to each other, and the Prince had been forced to leave the palace and rent a mansion for himself and family. Thinking that Sir Robert Walpole was the principal cause of this estrangement with his father, he had taken a great aversion to the minister, and for other reasons also, no doubt, too long to be related here.

Anyhow, whatever the reasons, everyone was aware of the hatred of the Prince for Sir Robert Walpole, First Lord of the Exchequer, Treasurer, and favourite of the King. Sir Robert knew it too, and better than anyone, and he had not the slightest doubt but that he would be disgraced and lose his office whenever the Prince came to the throne.

Ten or twelve days after the King's departure, when everyone was expecting the news of his Majesty's arrival in Holland with impatience, for the winds had been contrary, Sir Robert Walpole, driving from his mansion of Chelsea into London, met a state messenger, whom he knew had been of the King's escort. Stopping this messenger, whom he did not doubt had returned to London bringing packets from the King and telling of His Majesty's safe arrival on Dutch shores, Sir Robert was much surprised when the messenger replied he had no packets either for the Regency or for the minister, but that he had a very particular one for the Prince of Wales, from Lord Townshend, the King's Secretary of State, and that he was conveying this packet to the Prince at his residence of Richmond.

This piece of news greatly surprised Sir Robert Walpole, but his surprise increased when, after pressing the messenger to know what the news Lord Townshend wished conveyed to the Prince was, he discovered that the King had expired from an attack of apoplexy in his coach some miles' distance from Osnaburg. Without an instant's hesitation he asked for, and insisted on the messenger giving him, the letter. The latter began by refusing, but being personally acquainted with Sir Robert, and knowing him to be minister and Lord of the Regency, he finally yielded. Armed with the letter, and warning the messenger not to spread the news for a few hours, Sir Robert turned back to Chelsea, had six post horses put to his coach, and drove rapidly to Richmond.

The Prince and Princess were having their midday rest, the weather being sultry. The lady-in-waiting refused to waken them, though Sir Robert declared he wished to inform them at once on a matter of the highest importance. The lady, after much hesitation, yielded. The Prince of Wales was greatly surprised at Sir Robert Walpole's desire to speak to him. Being very hasty, he sent back word

to the effect that he considered the minister very bold and impertinent at daring to come into his house and disturb him, and that he might go away again, for he would not see him. Sir Robert continued pressing to be permitted a few minutes' interview, just sufficient to communicate very important news, and as the Prince's room was adjoining and the door a little ajar, the Prince heard this answer, which put him into such a state of fury that he was on the point of rising to throw Sir Robert out of the room, when the Princess, who possesses many qualities and amongst them prudence, quieted her husband by telling him that undoubtedly there must be news of importance, and with some difficulty she obtained the Prince's permission to join Sir Robert in the next room.

Sir Robert, addressing the Princess, said, "Madam, I am in despair that His Royal Highness will not permit me to be the first of his subjects to do him homage. I have brought a letter, acquainting him with the death of His Majesty the King, his father." The Prince, who was listening from his apartment as to what the message might be, heard, and entering the room with looks of fury demanded

the letter. Sir Robert threw himself at the Prince's feet, and offering the letter made a touching little speech, and you must know that he is very eloquent, and one of the best talkers in the kingdom. The Prince and Princess retired into their apartments, and after consulting together for a few minutes they reappeared, their eyes wet with tears. The Prince, addressing Sir Robert, ordered him to proceed speedily to London, and there to call together the Lords of the Regency and Kingdom, to be at the Council Chamber, together with Sir Spencer Compton, at such and such an hour, but that he was to tell the latter to visit the Duke of Devonshire previously, in order to compose, with his help, the speech that must be read to the Regency. Sir Spencer Compton was Speaker and President of the House of Commons, and being attached to the Prince's party, was consequently opposed to the late King's ministers.

Several Lords of the Regency, together with Sir Robert Walpole, met together at the Duke of Devonshire's. As soon as they learnt that the Prince, or rather the new King, had chosen Sir Spencer Compton to write his speech, and had

ordered him to join the council, they never doubted for an instant but that he was going to be raised to some high office, and apparently on Sir Robert Walpole's ruins. Sir Spencer Compton took up a pen and put it down again several times, but he was finally forced to own that it was useless his attempting to write a speech, for he was quite overcome with excitement and emotion, and could not compose it successfully. Turning to Sir Robert Walpole, he begged him to be kind enough to help him, and the latter, having wonderful presence of mind and nerves of iron, composed a most eloquent speech, in which he successfully inserted a very delicate and appreciative allusion to the conduct and administration of the late King's ministers.

King George II. and Queen Caroline, his wife, arrived in London at about six in the evening. Crowds of people acclaimed them, and they alighted at the Palace of St. James, where they were met by numerous lords and ladies who were waiting for them, and who paid them homage on their knees and kissed their hands. The King proceeded to the Council of Regency, where, after examining and approving the harangue, he read it, and then

broke up the Council, which had no more authority, as he himself was taking up the reins of government.

For some time everyone expected that Sir Robert Walpole would be disgraced. The King treated him very coldly, and even gave him to understand that he did not intend keeping him in office, and this treatment contrasted with the King's graciousness towards Sir Spencer Compton and other favoured noblemen. But the latter counted too much on His Majesty's goodwill, and did not sufficiently flatter the Queen, or try to get her interest; and during that time Sir Robert Walpole, bringing his wonderful influence to bear, and treating the Queen with the greatest courtesy and amiability, gradually but entirely gained her over to his cause.

The Queen, who is a very capable woman and has much influence over the King, managed little by little to make him believe that he could not find a more capable man in the whole kingdom or one who knew more about finances and the affairs of the interior than Sir Robert Walpole (and she was right), that he could be counted on in any emergency, having great influence everywhere, and that

he had been the factor in the late king's reign for bringing money into empty chests, and that no doubt he could do the same for the new king. This last reason—at least it is said—decided the King on retaining Sir Robert Walpole's services, and he declared the same, much to everyone's satisfaction, a few days ago in the Privy Council. Those who had neglected paying sufficient court to the Queen were much mortified and disappointed, but it is supposed that Sir Spencer Compton will be made a peer of the realm and given some high office.

The day following the news of George I.'s death, a proclamation was read in the two towns of Westminster and London. It was done in this fashion: First appeared a company of Grenadiers on horseback, with their officers at their head, and a band of musicians with hautboys, fife, bassoon, and trumpets. Four Heralds-at-arms followed, magnificently mounted and clad in their coat-armour, a sort of overcoat on which the arms of England are stamped in colours. These four heralds followed each other in single file, and on either side of them rode a sergeant-at-arms, or mace-bearer,

wearing a silver collar, in shape like an interlaced double-S. Eight men on foot carried the silver-gilt mace on their shoulders, and walked next to the sergeant-at-arms. The march was closed by a company of Horse Guards, preceded by its officers and by its kettledrums and trumpets. Stopping in front of St. James's Palace, the first herald read a long declaration informing the people of the death of George I., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and of the accession of his only son, King George II., to his kingdom and states. The second herald read the same proclamation at Charing Cross, the third read it at Temple Bar after the ceremony of the opening of the doors which I have previously described, and the fourth at the Stock Exchange.

On the following Sunday a reception was held at the Court of St. James, the drawing-room or circle being crowded. The greater number of those persons who held any office at Court, in the army or fleet, paid homage to the King, kneeling and kissing his hand.

Everyone is in deep mourning; the King wears his of purple cloth, with knots of crêpe on the

sleeves. The nobles, gentlemen, officers, merchants, and citizens are in mourning; so are the women. One would think everyone was mourning a father or mother. A well-dressed man wearing a sword could not venture to go into any public place dressed in colour; he would be insulted.

An amusing little story is related, and owes its origin to the universal mourning. I meet every now and then the famous Mr. Chevalier, head of the French Calvinists in the Cevennes, and whose name is constantly mentioned in Madame du Noyers' memoirs and in some other printed works. Mr. Chevalier sometimes takes his meals in our tavern and frequents the same coffee-house as my friends and I do. He is a little man of no importance to look at, but very capable and clever. He must be so, for in the Cevennes with the Calvinists he began his career as cook and ended by being colonel. He now commands a regiment in Ireland, and, though no longer young, he married a rather pretty Irish girl a few years ago.

Some days previous to the King's demise Mr. Chevalier received the news of his wife's death from Ireland, and appeared at our coffee-house

garbed in deep mourning. On someone's inquiring for whom he wore black, "For my wife," answered he, but with such a way and look as if to make us believe he was not inconsolable. A few days later, when general mourning was ordered, he was asked once more for whom he wore his. "For his late Majesty," was the angry answer; "for whom else should I wear it?" And in truth it could not be for his wife, for she was not dead, as he had at first supposed, but had run away and was in France with a young Irish nobleman, whom she had preferred to her husband. The indiscreet questioner had heard of this little adventure, which soon became public property, and poor Mr. Chevalier, not being able to stand the jokes that were levied at him, returned to his Irish regiment.

Adventures of this kind sometimes occur. In my last letter I told you that English women have tender hearts and strong passions, and are capable of important decisions when carried away by them.

A young man of my acquaintance, whom I shall call Mr. Brisk—good-looking, amiable, and attractive—met with a pleasing adventure a few months ago, which I will relate to you.

One day, on his way to Hanover Square and passing through the meadows near Montague House, he met a very pretty lady, well dressed, with a beautiful figure, seeming about five-and-twenty years of age. Surprised at seeing such a charming apparition alone in an out-of-the-way place, Mr. Brisk accosted her, and politely asked to be permitted to accompany her to her destination, lest she should be insulted by some rude person. The lady began by hesitating, and then accepted my gallant friend's offer, and he amused her so well on the way with his witty and lively conversation that, when they reached Hanover Square and did not find her friend at home, she allowed him to accompany her to Golden Square, where she hoped to find another acquaintance; but this time again the visit was unsuccessful, and as rain was beginning to fall, Mr. Brisk tried to help his new friend by proposing to hail a hackney coach or a sedan-chair, but it was impossible to find one. The lady by this time was very weary, and accepted Mr. Brisk's offer of going into a tavern and partaking of some refreshment, of waiting there till the rain was over, or a chair could be

found. Pray, do not be shocked. Ladies even of rank will sometimes go into a tavern, and the fair dame I am writing of requiring no persuasion, accepted her cavalier's offer, and was treated by him to the best the innkeeper could give. When he saw that she was becoming to get rather gay and familiar, he pressed her to tell him her name, and to allow him to see her again and to accord him her favour. The lady refused very firmly at first, but when the chair arrived and they were going to separate, she said, "I must own, sir, that the time has passed most agreeably in your company, and that you are quite to my taste. I promise to write to you, if after I have made inquiries I find that you are worthy of my friendship. Give me your address and trust me." With that they separated.

Ten days or so later Mr. Brisk received by the penny post a letter from the unknown lady, written in a counterfeit hand, in which she told him that if he wished to see her again he must go on a certain day and hour to a house which she described in an out-of-the-way part of London. Mr. Brisk, having had time for reflection, was not tempted to follow out the adventure, either because of his

morals, or because his affections were otherwise placed. He recounted his little adventure in the tavern he habitually frequented, and declared he did not intend going to the appointed meeting. One of his friends, who was bolder or less scrupulous, asked to be allowed to go in his place, and armed with the letter this gallant personage did not fail the appointed time and hour. But as soon as he entered the room the lady fell into a swoon, exclaiming, "Heavens! I am betrayed!" The bold visitor on his side nearly did the same when he discovered the fair lady was his own wife. The singular part of the story is that they left the house perfectly satisfied with each other, whereas before the involuntary meeting they had not lived together for many months.

Do not suppose, my dear friends, by what I have just related that all English women are of this profligate nature; you would be harming numbers who are most virtuous and modest. I know many of whom nothing but good can be said. I am, besides, quite convinced that if Englishmen were less debauched and more attached to their wives, the latter would be happier in their homes. I do

not suppose you hear of more love stories here than in Paris or other large towns, where morals are laxer than in small ones. I hope these irregularities will never occur in our own dear country. But I am much afraid that good faith, simplicity, and fidelity will in time become as rare as they were frequent, and that the strangers who travel will do more harm than good by bringing gold and silver and also tastes for luxury into our land.

I am and always will be as long as I live.

LETTER X

Coronation of King George II.—Solemn procession—Ceremonials of the coronation—Return of the procession—Feast after the coronation—Illumination of the hall—The author takes part in the feast—The King's Champion—The tables are given up to the people—Prerogatives of peers, etc., on the day of the coronation—Lord Mayor's feast.

I HAVE often longed to have you with me, but never more so than on the eleventh of May last, for I then saw the most solemn, magnificent, and sumptuous ceremony it is anyone's lot in life to witness; I mean the coronation of King George II. and of Queen Caroline, his spouse. I know only too well that it will be quite impossible for me to give you a correct impression of the extraordinary and magnificent riches I saw on this occasion, but as I know that you wish me to write and describe all the eventful and curious sights I see during my travels, I will relate it to you to the best of my ability.

For two or three days before the coronation numbers of carpenters had been working at erecting a footstool or wooden bridge about three feet in height and edged with wooden railings; this bridge commenced at the chief entrance of Westminster Hall, all along New Palace Yard, King's Street, St. Margaret's Churchyard, and ended at the western porch of Westminster Abbey. On every side of this bridge, wherever the space allowed it, stands and platforms had been erected for the use of spectators.

On the day preceding the coronation, I had been with two friends to choose our seats on a stand situated in New Palace Yard. On the 11th of May, at four in the morning, we started from home, but even at that early hour we experienced considerable difficulty in getting to the stand because of the enormous crowds of people that already filled the streets, passages, and even the stands. At seven o'clock several companies of Foot Guards appeared and took up their position on either side of the bridge. Two regiments of Horse Guards guarded the square, the churchyard, and bridge, the latter being shortly afterwards con-

Triumphal Arch Erected and Painted on the West end of Westminster Hall for the Coronation of his Maj.ty King George the Second and Queen Caroline. Octob.r the 11th 1727.

With the Ceremonie of the Kings Champion attended by the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal

TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

Designed by W. Kent, and erected at the West End of Westminster Hall for the Coronation of King George II., October 11th, 1727, with the Entry of the King's Champion.

FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT BY P. FOURDRINIER. [To face page 240.

cealed by blue cloth. The bridge was so wide, it required three widths of cloth to conceal it.

At about nine o'clock the procession or solemn march began in the following manner:—

1. The King's herb-strewer, followed by eight maidens carrying four baskets filled with flowers and sweet-smelling herbs, with which they bestrewed the bridge or footstool.

2. The beadle of the Dean of Westminster, with a blue cloak hanging from his shoulders and carrying a thick black staff in his hand.

3. The drum-major, followed by twelve drummers of the Foot Guards.

4. A kettle-drummer and several trumpeters of the Horse Guards wearing their uniforms of crimson velvet, braided on the seams and on the coat tails with wide gold braidings.

5. The six Clerks of Chancery in robes of black satin brocaded with flowers, trimmed with tuftings of black silk on the sleeves. They walked by three and three together.

6. The vestry-keeper of the Royal Chapel, followed by the King's twelve chaplains, all clad

in long scarlet robes bordered with ermine, and wearing stoles of black silk and carrying square caps in their hands.

7. The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, followed by the Aldermen and Recorder of London dressed in their scarlet robes of ceremony. Those aldermen who had been Lord Mayors wore the gold chain of office hanging down to their belts.

8. The Masters of the Court of Chancery, the Solicitor-General, the King's Proctor, the Attorney-General, all wearing scarlet robes, but differing according to their offices.

9. The King's Gentlemen-in-waiting.

10. The Barons and Judges of the Exchequer and the Judges of the King's Bench in robes of scarlet bordered with ermine, and carrying scarlet caps in their hands.

[N.B.—All the persons I have mentioned and all those that followed walked four and four whenever they were numerous enough. All peers and peeresses and the councillors of the King's Council walked two and two.]

11. The Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer

and the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in robes of scarlet bordered with ermine and interlaced silver-gilt collars forming a double S.

12. The Master of the Rolls and the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, clad like the preceding, with the same collars of gilded silver.

13. The choir boys of the Abbey of Westminster in surplices of white linen, and with square caps in their hands.

14. The dean and subdean of the Chapel Royal in scarlet robes, but of a different fashion to those of the lawyers, and carrying square caps in their hands.

15. The choir boys of the Chapel Royal in surplices of fine white linen, and wearing over these cloaks of scarlet cloth; they carried square caps in their hands.

16. The organist of the Chapel of Westminster, followed by a band of musicians with hautboys, fifes, bassoons, bugles, and other instruments.

17. The twelve prebendaries or canons of Westminster in surplices and copes of white silk brocaded with large flowers of various colours, and holding square caps in their hands.

18. The Herald-at-arms of the Knights of the Bath.

19. The Knights of the Bath who are not peers, wearing the dress and collar of their order, and carrying their caps surmounted by white ostrich plumes in their hands.

20. The first Scottish Herald-at-arms, or Lord Lyon.

21. A Knight of the Thistle, which is a Scotch order, clad after the manner of the Knights of the Bath, but his cloak was of green velvet, lined with flame-coloured satin, his cap was surmounted with handsome green ostrich plumes, and he wore the collar of his order.

22. The first Herald-at-arms of England, or Lord Garter, dressed in his dalmatic or coat armour of blue silk, on which the arms of England are stamped in colours.

23. Sir Robert Walpole, the only Knight of the Garter who is not noble; he was clothed in the robes of this order. His mantle and cap were of blue velvet, the latter laden with tall flame-coloured ostrich plumes; the lining of his mantle, his jacket, and his breeches were all of flame-coloured satin.

His hose and shoes were white. He wore a belt of blue velvet over his jacket, to which a large gold sword of ancient workmanship was suspended. The collar of the order was round his neck, and the blue garter embroidered with pearls was tied round his left leg.

24. The Vice-Chamberlain, followed by the Controller of Accounts and by the Treasurer of the King's Household, all three wearing their habitual clothes, but of great magnificence.

25. Those of the King's Councillors of Great Britain who are not peers, walking two and two.

26. Two Kings-at-arms in their dalmatics of blue silk.

27. The baronesses walking two and two as did the peers and peeresses. They wore their robes of state, and I must describe them to you. On their heads were neither caps nor coverings of any sort. Their hair was dressed in long, thick curls falling on their shoulders, and they wore quaintly-fashioned garments, called kirtles, of crimson velvet, lined with white satin and trimmed with green silk cut out in the shape of flames, edged with a silver fringe. These kirtles were

fastened at the waist by jewelled clasps, and were widely cut out round the neck and chest so as not to conceal the front part of the bodice, which was embroidered with gems and precious stones. The lower part of the gown likewise was exposed to view, being composed of beautiful silver cloth brocaded with flowers of various colours. Over these kirtles were worn cloaks of crimson velvet hanging from the shoulders, lined with white satin, and trimmed with flames of green silk, and with capes bordered with two bands of ermine and lined with green silk. The trains of these cloaks hung three feet on the ground, and they were fastened over the shoulders by thick cords of silver, which ended below the waist with heavy silver tassels. The baronesses carried their coronets in their hands; these were very small, being made to fit at the back of the head, and were of crimson velvet surmounted with a silver tuft and edged with a circlet of the same precious metal and by six large pearls, after the manner of barons' crowns.

28. The barons in their robes of state, their kirtles being of crimson velvet lined with white

satin, and bordered with cut green silk in the shape of flames. These kirtles fell below the knee, and were faced and bordered with green silk and silver fringe. Over these they wore wide belts of white velvet, to which swords of ancient workmanship were suspended, the scabbards being of crimson velvet. From their shoulders hung cloaks of crimson velvet lined with white satin and bordered with the green flames, the capes being lined with green silk and bordered with two bands of ermine, and fastened on the shoulders with thick silver cords tasselled at either end; these cloaks fell down to their heels. The barons all wore white hose, likewise did all the other peers, and they carried coronets in their hands just like those of the baronesses, except that they were much larger and fitted on the head.

29. The bishops, all excepting those who carried the regalia or royal ornaments. They wore their rochets and big cloaks and copes. All their garments were of silver cloth, brocaded with flowers of divers colours, and in their hands they carried mitres of the same cloth of silver.

30. Two Kings-at-arms as before.

31. The viscountesses dressed like the baronesses. Their trains were three and a half feet in length, their capes bordered with three bands of ermine, and their coronets were those of viscountesses.

32. The viscounts clad like the barons, but their cloaks hung half a foot on the ground, and their capes were trimmed with three bands of ermine, their coronets being those of viscounts.

33. Two Heralds-at-arms in their dalmatics of blue silk and wearing silver-gilt collars.

34. The countesses dressed in their robes of state after the fashion of the baronesses, except that their cloaks trained four feet on the ground, and that their capes were bordered with four rows of ermine. The fringes, cords, and tassels of their cloaks, and the big tuft on their coronets, were all of gold. Their skirts were of cloth of gold, brocaded with flowers and leaves in various colours.

35. The earls, all excepting those who carried the regalia, in their robes of state fashioned like those of the barons, except that their cloaks hung one foot on the ground, and that the coronets they

carried were earls' coronets. The peers, Knights of the Garter, of the Thistle, of the Bath, wore their gold chains round their shoulders and the stars of their order embroidered on their cloaks.

36. Two Heralds-at-arms as before.

37. The marchionesses in their robes of state. Their trains were four and a half feet in length, and their hoods were bordered with five bands of ermine. Their coronets were the coronets of marchionesses.

38. The marquesses in their robes of state like those of the earls, their cloaks trained one foot and a half on the ground. Their hoods were bordered with five bands of ermine, and their coronets were the coronets of marquesses.

39. Two Heralds-at-arms as before.

40. The duchesses in their robes of state like those of the countesses, save that the trains of their cloaks were five feet in length, and that their capes were bordered with six bands of ermine.

When the duchesses were in front of our seats the procession was for a time brought to a stop. The Dowager Duchess of Marlborough took a drum from a drummer and seated herself on it.

The crowd laughed and shouted at seeing the wife of the great and celebrated General Duke of Marlborough, more than seventy years of age, seated on a drum in her robes of state and in such a solemn procession.

41. The dukes, all excepting those who carried the regalia, or who filled some other important office. They wore robes of state like those of the earls, save that their cloaks trailed two feet on the ground, and that their capes were bordered with six bands of ermine and that they carried ducal coronets.

42. The Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household, walked alone at the head of the other dukes. He wore his robes of state, and carried his ducal coronet in one hand and his long white wand of office in the other.

43. The first King-at-arms of England. On his right hand walked the Scottish King-at-arms, and on his left the Irish King-at-arms; they all wore dalmatics and characteristic marks of office, and carried their coronets in their hands.

44. The Duke of Devonshire, President of the Council, and Lord Trevor, Keeper of the Privy Seal, in their robes of state.

45. Lord King, the Lord Chancellor, in his robes of state, carrying his coronet in one hand and the big purse or pocket containing the Grand Seal in the other. The Lord Archbishop of York in his rochet and cloak of gold cloth, carrying his Archbishop's mitre of the same cloth in his hand.

46. The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury walking alone in his robes fashioned like those of the Archbishop of York.

47. Colonel Lambert, representing the Duke of Normandy, and Sir George Walter, representing the Duke of Aquitaine. They were dressed in the same fashion as the other dukes, except that their cloaks were bordered with ermine, and that they carried a sort of old-fashioned hat made of cloth of gold, with drooping brims and lined with ermine.

48. The Queen's Vice-Chamberlain in rich clothing, the key of his office embroidered in gold on the left side of his coat.

49. Two gentlemen ushers.

50. The Queen's Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Grantham, in his robes of state, fashioned like those of the other earls.

51. The Duke of St. Albans carrying the

Queen's state crown of purple velvet enriched with magnificent jewels; this crown reposed on a crimson velvet cushion braided and fringed with gold. On his right walked the Duke of Rutland carrying the gold sceptre with the cross, and on his left walked the Duke of Norfolk carrying the ivory sceptre with the dove. These three nobles were in robes of state.

52. The Queen in her royal robes, fashioned like those of the peeresses; they were of purple velvet bordered and lined with ermine, and with wide gold braidings. The skirt of her robe was of gold and silver tissue, brocaded with large bunches of different-coloured flowers, enriched with a quantity of beautiful jewels. On her head was a small state cap of crimson velvet with a circlet of gold and border of ermine. She was supported on either side by the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Westminster, wearing rochets and cloaks of silver cloth.

53. A canopy of cloth-of-gold ornamented with balls and little bells of gold or silver-gilt. This magnificent canopy supported by four staves of gold was carried over the Queen's head by the

Barons of the Cinque Ports and by the Gentlemen Pensioners. The latter wore new scarlet uniforms with braidings of gold.

54. The train of the Queen's royal mantle carried by the three elder princesses, Anne, Amelia, and Elizabeth,* who were aided in their office by the eldest daughters of three dukes. The princesses were dressed after the manner of the duchesses, and the young Ladies wore rich costumes.

55. The three eldest sons of dukes, magnificently attired, carrying the three young princesses' crowns.

56. The Duchess of Dorset, first Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, in robes of state.

57. The ladies Herbert and Howard, women of the bedchamber.

58. The Earl of Crawford bearing St. Edward's staff, which is of massive and beaten gold and the emblem of authority. On his right walked the Earl of Lincoln, bearing the sceptre with the dove, which is the emblem of peace, and on his left the Earl of Pembroke, bearing the golden spurs which are buckled to the King's feet in the ceremony of the coronation. These three lords wore their robes of state.

* See page 47.

59. The Duke of Montague, bearing the curtana, or sword of St. Edward, which, having no point, is the emblem of mercy. On his right walked the Duke of Kent, bearing the second sword; and on his left the Duke of Manchester, bearing the third. These two latter swords are the emblem of spiritual and temporal power.

60. The Lord Mayor of London, in robes of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, but differently fashioned to those of the peers. His thick chain of gold fell below his waist.

61. The Duke of Ancaster, Lord High Chamberlain of England, in his robes of state, carrying his coronet in one hand and a long white wand in the other, this being his mark of office.

62. The Duke of Richmond, named for that day Grand Constable of England. He carried his coronet in one hand and his wand of office in the other. On his right walked the Duke of Roxborough, deputy for the Grand Constable of Scotland. He also carried his coronet in one hand and his staff of office in the other. On the left walked the Earl of Sussex, representative of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Grand Marshal of England,

who, being a Roman Catholic, cannot officiate. He carried a coronet in one hand and a marshal's staff in the other.

63. The Earl of Huntingdon, bearing the sword of state in its scabbard of crimson velvet, enriched with slabs of wrought gold, hilt and guard being of massive gold, enriched with precious jewels.

64. The Duke of Dorset, bearing St. Edward's crown of purple velvet, enriched with the finest jewels of the realm, on a crimson and gold-fringed cushion. On his right walked the Duke of Somerset, bearing the gold sceptre with the cross surmounted by a jewel of great value; and on his left the Duke of Argyle, bearing the orb, or globe, which I described some time ago, after visiting the Tower. These peers also wore robes of state and carried coronets in their hands.

65. The Bishop of Coventry, bearing a Bible on a gold-fringed crimson cushion. On his right walked the Bishop of Rochester with the patena, and on his left the Bishop of Peterborough with the chalice, which, like the patena, is of pure gold. These three bishops wore cloaks, rochets, and copes of silver cloth.

66. The King, in his royal robes of purple velvet, lined and bordered with ermine. On his head was a cap of crimson velvet, with a gold circlet and border of ermine. This cap was too large, and kept falling over his eyes. His Majesty was supported by the Bishops of Durham and St. Asaph in cloaks, rochets, and copes of silver cloth.

67. A canopy of cloth-of-gold, like that borne over the Queen's head.

68. The train of the Royal mantle, carried by four dukes' eldest sons, most richly and magnificently dressed.

69. The Captain of the Guard on service that day, having on his right the Captain of the Guard of the Gentlemen Pensioners; and on his left the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. These three gentlemen being noble wore robes of state, and carried their coronets in one hand and their staves in the other. The Lieutenant and Standard-bearer of the Gentlemen Pensioners walked on their right and left.

70. The Earl of Essex, first Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, in his robes of state.

71. Three of the King's footmen in their ordinary clothes.

72. The procession was finally closed by a detachment of yeomen or battle-axe guards, carrying battle-axes on their shoulders, and having their lieutenant and ensign at their head.

It is impossible for me to make you understand and imagine the pomp and magnificence of this solemn procession, which took more than two hours to pass before us. Everything in it was grand and sumptuous. Persons of an advanced age, who have seen the coronations of King James II., of William III. and Mary, of Queen Anne, and of King George I., are all agreed that the magnificence of the present coronation has far surpassed that of the preceding.

What embellished this ceremony greatly was the magnificence of the jewels. The peeresses were covered with them, and wore them in great quantities on the fronts of their bodices, in their hair, as clasps for fastening their robes and cloaks, without counting their necklaces, earrings, and rings. Most of these ladies had the worth of a large sum on their persons, and many had hired jewels

for the day. It is said that the London jewellers, not having gems in sufficient quantity, had sent for some from Paris and Holland. The skirt of the Queen's robe was so much embroidered with jewels that it threw out a surprising radiance, and she next day declared what had fatigued her most was the weight of this skirt. You must not expect me to describe to you the ceremony in the church of the Abbey of Westminster, for I did not witness it. I can only tell you that the ceremony commenced by divine service; that the Bishop of London preached a fine and suitable sermon, that was followed by a communion service; that the King took the oath that he would protect the rights and privileges of the nation; that the Archbishop of Canterbury anointed the King and Queen on their heads, foreheads, chests, and on the palms of their hands with a prepared essence or oil, and that at the precise minute he placed their crowns on their heads volleys of cannon and musketry were fired, and that as soon as the King was crowned and seated on his magnificent throne, all the lords, both spiritual and temporal, the members of the Lower and of the Upper Houses of Parliament, the Lord

Mayor, the Aldermen of London, etc., took the oath of fidelity. During the whole ceremony a band of the most skilful musicians, together with the finest voices in England, sung admirable symphonies, conducted by the celebrated Mr. Handel, who had composed the Litany. Henry VII.'s Chapel, in which the Queen and King were crowned, was entirely hung with crimson velvet. The throne was of purple velvet, fringed and ornamented with wide braidings of gold. Sir Robert Walpole, as First Lord of the Exchequer, presented all the peers and peeresses with a gold medal, of the value of four guineas, on one side being engraved the heads of the King and Queen, on the other the ceremony of the coronation.

It was near three o'clock in the afternoon when the ceremonies were ended and the procession was ready to return to the great Hall of Westminster. The Knights of the Bath, of the Thistle and of the Garter wore their caps laden with waving ostrich plumes, for everyone donned their head coverings for the return procession, and the effect was charming. Sir Robert Walpole had on either side of him a person carrying a red morocco

bag, filled with silver coins, stamped with the sovereign's effigies; these the knight threw right and left among the numerous spectators on the stands or at the windows. The peers and peeresses wore their coronets, the King and Queen those with which they had been crowned; the King carried the gold sceptre with the cross in his right hand and the orb in his left; the Queen carried another sceptre with a cross in her right hand, and the ivory rod with the dove in her left. The Yeomen of the Guard had scarcely closed the procession before the crowd and the soldiers of the Foot Guards posted along the railings of the bridge tore off the blue cloth with which it was covered, and fought for it and the boards as to who should get the most; and all this made a terrible tumult and disorder most amusing for the spectators to watch, at least for those who were on the stands and at the windows. But I did not have the pleasure of witnessing this scene. Lord Lindsay (the son of the Duke of Ancaster, who is Grand Chamberlain of England) had had the kindness to provide me with a ticket allowing me to enter the great Hall of Westminster, and I got there some time

before the procession arrived. This hall was prepared for the coronation banquet. At one end a sort of stand, three or four feet in height, had been raised, on which the thrones and tables for the King and Queen were placed. All along the hall were two long tables for the peers and peeresses. On either side of the hall raised galleries had been erected, which were filled with spectators. I took a seat on one of the galleries, and from there had an excellent view of the hall. More than three hundred persons could be seated at the long tables. The damask linen was entirely new, as were also the plates and dishes of Cornwall pewter and china. The tables were covered with a sumptuous and magnificent meal, and as they were narrow, sorts of storeys had been raised on them. The first storey or table itself was covered with hot meats, the second storey with cold roast meats, and on the third and narrowest the dessert was arranged with much taste and symmetry. It consisted of magnificent pyramids of sweetmeats and preserved fruits of every variety and kind, arranged in different patterns and ornamented with a quantity of tinsel flowers, and the effect of the whole when

the peers and peeresses took their seats, all dressed as they were in robes of state with coronets on their heads, was enchanting. The other persons in the procession, after crossing the hall, went into other apartments, where tables had also been prepared for them. When the King and Queen entered the hall the light was beginning to fade. About forty chandeliers, in shape like a crown, hung from the ceiling, each carrying about thirty-six wax candles. On the King's appearance all these candles were suddenly lighted, and everyone in the room was filled with astonishment at the wonderful and unexpected illumination. Little cords of cotton-wool, almost imperceptible to the eye, saturated with sulphur of saltpetre, with spirits of wine, and other ingredients, had been prepared and arranged so as to carry the flame rapidly from one candle to another. This arrangement had been so skilfully prepared that hardly a single candle failed to take fire. The King seated himself on his throne, the Queen on hers, and were at once waited on by the grand officers of the Crown. The three young princesses sat with their parents, but at a certain distance.

It was now close on six o'clock. I had eaten nothing all day, and I was famished, and I felt all the more hungry when I contemplated the tempting viands on the tables. But my turn was coming to taste these delicacies. I was seated behind several ladies and gentlemen who were acquainted with some of the peers and peeresses seated at the table beneath us. When we saw that they had finished eating we let down a small rope, which, to tell the truth, we had made up by knotting our garters together. The peers beneath were kind enough to attach a napkin filled with food to our rope, which we then hauled up, and in this way got plenty of good things to eat and drink. This napkin took several journeys up and down, and we were not the only people who had had this idea, for from all the galleries round the same sight could be seen.

At the end of the sumptuous feast the King's Champion, completely covered in ancient armour, with helmet on head and lance in hand, mounted on a superb steed, also covered with armour and richly caparisoned, rode into the hall. On his right rode the Duke of Richmond as Grand Constable, and on his left the Earl of Sussex, representative

of the Grand Marshal of England. Both these peers were mounted on very fine, richly caparisoned horses. When they had ridden up to the centre of the hall a herald-at-arms on horseback, who had preceded them, called out in a loud and threatening voice, "If anyone has the audacity to deny that King George II., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, is son and nearest heir to George I., and legitimate successor to the imperial crown of these kingdoms, his champion here present gives him the lie, and maintains that he is false and a traitor, and that he is ready to fight him in single combat in the lists." The Champion thereupon flung one of his gauntlets on the floor, but as none, as you may well imagine, answered the challenge, the herald-at-arms picked it up and restored it to the Champion. The King then drank the Champion's health in a goblet of gold, and he in his turn drank to His Majesty's health, and kept the goblet as his fee.

Shortly after the Champion had challenged and retired the King, Queen, and Princesses rose from table, and passing into another apartment, retired to St. James's Palace very fatigued and weary. Their

WESTMINSTER HALL IN 1732.

FROM A PRINT BY H. F. GRAVELOT.

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example was followed by the peers and peeresses, after which the big doors were thrown open and the crowd allowed to enter and take possession of the remains of the feast, of the table linen, of the plates and dishes, and of everything that was on the table. The pillage was most diverting; the people threw themselves with extraordinary avidity on everything the hall contained; blows were given and returned, and I cannot give you any idea of the noise and confusion that reigned. In less than half an hour everything had disappeared, even the boards of which the tables and seats had been made.

I know I cannot possibly give you any correct idea of the magnificence and beauty of all these sights; the spectators on the stands and at the windows were likewise charming to contemplate. I am certain that at least two thousand people had left off wearing the late King's mourning for that day, and were dressed with taste in bright colours. I saw many ladies remarkable for their beauty and charming attire. As to the populace, it was innumerable. The greater part of those persons who took part in the royal procession have a right to

certain offices either by birth or because they possess certain properties and lands. I have been given a list of those who have particular privileges, and some of them seem to me to be so very curious that I must tell you of them.

1. The Lord Great Chamberlain of England has the right to present the King his shirt on the day of his coronation and to dress him, and to receive as fee a sufficient quantity of crimson velvet for a robe of state, also the King's bed and the furniture of the room in which he slept on the night preceding the coronation, together with the clothes and dressing-gown His Majesty wore the day before, and besides all this, being the first officer and his office being to wash the crockery, he may present the King with a basin of water before and after the feast, and receive the big basin and ewer of chased silver-gilt workmanship that has served for this usage as fee. These utensils must weigh three hundred and five ounces.

2. The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury has the right to crown the King, and to receive as fee the throne, the cushion, and stool of purple velvet on

which the King has seated himself after being crowned, and also the pall of cloth-of-gold that is held over the King's head whilst he is being anointed.

3. The Lord Mayor of London has the right to be first to offer the King a draught of wine in a goblet of pure gold; this goblet and lid may be kept by him as fee, and must weigh twenty ounces.

4. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl of Arundel, has the right to be chief butler on that day, or to send a representative in his stead, and to receive a goblet with lid of pure gold, weighing thirty-two ounces, as salary.

5. The Earl of Essex has the right to be Grand Chaplain on that day, and to receive two large vessels of chased silver-gilt workmanship as salary; these vessels must weigh three hundred and five ounces, and have served for receiving the offerings.

6. The King's (Ecuyer) Squire, Master of the Horse, has a right to taste the viands and to receive two silver-gilt basins, weighing thirty ounces, as salary.

7. The feudatory Lord of Grand-Wymondley,

in the county of Hertford, has the right to officiate as Grand Cup-bearer, and to receive a basin and cup in silver-gilt, weighing two hundred and twenty ounces.

8. The Mayor and twelve citizens of Oxford have the right to aid and assist the Grand Butler, and to receive a bowl with lid of chased silver-gilt workmanship, weighing one hundred and ten ounces, as salary.

9. The feudatory Lord of Scrivelsby, in the county of Lincoln, has the right to be the King's Champion, and to receive a goblet with lid of pure gold, weighing thirty-six ounces, as fee, and also the horse His Majesty habitually rides, with saddle and trappings.

N.B.—The King's cipher is engraven on all these different pieces of gold and silver-gilt plate.

10. The Dean and Chapter of the collegiate church of the Abbey of Westminster have the right to inform the King of all the rites and ceremonies in use at the Coronation, to assist the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to receive as salary the robes for the dean and the twelve canons, also the offerings that have been received at the

ceremony, as well as the hangings with which the chapel has been hung.

11. The feudatory Lord of Addington, in the county of Surrey, has the right to make gruel for the King and Queen, and to serve it himself at their table; he receives all the utensils which have served to make it as fee, and the King must create him knight bachelor if he is not one already.

12. The feudatory Lord of Ascleven, in the province of Norfolk, has the right to lay the cloth for the King and to receive all the table linen as fee.

13. The feudatory Lord of Heyden, in the county of Essex, has the right to present the King with a napkin for cleaning his hands before and after the meal, and to receive the napkin as fee.

14. The feudatory Lord of Worksop, in the county of Nottingham, has the right to provide the King with a glove for his right hand, to have the honour of putting it on him, and of helping him to uplift his right arm with the sceptre when he is seated on his throne.

15. The barons of the Cinque Ports have the

right to carry the canopy over the King's and Queen's head on Coronation Day; this privilege is shared with the Gentlemen Pensioners, and as salary they may keep the canopies, with the balls and bells of gilded silver.

Many other noblemen have particular rights and privileges on Coronation Day, but I cannot describe any more, for I have been too lengthy already. I must therefore end my letter, assuring you of my love for you.

I must add that the Lord Mayor's banquet has been particularly sumptuous and brilliant this year. The King, Queen, and the three elder Princesses honoured it with their presence. A great number of lords and ladies of the Court and the foreign ministers assisted. It is true that no king has attended this banquet for many years, and this was the cause of its extraordinary magnificence.

LETTER XI

Pleasures of the English—About the opera—About comedy—About tragedy—About pantomimes—About gladiators—Ambassadors of Holland—Their reception at the Tower—Order of their entrance—Their audience.

LONDON, *Feb.* 23, 1728

IN former letters I have told you about the customs and the character of the English, I will now tell you something of their pleasures and sports. Some delight in the chase, some in horses and dogs, others again in card-playing and in wine-drinking, and some others prefer science and study to any of these amusements; but whatever English people do they never do half-heartedly, and they spare neither trouble nor expense in their enjoyment of sports or pastimes of any kind.

There is an Italian Opera in London, the contractors being certain noblemen at Court. The symphony is composed of skilled musicians, both English and foreign, and the singers are all

Italian. Two famous singers, the Faustina and the Cozzoni, and one of the brothers Senazini are at present singing here; they are said to be the finest singers in Europe, and are very well paid, the two former receiving each £1,500, and the latter £1,200 sterling, for singing three times a week for four months, besides a benefit night, which brings them in about £250 sterling each. The Court and town, men and women, are divided into two parties, one admiring the Faustina and the other the Cozzoni, and both parties load their respective favourite with presents, compliments, and flatteries. I must own that both these women are excellent and admirable singers, and can do anything they wish with their throats; such excellent singers have never been heard before, and I cannot tell you which of the two I prefer.

There are no men or women dancers at the opera, neither is there any machinery, but the scenes and decorations are often changed, some of them being of rare beauty; and it is a delight to the eyes to see the King, the Queen, and the Royal Family, the peers and peeresses, always beautifully dressed. One cannot understand much

about the intrigue of the piece; it is sung in Italian, and the words that suit the music are sung over and over again. The opera is expensive, for you must pay half a guinea for the best places.

There are two theatres in London where English comedies are acted: one is in Drury Lane, the other in Lincoln's Inn Square. I do not think that English comedy is at all refined or witty; a proof of this is the play called *The Beggar's Opera*, which English people enjoy seeing so much. It is true, however, that the principal actress, Polly Peachum, is graceful, acts divinely, and attracts crowds of spectators. It is said that the Duke of Bolton is her devoted admirer.

English tragedy is far superior to English comedy, but it is also too full of intrigues and too "bloody," if I may so express it. In *The Ambitious Stepmother*, for example, out of eleven persons on the stage, seven or eight of them are made to die. Many tragedies are remarkably fine, and are written in non-rhyming verse, like Latin verse.

The theatre at Lincoln's Inn Field is famous for its pantomimes, which follow the comedy. These

entertainments are composed of two parts, serious and comical. The first is taken from a mythological fable; gods, goddesses, and heroes sing their parts; the decorations are very fine, and the machinery extraordinarily so. The second part, in which the actors are Harlequin, Columbine, Scaramouche, and Pierrot, is acted and not spoken, but the gestures and the machinery allow you to follow the intrigue easily, and it is generally very comical.

Mr. Rich, the director of this theatre, spends a great deal of money on plays of this sort; two well-known ones are the *Rape of Europa* and *Orpheus in the Lower Regions.* In the former play a part of the theatre represents hell, in which are seated gods and goddesses; it rises gradually into the clouds; at the same instant out of the earth rises another stage. The scene represents a farmhouse, in front of which is a dunghill with an egg, the size of an ostrich's, on it. This egg, owing to the heat of the sun, grows gradually larger and larger; when it is of a very large size it cracks open, and a little Harlequin comes out of it. He is of the size of a child of three or four years old, and little by little attains a natural

height. It is said Mr. Rich spent more than £4,000 sterling on Orpheus. The serpent that kills Eurydice is of enormous size, and is covered all over with gold and green scales and with red spots; his eyes shine like fire, and he wriggles about the theatre with head upraised, making an awful but very natural hissing noise. The first night this pantomime was given the King was there, and I had the good fortune to be present. One of the two Grenadiers of the guard, who are posted at either side of the stage with their backs turned to the actors, noticed the serpent only when he was at his feet, and this reptile was so natural that the man dropped his musket, and drawing his sword made as though he would cut the monster in two. I do not know whether the soldier was really alarmed or whether he was acting, but if so it was admirably done, and the spectators laughed again and again. This piece is full of wonderful springs and clockwork machinery. When Orpheus learns that his beloved is dead, he retires into the depth of the stage and plays on his lyre; presently out of the rocks appear little bushes; they gradually grow up into trees, so that the stage resembles a

forest. On these trees flowers blossom, then fall off, and are replaced by different fruits, which you see grow and ripen. Wild beasts, lions, bears, tigers creep out of the forest attracted by Orpheus and his lyre. It is altogether the most surprising and charming spectacle you can imagine.

Mr. Rich plays the part of harlequin with great agility and address, and he is said to be the best actor of this part in Europe. In pantomimes most good dancers are French men and women from Paris. Ladies attend these plays in great numbers, and are always beautifully dressed.

I must now describe the gladiators and also cock-fights. I was sufficiently curious to wish to see the gladiators, and I will describe their manner of fighting.

The gladiators' stage is round, the spectators sit in galleries, and the spectacle generally commences by a fight with wicker staves by a few rogues. They do not spare each other, but are very skilful in giving great whacks on the head. When blood oozes from one of the combatants, a few coins are thrown to the victor. These games

serve to pass the time till all the spectators have arrived.

The day I went to see the gladiators fight I witnessed an extraordinary combat, two women being the champions. As soon as they appeared on the stage they made the spectators a profound reverence; they then saluted each other and engaged in a lively and amusing conversation. They boasted that they had a great amount of courage, strength, and intrepidity. One of them regretted she was not born a man, else she would have made her fortune by her powers; the other declared she beat her husband every morning to keep her hand in, etc. Both these women were very scantily clothed, and wore little bodices and very short petticoats of white linen. One of these amazons was a stout Irishwoman, strong and lithe to look at, the other was a small Englishwoman, full of fire and very agile. The first was decked with blue ribbons on the head, waist, and right arm; the second wore red ribbons. Their weapons were a sort of two-handed sword, three or three and a half feet in length; the guard was covered, and the blade was about three inches wide and not

sharp—only about half a foot of it was, but then that part cut like a razor. The spectators made numerous bets, and some peers who were there some very large wagers. On either side of the two amazons a man stood by, holding a long staff, ready to separate them should blood flow. After a time the combat became very animated, and was conducted with force and vigour with the broad side of the weapons, for points there were none. The Irishwoman presently received a great cut across her forehead, and that put a stop to the first part of the combat. The Englishwoman's backers threw her shillings and half-crowns and applauded her. During this time the wounded woman's forehead was sewn up, this being done on the stage; a plaster was applied to it, and she drank a good big glass of spirits to revive her courage, and the fight began again, each combatant holding a dagger in her left hand to ward off the blows. The Irishwoman was wounded a second time, and her adversary again received coins and plaudits from her admirers. The wound was sewn up, and for the third time the battle recommenced, the women holding wicker shields as defensive weapons. This

third combat was fought for some time without result, but the poor Irishwoman was destined to be the loser, for she received a long and deep wound all across her neck and throat. The surgeon sewed it up, but she was too badly hurt to fight any more, and it was time, for the combatants were dripping with perspiration, and the Irishwoman also with blood. A few coins were thrown to her to console her, but the victor made a good day's work out of the combat. Fortunately it is very rarely one hears of women gladiators.

Two male champions next appeared. They wore short white jackets and breeches and hose of the same colour; their heads were bare and freshly-shaven; one of them wore green ribbons, the other yellow. They were hideous to look at, their faces being all seamed and scarred. They also commenced by paying each other grotesque and amusing compliments, and then fell on each other with the same sort of weapons the women had used; but they showed more strength, vigour, and ability, if not more courage. One blow rapidly followed another; it was really surprising neither man should be killed, but this never seems to

happen. They fought five or six times running, and only stopped for the sewing up of a wound or when too exhausted to continue. After every round the victor was thrown money by his backers; but he had to exercise great skill in catching the coins, for he had a right only to those he caught in his hands; those that fell on the ground became the property of some of the numerous rascals that were standing about, who hastened to pick them up and appropriate them. The two combatants received several wounds, one of them having his ear nearly severed from his head, and a few moments later his opponent got a cut across the face, commencing at the left eye and ending on the right cheek. This last wound ended the fight and entertainment, and I went away regretting my half-crown and determined never to assist at one of these combats again. I consider that cock-fights are much more diverting. The animals used are of a particular breed; they are large but short-legged birds, their feathers are scarce, they have no crests to speak of, and are very ugly to look at. Some of these fighting-cocks are celebrated, and have pedigrees like gentlemen of good family, some

of them being worth five or six guineas. I am told that when transported to France they degenerate—their strength and courage disappear, and they become like ordinary cocks.

The stage on which they fight is round and small. One of the cocks is released, and struts about proudly for a few seconds. He is then caught up, and his enemy appears. When the bets are made, one of the cocks is placed on either end of the stage; they are armed with silver spurs, and immediately rush at each other and fight furiously. It is surprising to see the ardour, the strength, and courage of these little animals, for they rarely give up till one of them is dead. The spectators are ordinarily composed of common people, and the noise is terrible, and it is impossible to hear yourself speak unless you shout. At Whitehall Cockpit, on the contrary, where the spectators are mostly persons of a certain rank, the noise is much less; but would you believe that at this place several hundred pounds are sometimes lost and won? Cocks will sometimes fight a whole hour before one or the other is victorious; at other times one may get killed at once. You

sometimes see a cock ready to fall and apparently die, seeming to have no more strength, and suddenly it will regain all its vigour, fight with renewed courage, and kill his enemy. Sometimes a cock will be seen vanquishing his opponent, and, thinking he is dead (if cocks can think), jump on the body of the bird and crow noisily with triumph, when the fallen bird will unexpectedly revive and slay the victor. Of course, such cases are very rare, but their possibility makes the fight very exciting. Ladies never assist at these sports.

For the present I must leave the pleasures and pastimes of the English to tell you about the reception of the Dutch ambassadors, the Count of Welderen and Mr. Silvius, of the States-General, who have been sent by their country to congratulate the King on his accession to the throne. They made their public entrance into London last night and were received in a magnificent manner. The day preceding the audience, their excellencies, the Dutch ambassadors, slept at Greenwich; next morning they embarked on barges and galleys with all their retinue and were followed by numbers of

boats with spectators. The ambassadors' barges were all ornamented and decked with flags, colours, and streamers, making a pretty little fleet. The barges stopped at the Tower, and the procession commenced in the following order :—

1. A company of Horse Guards headed by their officers and a band of musicians, composed of hautboys, fifes, bassoons, etc.

2. Six magnificent led horses, richly caparisoned and having the arms of their masters the ambassadors embroidered in white on their black trappings.

(The King and the whole town being in mourning owing to the late King's death, the ambassadors and all their followers wore slight mourning.)

3. The ambassadors' two esquires in black jackets, mounted on handsome horses caparisoned with black velvet and silver embroideries.

4. Twelve pages on horseback riding two and two; their jackets were of black velvet, their vests of shining silver tissue, and they wore white plumes in their caps. Their horses were caparisoned with black velvet, braided with silver.

5. The ambassadors' two stewards dressed in black; they were mounted on fine horses, with black cloth and silver Spanish lace trappings.

6. Four-and-twenty footmen walking two and two. They were dressed in black with white hose, and their hats were bordered with silver; they wore white gloves and carried canes in their hands; from their shoulders streamed long knots of wide ribbon of various colours.

7. Two handsome coaches drawn by four horses. In these sat the secretaries and other officers belonging to the ambassadors' retinue. The coaches were lined with black cloth, and had braidings and fringes of white silk.

8. Two coaches lined with black velvet and trimmings of silver. They were both empty, and were drawn by six white horses.

9. The ambassadors' state coach. It was drawn by eight magnificent horses spotted black and white. Their harness was of black velvet; the rings and ornaments were of silver; the reins, cockades, and plumes of black silk and silver thread. The interior of the coach was of black velvet embroidered with silver, and trimmed and fringed with silver.

The outside was of black morocco leather, the nails, straps, and ornaments being of silver. The body of the coach and the wheels were sculptured and painted in black, and the sides had six panes of glass. This superb coach was empty.

10. Four of the King's coaches drawn by four horses which had been sent to meet the ambassadors at the Tower landing. In the first sat the two ambassadors, and in the second the ordinary Dutch resident and some other persons, but of the ambassadors' retinue.

11. Ten or twelve coaches drawn by six horses and belonging to the Court nobles, who had sent their coaches in order to honour the ambassadors.

12. This procession was closed by a company of the Guards on horseback, headed by their officers, their kettledrums and trumpets.

When the ambassadors' coach entered the court of St. James's Palace the drummers beat a charge, the company of Foot Guards presented arms, and the officers saluted. At the foot of the grand staircase stood the Master of the Ceremonies with other officers of the King's household; in the first hall

stood the Chamberlain, the Grand Master of the King's Household, and other noblemen, the Yeomen of the Guard resting on their halberds forming a hedge, as likewise the Gentlemen Pensioners, in the presence chamber.

The ambassadors entered the audience chamber, and a few minutes later the King entered by another door. He was accompanied by some of his gentlemen, and wore the gold collar of the Garter, as did also all the other knights of the order. The King seated himself on his throne under the canopy. Their excellencies the ambassadors presented their letters of credit to the Duke of Newcastle, the King's Secretary of State, who in his turn presented them to the King. They were then offered seats opposite His Majesty. The Count of Welderen, as first ambassador, covered his head (Mr. Silvius doing the same), and made a speech in Dutch, which lasted six or seven minutes. The King then made a short answer in English. The ambassadors then, uncovering their heads, got up from their chairs, and the Count of Welderen made the King a complimentary speech in French. His Majesty listened to this speech seated on his

throne, but with his head uncovered, and answered in French. The ambassadors were then taken to visit the Queen in her apartments, and presented her with compliments in French. The Queen, amiable and gracious as usual, replied in the same language. The ambassadors were splendidly received at Court and with much pomp, and they remained there three days.

Now this is enough. I confess that I am terribly weary, though I shall never be so of assuring you of my friendship.

LETTER XII

Horse racing—English horses—Foot races—Pleasures of the people—Cricket—Benediction of fathers and mothers—Christmas Day—St. Valentine's Day—Milkmaids on May Day—Oak leaves—The leeks of Wales—Crosses—Bridewell—About a thief who is there—About a courtesan who is there—About another courtesan.

LONDON, *June*, 1728

IN my last letter I commenced describing the pleasures, sports, and pastimes of the English. One of their greatest sports is horse racing. I think, too, it is their greatest diversion. The finest horse races are held at Newmarket, near Cambridge. The horses there are generally finer than elsewhere, and all the noblemen and persons of distinction who take an interest in this amusement go there with their horses. Last month the King attended these races for the first time, and nothing was spared to make them successful. I was, unfortunately, not able to be there. Several

of these races are termed Royal, because the King gives a prize for the fastest horses. Among the royal races are those of Newmarket, Bristol, and Blackheath, and these generally last two or three days. Naturally, the finest race is that run for the King's prize. Racehorses are of a particular breed, and are used for no other purpose. Their mothers are English, and their sires Arab. Some of these horses are worth as much as £200. Their appearance is very elegant, supple, and slender. They must be fed with particular care, and differently to other horses, for they are very delicate.

Races are held on large open spaces; a wide circuit is marked by posts sunk into the ground at certain distances. Two pillars are erected, facing each other. On either of these is a seat where the judges sit, and from where they can well view the course, and it is from between these pillars that the horses start, their heads not passing each other's. It is also here that the races begin and end. The saddles are very small, and before the races commence they are weighed, so as to be all as nearly of the same weight as possible, and very light bridles are put on the horses' heads. The

jockeys that ride are quite young men of a same size; they wear little shirts and tight breeches of red, blue, green, or yellow cloth, and little caps of the same colour, or of black velvet.

At a certain signal the horses start, and run two miles round the marked circuit. At the beginning the jockeys sometimes hold their horses back whilst they watch their rivals, but at the end of the race they press as much as possible, and a race is often won by the skill of the rider. The horses run twice round the circuit. This is termed a "heat." You would hardly believe that most of these horses can run these four miles in ten or twelve minutes, and sometimes even less! They go so fast that when they pass before you, they seem to fly like the bolt of a cross-bow. They do not stretch themselves out much, but they throw their legs out with inconceivable speed and agility. When a race is over the horses are covered with sweat and perspiration. The jockeys get off, throw a rug over them, and lead them about for about half an hour. Another race is then run, and sometimes a third. The horse that has won two heats out of three carries off the prize.

At these horse races crowds of people are to be found. Some come in coaches, some in chaises, others in phaetons, and many more on horseback. Nothing is more diverting than seeing the farmers of the neighbourhood, all well mounted and making considerable wagers, for they take the greatest interest in this amusement. You must mix with these people, talk familiarly with them, as companions, so to speak, for it is certain that their manner of talking and behaving and of expressing themselves is quite peculiar to their nation. Their conversation is artless and frank, but at the same time assured and very pleasing, if you pay no attention to the oaths they continually use. Their talk is never servile or cringing: you feel they live at their ease and in abundance, and that they dwell under the happy English dominion.

English horses—more especially those used for racing and hunting—are renowned everywhere, and one cannot help admiring them, for they are excellent. When you travel on horseback in England it is always at a trot or at a gallop, and Englishmen hardly know what it is to go at a foot's pace. Naturally in this way you travel very

rapidly. Soon after my arrival in England, wishing to ride to Guildford, which town is thirty miles distant from London, I went to a horse-dealer and told him I wanted to hire a horse for two days. This man told me that if I had no business to keep me at Guildford, I could easily return the same day, and he offered me a sorry-looking animal that did not look worth two crowns. I expostulated, but he told me to let the horse go, that I was not to press it and not to stop it, and that I might be assured I should be satisfied. In truth, I got to Guildford early in the day, I stopped there for a few hours, and was back in London at seven in the evening. My horse never stopped going at a hand gallop both there and back, excepting on the stones and pavement, and there I had to let him walk, for it would have been impossible to go faster; but as soon as he was on the roads he started off at a gallop without a word from me, and required no persuasion either with the whip or the spurs.

This little episode surprised me, but I did not then know the worth of English horses. The coach-horses in this country are all handsome black animals; so are those of the cavalry, and seemingly

of the same breed. Coach-horses' tails are cut exceedingly short, nothing but a little stump a few inches long remaining, and even the hair is cropped off that. All saddle and phaeton horses have their tails cut too, but not so short as those of coach horses, and I never saw one of these animals, all the years I spent in England, with a long flowing tail. Luckily for them, they live in this country and not in ours where flies abound. Another peculiarity of English horses is that they are easy to shoe. One man is often seen doing it alone; he holds the horse's hoof between his two legs, and thus wields the hammer at his ease, the horse remaining perfectly quiet.

Horse races are not the only races that divert the English. You often see men or boys running certain distances on foot for a wager of from £15 to £20. Young men of rank also amuse themselves with this exercise; and I am told that in Kew Green women and girls, scantily clothed, run races, the smock being the prize, hence the appellation "smock-runs." I have heard of these races, but have never seen them.

One may say that there is cruelty and even

ferocity in some of the pastimes of the people. Occasionally dogs are made to fight, and sometimes men belabour each other with wicker staves, or kill cocks with blows from a club. This last amusement is fortunately only permitted on the last four days of Lent. A cock is taken and fastened by a long cord to a stake, and for a few pence anyone may throw a short, heavy wooden club at him, and he becomes the property of the man who kills him. It is even dangerous on those days to go near any one of those places where this diversion is being held; so many clubs are thrown about that you run a risk of receiving one on your head.

The populace has other amusements and very rude ones, such as throwing dead dogs and cats and mud at passers-by on certain festival days. Another amusement which is very inconvenient to passers-by is football. For this game a leather ball filled with air is used, and is kicked about with the feet. In cold weather you sometimes see a score of rascals in the streets kicking at a ball, and they will break panes of glass and smash the windows of coaches, and also knock you down

without the slightest compunction; on the contrary, they will roar with laughter. Another great pleasure of the people is the ringing of bells, and it is a source of great delight to them whenever an opportunity of doing this presents itself. I do not suppose there is a country where bell-ringing is brought to such an art as it is here, where bells are always in chime and in harmony. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that, with six or eight bells of various tones, in an hour's time a good bell-ringer can ring out more than a thousand different peals and chimes; but it is the truth, and the people are so fond of this amusement that they form societies among themselves for carrying it out.

The English are very fond of a game they call cricket. For this purpose they go into a large open field, and knock a small ball about with a piece of wood. I will not attempt to describe this game to you, it is too complicated; but it requires agility and skill, and everyone plays it, the common people and also men of rank. Sometimes one county plays against another county. The papers give notice of these meetings beforehand, and, later, tell you which side has come off victorious. Spectators

crowd to these games when they are important. Besides cricket, other games of ball are played, and square lawns are kept for this purpose, and are called bowling-greens.

I must now tell you of certain amusing usages and customs that I have seen in no other country.

Well-brought-up children, on rising and going to bed, wish their fathers and mothers "Good morning" or "Good evening," and kneeling before them ask for their blessing. The parents, placing their hands on their children's heads, say "God bless you," or some such phrase, and the children then kiss their parents' hands. If they are orphans the same ceremony is performed with their grandparents or nearest relations.

Christmas Day is the great festival day of all Christian nations, but on that day the English have many customs we do not know of. They wish each other a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, presents are given, and no one may dispense with this custom. On this festival day churches, the entrance of houses, rooms, kitchens, and halls are decked with laurels, rosemary, and other greenery. Everyone from the King to the artisan

eats soups and Christmas pies. The soup is called Christmas porridge, and is a dish few foreigners find to their taste. I must describe it to you, for it will amuse you. You must stew dried raisins, plums, and spice in broth, rich people add wine and others beer, and it is a great treat for English people, but, I assure you, not for me. As to Christmas pies, everyone likes them, and they are made with chopped meat, currants, beef-suet, and other good things. You never taste these dishes except for two or three days before and after Christmas, and I cannot tell you the reason why. The 14th of February, or St. Valentine's Day, is a festival day for young people. A young man chooses a maiden to be his valentine; she cannot refuse him unless she is already provided with one. Sometimes young men will draw lots for a favourite valentine. What I think most amusing is that a young man may on that day meet a maiden, and though he has never seen her before, he may if he wills it ask her to be his valentine, and she cannot refuse him unless she already has one. This custom is the cause of many marriages. The 1st of May is a great festival day for the milk-vendors, who live in great numbers in

London and in its neighbourhood. The milkmaids dress as neatly and daintily as possible, and in companies of from five to six visit all the houses where they are wont to carry milk. One of these maidens carries a trophy of different pieces of crockery decked with flowers, ribbons, and tinsel on her head. One or two violin players go before, playing on their instruments. The milkmaids stop before the houses and dance, and generally a few coins are thrown to them, or some food is offered. Their dance is called a jig, and is peculiar. Two maidens dance at a time, without changing places, with one foot uplifted, whilst they frisk and stamp extraordinarily quickly with the other. Some of these girls dance with great agility, grace, and measure.

On the 3rd of September numbers of people wear oak leaves in their hats, some of these leaves being silver-gilt. This custom is in memory of Charles II. hiding in a hollow oak after his defeat at Worcester on September 3rd, 1651.

The Welsh wear a leek in their hats on March 1st, or St. David's Day, this saint being their patron. Some of these leeks are gilt, and they are worn in

memory of a victory won over the English on that day. The Prince of Wales and noblemen of that principality wear artificial leeks, but the people wear them as nature made them, and the larger the better.

St. Andrew's Day, patron saint of Scotland, falls on November 30th. This is a great day for schools in Scotland. The King and the Knights of the Thistle wear the golden collars of the order, and also little blue and white St. Andrew's crosses fixed to the buttons of their hats. These crosses are made of a tissue of silk and silver, some of them being enriched with pearls and jewels more or less richly decorated. All Scotch people wear crosses according to their means.

So far I have not mentioned Bridewell or House of Correction. There are two of these houses, one being situated at Fleet Ditch, the other at Tottle-fields, near Westminster. The first-mentioned is a fine hospital, and maintains one hundred and forty poor boys, to whom different trades are taught. In order to accomplish this a score of masters are lodged gratuitously, and they take the boys as apprentices. These youths all wear green coats and large grey hats. An apartment is ex-

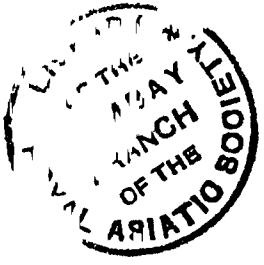
pressly set aside for lazy servants, another for robbers and for other bad people. All these prisoners are made to work and beat out flax, also to scrape Brazil wood or some such rough work, and they are only fed on bread and water. One of my friends, on the pretext of drinking a bottle of beer, asked me to go one day with him to Tottlefields Bridewell. We entered a big court, on one side of which was a low building containing about thirty or forty robbers, pickpockets, etc., male and female, occupied in beating out flax. Each of these unfortunate wretches was seated in front of a large block of wood, on which he beat the flax with a large and heavy wooden mallet. On one side of this room were the men, on the other the women, and between these two lines walked the inspector, or Captain Whip'em. This man had a surly, repulsive countenance; he held a long cane in his hand about the thickness of my little finger, and whenever one of these ladies was fatigued and ceased working he would rap them on the arms, and in no gentle fashion, I can assure you. There were strange contrasts among the people we saw; one man struck us particularly,

he was so clean and well dressed. His coat was of the finest blue cloth braided with gold; he wore hose of white silk, and his linen, though dirty—for he had not been allowed to wash for several days—was fine. A chain was fastened round his left leg, and the other end was secured to a wooden block that he was forced to drag after him whenever he moved. Captain Whip'em had no regard for his fine clothes, but treated him as severely as he did his fellow-prisoners. We inquired who this fellow might be, and were told that he was an Irishman, brought here for having been caught playing with loaded dice in a gambling house, and as it was not the first offence of the kind, he had been taken up and had been particularly recommended to the captain, who was ordered not to spare him, and to keep him shut up a month. In the women's part we saw a fine, tall, handsome, and well-dressed creature. Her linen was of the finest and so was her lace, and she wore a magnificent silk dress brocaded with flowers. The captain took great heed of her; he had made her arms quite red with the little raps he gave her with his cane. The girl received these attentions most

haughtily and with great indifference. It was a most curious contrast, this handsome girl or woman in rich clothes, looking like a queen and having a mallet in her hand, with which she was forced to beat out hemp, and that in such a way that she was covered with large drops of perspiration, all this being accompanied with raps from the cane. I confess that this sight made me quite unhappy. I could not help thinking that such a handsome, proud, queenly woman should be at least spared the blows. We were told that she had been sent here the day before because she had stolen a gold watch from her lover, and that it was not her first visit, for she always stole everything she could lay hands on. At the opposite end of the room we remarked a young girl from fifteen to sixteen years of age, extremely beautiful; she seemed a mere child, and was touching to look at. We asked her why she was in this place. "Alas," said she, "because of my tender heart!" She informed us that she was a prisoner through having helped one of her comrades to steal some guineas from one of her lovers; that the comrade had run away with the spoil, whilst she had been seized

and brought to Bridewell; that her imprisonment should only have lasted a fortnight, but that she had now been three weeks in this place of misery, and that, as she could not pay the crown she owed for extra food, she expected never to leave it. She went on to tell us that she had eaten nothing but dry bread, the prisoners' food, for three days past. The girl related all this sad history with tears and in such a touching way that I was sorry for her, and gave her a shilling. This did not escape Captain Whip'em's eye, for he fell on her, snatched the shilling from her, rapping her at the same time with his cane to make her resume her work. Indignant at this piece of injustice, I ordered him to give the girl back the coin I had just given her, but he explained that the custom of the prison was that no money should be given to any prisoners, male or female, unless he was allowed to keep half of it for himself, and he thereupon returned the prisoner sixpence. My friend was so shocked and indignant at this treatment that without any hesitation he pulled a crown out of his pocket, so that she might be liberated at once from this house of sorrows. The poor creature

was so touched, so thankful for my friend's generosity, that she threw herself at his feet, shedding tears of joy and scarcely able to speak for emotion. We exhorted her to lead a better life, and she vowed she would do so; but a couple of months later, being at the play, I saw this little creature in one of the principal boxes, dressed like a duchess and more beautiful than ever. Do not be surprised at this, for every night at the comedy or opera you see women of this class and profession occupying the best places.



LETTER XIII

Hertford, St. Albans, Ware, Hertfordshire—About parks, roe-deer, rabbits—Marriage of Mr. Warren—The atmosphere of England—About coal—Meadows full of sheep—About a well-known traveller—White niggers.

LONDON, *November* 17, 1728

I HAVE been staying in the country for the last two months, and this is the reason why I have not written to you for some time past. You speak so flatteringly of my letters that it is with the greatest pleasure that I take up my pen to write to-day.

My summer has been spent at Hertford, which is a town about twenty miles distant from London. It is a pretty little place, situated on the river Lea, in which excellent though small trout are fished. Nothing of great interest is to be found round about, excepting an old ruined castle in which Queen Elizabeth is said to have been imprisoned by her sister Mary.

The gentry live in country houses in the neighbourhood. Every alternate Monday society assembles in a large room hired for the purpose, and dancing goes on from seven till ten o'clock in the evening; then follows a supper, offered in turn by one of the ladies, whilst the violins, the wines and refreshing drinks are paid for by the gentlemen. After the supper, dancing begins once more, and is continued till everyone is weary. No one excepting those persons who have subscribed, or who have been invited by a subscriber, can attend these assemblies, which are most entertaining and pleasant, for ladies and gentlemen of the best families from the country houses and from the town attend them. These entertainments only take place in summer, everyone being in London in winter.

Ware is a pretty village three miles from Hertford. Here I was shown Og's bedstead, which is of iron, and enormously wide and high, and to get into it you must climb a flight of stairs. I was told that a few days ago twelve butchers, with their wives, came from London, and made up a party to sleep in this bed; twelve of them slept

at the head and twelve at the foot. No one knows precisely how or why this wonderful bed is to be found here.

The county of Hertfordshire is one of the finest in England. It produces a great quantity of corn, for its proximity to London makes its commerce very considerable. Magnificent properties belonging to noblemen, wealthy gentlemen, and merchants are to be seen, the finest being Moor Park, a sumptuous palace belonging to the Duchess of Monmouth; Hatfield, the property of the Earl of Salisbury, and formerly a royal palace. Cassiobury Park, belonging to the Earl of Essex, is enchanting, and so is Tewin House, the property of General Sabine, who has spent close on £40,000 sterling in building and furnishing it. I often visited the persons of this family, and was always extremely well received by them, and its proximity to Hertford made these visits very convenient. Nothing has been spared to make this house beautiful. It possesses two rooms in particular which are really works of art. One of these is composed of the finest and rarest marbles brought expressly from Italy and Greece, and the ceiling is painted in

fresco by a clever Roman painter. The second is still more beautiful, being a hall or grand staircase composed of rare and precious woods, but the workmanship is far superior to the material, the artist having encrusted these woods in a wonderfully clever manner with tints and colours, and has succeeded in shaping them into lovely flowers, figures and landscapes, in perfect imitation of nature. When the building and furnishing of this fine house, or rather palace, was finished, many persons came out of curiosity to see it. King George I., under pretext of hunting, visited it twice.

Most country houses have parks and rabbit-warrens. These parks are surrounded by walls or palings of oak, and contain woods, fine trees, bushes, meadows, some cultivated land, and always a pond or a stream.

Quantities of deer live in the parks. These animals are of a peculiar breed, short in the legs, being scarcely taller than donkeys; the males have antlers resembling those of stags, only smaller, whilst the females have none. These animals are killed and eaten from about the middle of May till

the end of September, their flesh being excellent and delicate. What surprises me very much is that even all the summer through these deer are fat and in good condition, the best being those a year or two old. Attempts have often been made to transport these animals to France and Germany, but they pine away and deteriorate, and lose their plumpness and excellent flavour. A deer park, not too distant from London, brings in a very good revenue, for a haunch or quarter of this venison is sold for half a guinea, and sometimes even for twelve and fifteen shillings. Each park has its keeper, and should any person be caught killing or attempting to kill a deer, he will be tried according to the law like an ordinary robber.

Rabbit-warrens are likewise very lucrative to proprietors, if not too far from London. Some rabbits are of a grey colour, mingled with white and black; these skins make fine furs, and are sent to Dantzig and Hamburg, and from thence to Poland, where they are much sought after, for you know of course that in that cold country furs are greatly worn. The skin of this sort of rabbit is expensive, bringing in more money than its flesh does.

Whilst I was living at Hertford my time passed most agreeably, for the company I met with was charming. The different families around received me most amiably, and one of my friends, Mr. Warren, who possesses a nice house and property near Hertford, was married during my stay. I must relate you his courtship, as it was rather peculiar. For a long time past Mr. Warren had been devoted to a Miss Medwin, a tall, good-looking and amiable lady, possessing £20,000 sterling. Her father had been Governor of the Fort of St. George, on the Coast of Coromandel, and in dying had left her all his property. My friend, Mr. Warren, tried, but in vain, to make her return his affections; unfortunately, and I do not know for what reason, the fair lady refused his offers of marriage again and again, giving my poor friend at the same time to understand that she was very weary of his attentions. One evening at the assembly, Miss Medwin being vexed at Mr. Warren's incessant persecutions—for the lover was nothing daunted, but continued his assiduities—made him several cutting and unpleasant remarks, and ended by forbidding him ever to speak to her

again. Mr. Warren's mother, an excellent but spirited old lady, furious at the way her son had been treated in public, said several spiteful things about the fair damsel, which naturally, and in the order of things, were all repeated to her, causing her to be still more displeased with her unfortunate admirer, who began to despair of ever speaking to his lady-love again. At this point Mr. Warren decided to have recourse to strategy in order to obtain a much-desired interview; he bribed the lady's coachman, and made him promise that on taking his mistress out for an airing one day, he should turn the horses' heads in the direction of Mr. Warren's house, and that when close to it he should by some means contrive to upset the coach and break some part of the harness, necessitating a short stoppage, and Mr. Warren, being forewarned, would hasten forward and offer his services and the use of his own coach. Miss Medwin's coachman, quite ready to accept the bribe and to take his part in the plot, sent round one morning to inform Mr. Warren of the approaching event, his mistress having ordered the coach for that same afternoon. The plan succeeded admir-

ably, but ended differently to what had been proposed. The coach was overturned; Mr. Warren flew to the rescue, and helped his lady-love and also the aunt, who accompanied her, to get out of the coach; but what was the lover's despair when he discovered that his beloved had sprained her foot and was suffering tortures! He had her carried, much against her will, into his house; a surgeon was sent for to set the foot, but he forbade any movement or any attempt to leave the couch. Here Miss Medwin remained a prisoner near on three weeks, and the end of this little story, two months later, was a marriage making Mr. Warren the happiest of men.

You have often inquired of me in your letters, knowing that I find English women so handsome, amiable, and tender-hearted, whether my heart is not in this country, or if I have never met with a love adventure. I will confess that I do love an English maiden with all my heart, but I have never had what you are pleased to call a love adventure. The young lady I adore is good, wise, and virtuous; I esteem her as much as I love her, but so far nothing has occurred in the course of our courtship that is worth relating.

I find the air of the country quite different to that of London. Here it is healthy, light, and agreeable on account of its temperature. Generally speaking, there is in England no excessive cold in winter, nor heat in summer; meadows remain green, so the frost cannot be very hard, and as grapes do not ripen, the heat cannot be very severe. Thunderstorms are very rare, owing to this even temperature; they come on so suddenly that when they do occur everyone is alarmed, though they are never violent enough to do any damage.

Coal is found principally in Newcastle, mines being extremely abundant near that town, and more than two hundred vessels convey it to London. There are many other coal-mines elsewhere, some much nearer to London, but it is forbidden to work them, those of Newcastle providing the government with a great number of excellent sailors trained on these coal vessels, who would be a most welcome addition to the fleet in time of war.

During my stay at Hertford I made the acquaintance of a most amiable and agreeable man; he had been a great traveller, and was so witty and

entertaining that I used to listen to his conversation with the greatest pleasure. This gentleman is about sixty years of age, and was for many years captain of different ships belonging to great merchant companies; and now, after gaining a nice fortune, he has bought a house and domain close to this town. This great traveller has seen all Europe, has sailed thrice to the East Indies, several times also to America, where he has visited all the British possessions, islands, and colonies, and I do not suppose there is a man in the world who has travelled more than he has. I must relate one of his curious experiences in Africa.

One year, whilst trading for negroes on the coasts of Guinea, there were offered him amongst others for purchase two of the most extraordinary human beings he had ever come across in his long experience. These creatures had the features and the physiognomy of their species; their noses were flat and crushed, their eyes small and their hair woolly, but instead of being black they were as white as we are, but of a livid, pale, dull white, without a particle of colour either on their cheeks

or their lips—in a word they resembled corpses; but what made them still more awful to contemplate was that their woolly hair was flaming red, and the "whites" of their eyes were likewise of that same colour, so that you could not distinguish the apples. Altogether they were so hideous you could not look at them without a feeling of horror. Though these two negroes appeared to be sickly, the captain purchased them. He thought that the bad food they had been given and their long and fatiguing journey from the interior (for they had travelled three or four hundred miles) had exhausted them, and that they might recover with care, and be conveyed to England and produced as curiosities. The captain, however, did not have this satisfaction; one of the negroes died on the sea, and the other soon after leaving Jamaica. The captain told me, when relating this fact, that in the heart of Africa, under the Equator, he thought there might exist a nation, or even several, of human beings presenting these extraordinary characteristics. Others think that these men may have been a freak of Nature, and you, my dear sir, may think anything you please, only I should like you to

know that I can vouch for the truthfulness of this story and for my friend's veracity; and you may be certain that he really did purchase the two white niggers I have described, for the captain is a sincere and honourable man, and his word may be counted on as you may count on mine, when I assure you that I am your devoted and obedient servant.

LETTER XIV

Anglican Church—Ceremonies of the Church—Presbyterians—Sundays in England—Quakers, their language, customs, and dress—Their religion and assemblies—Roman Catholics—Jews, their synagogues—Circumcision of a child—Story of Count Ughi, famous adventurer.

LONDON, *April* 29, 1729

You tell me in your last letter that you are surprised at my never having mentioned religion, and you are aware, you say, that great liberty of conscience and toleration is enjoyed in England, and that the latter is considered a Christian virtue. I will endeavour in this letter to give you some idea of the different sects.

England has not always been a land of liberty. Everyone has heard of the cruel and barbarous persecutions Protestants had to endure under the reigns of Henry VIII. and of his daughter Mary. At the present time people have become more

humane, and everyone may enjoy peace and tranquillity, maintained by just and wise laws.

The Anglican, also called High Church, is the established religion, and is still on the same footing as it was placed by Queen Elizabeth. This wise sovereign, in reforming religion, preserved certain innocent customs and rites of the Roman Catholic Church; and in my humble opinion she was wise, for very probably, had the English reformers endeavoured to destroy every vestige of that religion, they might not have been so successful; and I also believe that if the French reformers had followed the example of their English brethren, France might have been Protestant at the present day. The Divine Providence that directs everything has not willed it so.

I have told you that several Roman Catholic ceremonies have been preserved, and are in use in the Anglican services at the present time. The Book of Common Prayer, which is the liturgy, is almost a missal, if you cut off the prayers addressed to the Holy Virgin and to the saints, and those for the dead. The priests and choristers all wear long white surplices when they celebrate divine service,

but the preachers take them off before stepping into the pulpit. In the royal chapels, the cathedrals, and collegiate churches the services are chanted in a tone resembling that used by the Roman Catholics in their services.

In all the churches the altars are covered with a velvet or damask silk cloth; candlesticks are placed upon them, and pictures are frequently hung above as ornaments. Communion is taken kneeling, because this attitude is that of humility. The sign of the cross is made only on a child's forehead at baptism. Several saints' days are celebrated—not to invoke the saints, but only as an opportunity for reading those portions of the Bible in which their noble acts and lives are described. One custom, however, that has continued from Roman Catholic times, and which no doubt gives satisfaction to the clergy, and even might, if it had not been permitted, have prevented the Reformation, is the collection of tithes, which custom has been continued with great exactitude.

Only persons professing the Anglican religion may fill civil and military posts. King George I. abandoned the Lutheran religion and embraced

the Anglican before ascending the throne, and the present reigning King followed his father's example. A member of Parliament must, before sitting, take the Communion according to the Anglican rite in his parish church, and then swear fealty before a magistrate.

In England the Low Church is composed of Presbyterians, in Scotland it becomes the High Church. The churches of this sect are chapels and have no bells; neither have those of the Non-conformists, as all Protestants who do not conform to the ceremonials of the Anglican Church are termed. French refugees are mostly of this number; and there are in London twenty-three churches or chapels where French Protestant services are held, according to the formulas in use in France before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and in only three or four in accordance with the Anglican rites. The dogmas of the English-Scottish Presbyterians are very much the same as those of Calvin, differing, however, from those of Geneva, there being no printed prayers or liturgy. Presbyterian ministers are obliged, and I believe even forced, to take the oath that they will always make extempore prayers,

and never repeat those they have recited before. Some of these ministers refuse to recite the Lord's Prayer, declaring it to be a sin to make use of it, for if our trespasses were forgiven us by God in the same degree as they are forgiven us by our fellow-brethren, we should never be saved. These ministers are not permitted either to learn their sermons by heart, or even to write them out or prepare them, and you can imagine how uninteresting their sermons must be. They contain nothing but repetitions or citations, taken out of a Bible which they hold before them; and they preach through their noses in the peculiar manner that the English people call "cant," that is to say, a scientific jargon derived from a Presbyterian minister so enthusiastic and full of his own importance as to render his words and meaning impossible to understand. Presbyterian ministers never study in universities, and they are generally not only ignorant, but also pedantic, rigid, and severe; they scarcely ever smile, they cannot tolerate a jest or a joke, and they are so easily scandalised, and altogether so very "saintly," that you cannot refrain from wondering whether it is

entirely sincere. Some of these ministers have been known to write good and useful books, but their number, when compared with their Anglican brethren who have studied deeply at the universities, is very limited.

I think that it is principally owing to this sect that Sunday is solemnised as it is in England. During the Commonwealth Cromwell, who was a Presbyterian, severely forbade shows or amusements of any kind, as well as concerts and games. All these are still forbidden, and on Sundays you never hear the sound of music. There is no opera, no comedy, no sounds in the streets. Card-playing on this day is also strictly forbidden, at least for the citizens and common people, for persons of rank, I believe, do not scruple to play. Unfortunately a great number of the people divert themselves in the taverns, and there indulge in debauch.

The curious sect of Quakers, or Shakers, arose in the troubled times when England was torn by revolutions, anarchy, and fanaticism, that is to say in the time of Cromwell. A rather crazy shoemaker's apprentice, George Fox, was the founder of this sect. It can almost be said that the Quakers

form a particular nation of people, quite different from ordinary English citizens, by their language, manner of dressing, and religion.

Amongst their other customs, one of which is the use of the pronoun "thou," is that of never giving any man his titles, whatever his position or worth may be, for everyone to them is but a vile earthworm inhabiting this planet for a few years. Quakers make use of a sort of Bible talk, which strikes you more particularly, as it appears to date two hundred years back, no Bible having been printed in England in the fine modern language, the earliest edition of the Holy Book being still in use.

The Quakers' mode of dressing is as curious as is their language; the men wear large, unlooped, flapping hats, without buttons or loops; their coats are as plain as possible, with no pleatings or trimmings, and no buttons or button-holes on the sleeves, pockets, or waists. If any brother were to wear ruffles to his shirts or powder on his hair, he would be considered impious. The most austere and zealous do not even wear shoe-buckles, but tie their shoes with cords. The women wear no

ribbons, no lace, their gowns being of one modest colour, without hoops, and their caps have no frills or pleatings, and are of a peculiar shape, made of silk, and worn pleated on the forehead in a certain fashion particular to them. It must be owned, in truth, that this simple and modest attire suits many of these women admirably. Quakers' clothes, though of the simplest and plainest cut, are of excellent quality; their hats, clothes, and linen are of the finest, and so are the silken tissues the women wear. These people call each other "brother" and "sister," and to persons who are not of their sect they give the name of "friend"; they never make any compliments, and do not salute by taking off their hats or by making a curtsey.

All Quakers are merchants, and they never charge more for their goods than their worth. One day a young dandy, desirous of purchasing cloth for a coat, went into a Quaker's shop in London, and, seeing some cloth that suited his taste, he commenced haggling over the price of the merchandise. Finding that the Quaker would take nothing off the price of this article, the young

man swore with an oath that he would not buy it at the price. At this the tradesman without a word folded up the cloth and put it away. The dandy proceeded to try various shops, but finding no cloth to suit him as well, either for price, colour, or quality, as what he had first seen, he returned and asked for the cloth. The Quaker answered quietly, "Friend, thou didst swear thou wouldst not purchase my cloth at the price; as I can take nothing off, I cannot sell it thee, else I should be guilty of making thee swear a false oath; go and buy thy cloth elsewhere." Few merchants, I think, would have had the delicacy of feeling this Quaker merchant had.

Quakers claim to be Christians after the manner of the early members of the Church, but I do not know whether this appellation can really be given them, for they are never baptised. When a child is born the father or a near relative takes it up in his arms and says, "Welcome to this vale of misery." They declare they have communion with God, not with the lips but with the heart, and that communion was instituted to remind men of our Saviour's death, and that they, having His memory

constantly before them, have no need of a reminder. Quakers have neither priests nor ministers, for they say it is not right that men should choose their own preachers. They are what we call inspired, and they consider themselves as machines made to move, act, and think by a Divine Providence.

I have attended some of their conventional assemblies. The meeting remains wrapped in profound silence, sometimes for as much as half an hour. The men's faces are hidden in the borders of their wide, flapping hats, which they never remove, and the women draw down their pretty silken caps, or hide their faces with their fans. Everyone seems plunged in deep meditation, interrupted from time to time by a deep-drawn sigh, a groan, or a sob from some member of the assembly. Quakers also show their emotion by being taken with shaking fits, which make them appear to be suffering from fever, this latter characteristic being the origin of the name Quaker. Silence is at last suddenly interrupted by a brother jumping up, exclaiming, "The Spirit moves me." He repeats this phrase thrice, and then addresses his brethren in an incomprehensible

jargon, repeating several times running those phrases he thinks most effective, and this is what this sect call preaching the gospel. When the first Quaker has finished his discourse another will rise in his stead, and sometimes several men and women will insist on being heard, declaring that they must speak, being inspired. These addresses are usually absurd; things worth listening to being intermingled with many that are not. This sect of Quakers tends to diminish every day, for amongst them are many brethren anxious to taste of the honours of this life, and many youthful Quakers, whose fathers have died leaving them rich, have a longing to wear buttons on their sleeves and ruffles to their shirts, and to live after the fashion of other young men.

There are many other sects in England, but I cannot dwell on this subject, for I should like to tell you something of the Roman Catholics, who are very numerous in England, where they live in perfect peace and security, with every facility for celebrating their religion publicly. On every Sunday and Saint's Day services are held in the chapels belonging to the ministers of Germany,

France, Spain, Portugal, and Sardinia. These chapels are always crowded. Many peers, such as the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Dumbarton, Lord Petre, and others, have their own chapels and chaplain. This, to tell the truth, is contrary to the law, but the present minister is tolerant, and wisely pretends to ignore these facts. Jesuits, however, are looked upon as disturbers of the peace and of public welfare.

No Roman Catholic may occupy a post of any sort whatever. When soldiers are enrolled—and this is the case more especially with the Guards—they are made to take the oath that they are Protestants. If after enrolment any one of them should be discovered to be a Roman Catholic attending Mass he would be condemned to death.

Commerce is considered to be England's strength, and care has been taken not to drive away anyone who contributes to build it up. Jews therefore are protected by laws, and are even granted certain privileges. They are not forced to bear a distinctive mark, as is the case in many countries; if you see Jews wearing beards you will know that they are Rabbis, or new-comers

to this country. All Jews are merchants, and many of them are extraordinarily wealthy. They possess two synagogues in the City, one of them for German and Dutch Jews, the other for Spanish and Portuguese; that is to say, for Jews who have had to fly from these countries. I was curious enough to visit the former of these synagogues, and remarked that the women did not mix with the men, but that they stood in a sort of shut-off gallery. The men covered their heads with a piece of white silken stuff, or veil, the Rabbis' veils being black, as also their cloaks and garments. On that same day a child was circumcised. Some of the Rabbis stood up on a sort of wooden stand, together with the father and the infant's sponsor, whilst sentences were read out of the Bible in Hebrew. The sponsor then sat down in a chair in the centre of the stand, the priests chanting alone. I was by chance seated next to a young Englishwoman, who had evidently also come out of curiosity. Seeing no infant (for it had not yet been brought in), she imagined that the sponsor, the young, good-looking man who was seated on the chair, was the intended victim.

I could not resist confirming her in this view, and she then made as if she would retire, and even rose to leave the synagogue, but I cannot tell whether her curiosity got the better of her modesty. Anyhow, she pretended that the crowd around prevented her from leaving, but by this time the infant had been brought in, and she understood her mistake.

Now this is enough about religion. To end my letter I must tell you of something more diverting—the story of an adventurer. There are plenty of these to be found in London, for England, being such a rich country, attracts them, and they pour in on all sides. This particular person, however, made himself very important.

At the end of June, last year, a handsome man between thirty and forty years of age, with a good figure, witty, versed in several languages, made his appearance in London. For the first few weeks he lived very quietly, without making himself conspicuous in any way. At the end of that time he visited Count de Kinsky, the Emperor's Ambassador in England, and told this nobleman that he greatly admired and wished to purchase

the six beautiful coach-horses the Count had brought over from Germany for his own use. Perceiving that the stranger was very plainly dressed, Count de Kinsky inquired of him for whom he wanted the horses. The stranger answered that he wanted them for himself, and asked to know the price. The ambassador replied that as he had no wish to sell the horses he could not take less than £500 sterling, and he fixed that price, almost hoping to get rid of the intending purchaser; but he was mistaken, for the latter declared that he found the price reasonable, and after examining the horses returned, and drawing £500 out of his pocket, paid for them on the spot. Count de Kinsky, surprised and pleased at being so quickly paid for horses that were not worth half the sum, invited the purchaser to remain to dinner, and was charmed with his new friend's wit and pleasant conversation. Before parting, Count de Kinsky pressed the stranger to tell him his name, but the latter declared that this was impossible, but that he would return shortly and reveal his identity.

Some days later the unknown stranger hired a

large mansion near Court, bought a fine coach, engaged several servants, and began leading the life of a person of rank. His first visit was to Count de Kinsky, whom he went to visit in state in a fine coach attended by several servants in livery, and himself richly dressed in the latest fashion. On being received by the Count, the stranger declared that he had come to tell his name, that he was an Italian, Count Ughi, and that he hoped to be soon permitted to reveal what important business had brought him to England. The very next day the ambassador returned Count Ughi's visit, and was more and more charmed with his new friend's amiability and wit, so much so that he offered to introduce him to the other ambassadors, who in their turn received him most graciously, and invited him to their houses. Count Ughi returned all the invitations that were showered on him with the greatest magnificence, and in a short time nothing was talked of at Court but his wit, wealth, and good taste, and no ball or reception could be a success unless the Count was present.

About three months later everyone was thunderstruck at hearing that Count Ughi had disappeared,

leaving orders that his horses, his plate, and furniture should be sold secretly, but the general surprise was still greater when it was discovered that he had left £3,000 of debts behind him. People began to fear that the Count was an adventurer, but these fears subsided when an announcement appeared in the gazettes to the effect that a rich Jew merchant in the City would pay off anyone able to prove that Count Ughi owed him any money. The creditors therefore being all indemnified, no one spoke of the Count except to regret him.

Some months later Count Ughi reappeared. He hired a mansion in Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, bought new coaches, new horses, engaged servants, visited Count de Kinsky and his former friends, to whom he made many excuses for having left London so suddenly, giving them to understand that he was expecting letters of credit from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose ambassador he was expected to become. I have been told that Count Ughi was presented to the King and Queen, but in any case he shone more than ever in society, and seemed to spend more money than before, giving balls and banquets every week; and at some of

these receptions he would present the ladies with costly gifts, either by means of a lottery in which there were none but winning numbers, or in other ways, such as games with prizes—in fact, he seized every opportunity of making himself liked for his charming manners and his generosity; and he attracted the friendship and goodwill of all at Court, more particularly that of the Duchess of Buckingham, who, it was thought, would end by marrying him. Count Ughi had given the Duchess to understand that he was an illegitimate brother of the King of Portugal, and that the late King, his father, had left him great wealth. His influence over the Duchess was such as to cause her family great anxiety, and she would no doubt have married him had not her family been strenuously opposed to the union. The Count's career in London was suddenly cut short. On the same day that he had invited his numerous friends and admirers to a large banquet, these being all persons of the highest rank, Sir Robert Walpole sent for the Count at five o'clock in the evening, and told him simply that if he had any advice to give him it was to the effect that he had better never be seen in London or in England again. Count Ughi did not

wait to be told twice. He went to his house, gathered together the most precious things he possessed, left a man in whom he could trust to sell and dispose of the articles he was unable to remove in the night, and departing in haste for Dover, he caught the mail packet and crossed over to Calais.

The guests who had been bidden to the banquet were greatly surprised at finding the doors closed, and at learning of the Count's second disappearance, and his creditors were still more disconcerted next day when, on applying to the Jew who had paid off the Count's debts the first time, they were informed that no orders and no money had been left, and I am told that over £6,000 sterling were lost by the creditors.

It was discovered later on that Count Ughi was a Carmelite monk from Vienna, who, weary of the convent and of convent life, had escaped and played different parts in Italy, France, Germany, and Holland, and that on leaving England he had gone to Rome, where he had been taken prisoner and shut up in prison, and he is there, no doubt, at the present time of writing. This story should be a warning to persons who without sufficient proof believe anything that is told them.

LETTER XV

The government and revenues of England—Taxes—Singular laws —Also with regard to women—False witnesses—Mr. Ward in pillory—The pillory—Debtors' prisons—About Tories and Whigs —Jacobites—Tulip trees.

LONDON, *August*, 1729

ENGLAND undoubtedly is, in my opinion, the most happily governed country in the world.

She is governed by a King whose power is limited by wise and prudent laws, and by Parliament, this being composed of lords spiritual and temporal in one house and of the people's deputies in the other. The King cannot levy any new taxes, neither can he abolish privileges or make new laws without the consent of Parliament. He cannot order the imprisonment or execution of any individual, neither can he confiscate lands or property—all this according to the laws of the kingdom. The King may, on the other hand,

and without consulting Parliament, declare war and make peace, send ambassadors to foreign courts, and call together meetings of Parliament.

All civil and military posts are given away by the King. He also creates new peers, and has many privileges; in a word, the laws of Great Britain permit her kings to do all the good they may desire to do, preventing them at the same time from doing the bad. The revenues of the country do not go to the Crown. King George II. has £1,000,000 sterling yearly; this he employs for his own maintenance and for that of his household. The subsidies granted by the House of Commons go to maintain the army and the fleet, and to pay the other necessary expenses of the kingdom, the ministers being occasionally called upon to render an account of the manner in which this money has been spent. Subsidies are drawn from the customs and from various taxes, especially from those on landed property, the latter varying according to the requirements of the State, four shillings in the pound being the highest figure so far attained. Officers of the State collect these taxes, but never dishonestly, neither do they appro-

priate any portion for themselves, as is the well-known custom in France. Peers and noblemen are not exempt from these taxes, but pay them like the humblest of the King's subjects, it being considered natural and just that all should contribute to the welfare of the country.

The enormous sums that are levied are a source of surprise to foreigners. Beer pays three different taxations, every pack of playing-cards pays sixpence, and silver plate and goldsmiths' work sixpence in the ounce. Householders pay taxes on windows and on chimneys, but you hear no complaints, and life is extraordinarily easy and comfortable. Notwithstanding these enormous revenues the kingdom is relatively poor, for its debts amount to between seventy and eighty million pounds sterling, but on the other hand it is rich with inexhaustible wealth.

Ever since the Norman Conquest the laws have been written in the ancient Norman or French tongue, and in order to be enabled to study and understand them, lawyers are forced to learn and study this language.

Another source of surprise to foreigners is the leniency of the laws towards false witnesses, per-

jurers, and forgers, who, when convicted of any of these crimes, are only punished with the pillory. This is surely the reason why you hear of so many offences of this nature in England, where persons capable of these acts are called "Knights of the Post." These perjurers are generally Irishmen, who for the sum of half a crown will witness and swear any falsehood, and I think it is a great misfortune that the laws should be so lenient towards wretches who are willing for a trifling sum to deprive honest men of honour, possessions, and sometimes even of life. Forgers are also punished by the pillory. Of this I must give you an extraordinary example that occurred in March, 1727.

Mr. John Ward, Member of Parliament, said to be worth £2,000 sterling, had for many years been the Duchess of Buckingham's agent, and had had sole charge of all her estates and property. Mr. Ward suddenly declared that he had had enough of this work, and that, wishing to wind up and settle his affairs, he desired the Duchess to return him twelve or fifteen thousand pounds, for which sum she was his debtor, and in order to

prove this fact he produced several bills and signatures in the Duchess's handwriting. A lengthy lawsuit followed, which finally came before the Court of King's Bench, and the Duchess, who had already been condemned to lose the lawsuit by the judges of the court below, was going to be condemned by those of the higher court, when one of them had a sudden inspiration. Seizing a contested bill, the judge held it up to the light, and, having examined it carefully, he discovered to a certainty that the bill was forged, the date and watermark on the paper being by several years posterior to the date of the writing. John Ward's guilt was thus clearly proved, and he stood convicted of forgery. I must tell you that all good English paper is stamped with the watermark of the paper-mill where it was manufactured, the date being always inscribed beneath the mark. There being no escape possible, Mr. Ward admitted his guilt, and it was discovered that he had for many years previously endeavoured to imitate the Duchess's handwriting, and that with perfect success. Judgment was given against him, and he was condemned to these punishments: the payment of a large sum to

the Duchess, of a considerable sum to the King, to the loss of his seat in Parliament, and to a two hours' imprisonment in the pillory. The pillory is a sort of scaffold, surmounted by two strong boards, one above the other, the sufferer's neck being fixed in the aperture of the upper board, his hands being placed in apertures in the lower. This position is so uncomfortable as to become gradually unbearable. The low populace, to make this punishment worse, pelts the prisoner with mud, rotten apples, dead cats and dogs, and that with such gusto and enjoyment that sufferers in some cases have been removed in a very exhausted condition. Now Mr. Ward, being condemned to this indignity, took several precautionary measures. To begin with, in order to escape the pelting and missiles of the crowd, he hired fifty hackney coaches, and made them stand in New Palace Yard, all around the pillory. Two paid men stood on either side of him, who every now and then administered a few drops of liquor in order to revive the prisoner's drooping spirits; also putting salts under his nose to prevent him from fainting, for after even one hour of the painful ordeal he felt quite ill.

In my humble opinion English laws are not sufficiently severe towards forgers and false witnesses, and too much so towards debtors, the latter being sent to prison; and as their maintenance is not paid for by the State, they must feed themselves. It is therefore easy to understand that many linger for ever in prison suffering hunger and all manner of privations without hope of release, and unable to gain a livelihood which might free them. Magistrates are very hasty in issuing warrants and having debtors arrested. A creditor need only show a bill or present two witnesses who declare on oath that a person owes him a sum that he will not or cannot pay, the magistrate at once gives a warrant to a sort of sergeant called a bailiff, a person generally regarded by the people with great contempt. The bailiff is not permitted to arrest a debtor in his own house, or in any other. He therefore waylays him in the street, and producing his warrant and short staff of office, marches his prisoner off to the "Spunging House," where the latter is expected to regale the bailiff, his parasites, and friends with something to drink. The debtor remains a captive in this house for

twenty-four hours; this in order to give him time to pay what he owes or to give bail. There are in London five or six prisons entirely for debtors. One of these is situated in the Fleet, and by a small payment prisoners obtain permission to make the whole quarter their prison, being however unable to leave it except under the penalty of being imprisoned anew. At this present time of writing from eighty to one hundred thousand debtors are imprisoned in London.

A woman when she marries is freed from her debts. And in order to benefit by this law cases have been known of women up to their ears in debt, and on the point of being thrown into prison, going to the Fleet, and there finding some bachelor prisoner who, in return for a payment of three guineas or so, will agree to marry her, that is to say, to go through a marriage ceremony. A priest is called, who marries the couple forthwith, neither licence nor publication of banns being necessary for a marriage in the Fleet. A bottle of beer or wine is drunk, the priest gives a marriage certificate, and the newly married bride departs and never sees her husband again. When the creditors

come to be paid, she produces her marriage certificate, and she cannot be arrested, having a husband; neither can they make him responsible for his wife's debt, he being a prisoner already. This extraordinary abuse is permitted by the laws.

I must tell you of a singular adventure that befell a Flemish painter, a friend of mine, which will help to prove how easily the law allows the arrest of debtors. One day, in a coffee-house, the conversation turned on the imprisonment of debtors, and my friend the painter declared that he was fortunate enough to owe no man a penny, therefore no misfortune of the kind could ever befall him, and that this was lucky both for himself and his imaginary creditors, for were he once to be shut up in prison he could never hope to be released, as he would have lost his only means of livelihood. An Irishman who happened to be present, and had listened to the conversation, joined in, and declared that the painter, if imprisoned for debt, would have to bear it like everyone else, that he would quickly get over the shame, and no doubt find means to pay the debt and to obtain his release. The painter and the Irishman

left the coffee-house together. As soon as they were alone, the Irishman returned to the subject of debts, and the painter repeatedly declared that he was so afraid of imprisonment that he would take good care never to owe any man a single farthing. Some few weeks later the painter, who had in the meantime quite forgotten the conversation, was surprised and horrified at being one day stopped in the street by a bailiff, who produced a warrant, and ordered him to follow him to the Spunging House. Here he learnt that the scheming and rascally Irishman had brought two false witnesses to declare on oath that the painter owed him twenty guineas. My unfortunate friend, whose temper is very violent, swore and raged, and then sat down to think how best he could get out of this difficulty. He wrote to one of his friends, explaining his case, and begged him to help him by giving bail for him, thus enabling him to retain his freedom. This the friend consented to do, and the painter's next step was to endeavour to prove that the Irishman had lied. He went to law before the tribunal of the Marshalsea. The Irishman appeared with two false witnesses who

swore that on such and such a day, at the Stock Exchange, the painter had borrowed twenty guineas from him, promising that he would return him the money in a fortnight. The unfortunate painter was condemned. He asked for a respite, and was granted a fortnight. At the end of that time he was much troubled at not having been able to collect the necessary sum, for he had little credit, being a poor man. Suddenly he took a decision I should certainly never have taken. He resolved to pay out the Irishman in the same sort of coin as the supposed twenty guineas that had been lent him. He hired two other false witnesses who swore on oath that the painter had already repaid the debt. This led to a second law-suit, the painter being this time the gainer.

I can hear you exclaim, "I should be sorry to live in a country where one is exposed to such injustice." When a thing of this sort occurs, it certainly is very painful, but it does not happen to everyone. So far I have had nothing to complain of, and I have never regretted my visit to London. It is, I find, a most agreeable town to live in, at least for those who speak the language

and who appreciate the genius, the good taste, the manner of living, and the spirit of the people; who have made pleasant acquaintances, and have their pockets sufficiently well filled with money to be free from debt. It is certain that this nation would be the happiest and most enviable in the world, were it not divided by sects and different parties, which have often been the cause of civil wars. I have already spoken of the sects; I must now tell you something of the parties who have from time to time caused disturbances in England, and will without doubt do so again.

You have, I am sure, heard of the appellations "Tories" and "Whigs" as being nicknames given to the two principal parties in England; I should be much embarrassed were you to ask me to give you the etymology of these names, but I believe the two parties first appeared under the reign of Charles II., and that these names were given them satirically and opprobriously, but this is no longer so. The Tories uphold all the prerogatives of the Sovereign, and declare that his or her subjects must submit without resistance, even though his or her power be arbitrary. The opposite party,

or Whigs, accuse their opponents of wishing to upset the recognised form of government and the liberties of the nation by endeavouring to establish despotism, thus making the King a tyrant and his subjects slaves, and they, moreover, consider that respect and obedience are owed to the King only so long as the latter maintains the conditions under which supreme power has been given him, but were he to attempt to govern the consciences, lives, and possessions of his subjects, and thus violate the fundamental laws of the State, the latter should not only refuse him obedience, but also take the necessary measures to be governed according to the established laws of the country. The Tories reproach the Whigs with these principles, and declare that they are real republicans, desirous of taking all authority and power from the Sovereign, leaving him no more rights than are allowed to a Doge of Venice.

These two parties are so opposed to each other that nothing but a real miracle could cause them to become united. Many causes contribute to this animosity, and none more than the antipathy that exists between the Anglicans and the Presbyterians,

together with other Nonconformists. The latter are Whigs, and so great is their fear lest a Roman Catholic monarch powerful enough to annihilate the tolerance recognised by the laws should ascend the throne, that they uphold the Whigs with all their might. Zealous Anglicans, on the other hand, are Tories, and look upon the laws of toleration as a means by which the Presbyterians are so strengthened as possibly at some future date to place the established religion and rites in danger. The numerous pamphlets that appear every day for and against these two political parties is certainly a means of maintaining and augmenting animosity between them, and another is the interests of certain individuals who become either zealous Tories or ardent Whigs, according to whether their hopes of power lie in the one or the other of these parties. The Anglican clergy of inferior rank are accused of being exaggerated Tories, and of writing the greater number of violent pamphlets in the hope of attracting the favour of the King, who disposes of the bishoprics and of many important benefices. All Anglicans are not Tories; many of them, on the contrary, are Whigs, and they try to please the

people in order to strengthen their own power. You would naturally suppose that the party at Court always upholds the Tories, but it is not so; this party sometimes has reasons for raising the Whigs to power. King William III. owed his throne to this party, and always upheld and favoured its politics.

The Jacobites are entirely in favour of the Pretender. They declare that the nation has no right to exclude the legitimate sovereign from the throne simply because of his being a Roman Catholic, and they maintain that the law made under William III. was not a just one, as it was voted by a parliament in rebellion against its legitimate sovereign, and therefore the law of a usurper. Almost all Jacobites are Roman Catholics; the few Protestants that follow this party do so from personal inclination or zeal for the Stuarts. Fifteen or sixteen years ago the Jacobite party was far more considerable than it is now, and it tends to diminish every day, either by the death of the Pretender's partisans or because their children favour the House of Hanover, and little hope now exists of the Pretender's ever recovering the lost throne of his fathers.

Though many people look on these different parties which divide England as a misfortune, others, on the contrary, think that they contribute to the maintenance of the liberties and privileges of the people. For, say they, were there in the country neither Whigs nor Tories, the tendencies of the Court would be blindly followed, and the fundamental laws of the State would suffer seriously by this state of things. Despotism would soon be established in England as it is in France. On the other hand, if the Tories did not uphold the King's authority and power, and if everyone followed the principles of the Whigs, the country would very soon be in a state of anarchy, as was the case in the time of Charles I. and of Cromwell. Numbers of prudent politicians, who are not blinded by foolish prejudices or by their own particular interests, are convinced that this form of government is the happiest in the world, and they sometimes side purposely with the weakest party, so as to preserve to the country a wholesome equilibrium. The only wish one could have is that the English nation might understand and appreciate its happiness better; but where is there a

people perfectly satisfied with its lot? I, at any rate, have never heard of it!

About two months ago I went on a little pleasure party with two of my friends to Waltham Abbey, which is fifteen miles distant from London, and is situated in the county of Essex. This beautiful mansion belongs to Sir Samuel Jones, a nephew of Doctor Walker, present Archbishop of Canterbury. Waltham Abbey is a fine and large mansion surrounded by a moat and battlemented walls; its gardens are spacious and well kept; but the rarest and most curious thing we saw, the aim of our journey, was a large leafy tree, in shape like a ball, with flowers resembling those of the garden tulip in a wonderful way, presenting the same appearance and having the same odour. This tree is, I suppose, about forty feet high; two men with their arms outstretched can hardly clasp its trunk; its leaves are large and triangular, except that the three points seem to have been cut off; the flowers are quite yellow, the buds being whitish. I was told that this tree bore no fruit. When I saw it it was covered with blossoms, and the effect was charming. I may say that it is the handsomest and the most

curious tree imaginable. In these same gardens there is another tulip tree, but nothing like as tall or as handsome as the one I have described. Monsieur de Loys de Warrens, who I expect is by this time at Lausanne, can tell you more about it if it interests you, for he has been spending seven or eight months at Waltham Abbey. Ask him news of me, and offer him my love and respects. Receive them likewise, dear sir, as also the assurance of my sincere attachment.

LETTER XVI

M. de Saussure leaves England for Constantinople on a warship with Lord Kinnoull.

LISBON, *December*, 1730

YOU will no doubt be surprised at receiving this letter, dated Lisbon. I do not think that I told you of my intention of leaving London; it seemed to me, however, that after spending several years in England, where I had no matters of any importance to keep me, it was about time I should make up my mind to leave that country and visit others. I was anxious to see France, and more especially Paris, and I was on the point of making preparations accordingly, when I learned that the King had appointed Lord Kinnoull as ambassador to Constantinople, to replace Mr. Stanian, and that his lordship was to embark almost immediately on the warship *Torrington*, stopping at Lisbon and some Italian ports on his way to Turkey. As soon

as I heard this piece of news, my whole wish was to be permitted to accompany his lordship. I spoke of it to General Sabine, who is a personal friend of Lord Kinnoull's, and as the general has always shown me the greatest goodwill and kindness, I implored him to be so kind as to introduce and recommend me to the new ambassador, and to beg of him to accord me his protection and a berth on board his ship, so that I might be enabled to accompany him on his mission. Lord Kinnoull received me most courteously and graciously, and acceded to all my requests with the greatest amiability.

I had made the acquaintance of, and become fast friends with, Mr. Louis Monnier, son of the Swiss brigadier, Monsieur d'Yvorne, celebrated in his own country for the plucky way in which he defended the Bridge of Seiss in 1712 with fourteen hundred men against the whole of the army of Lucerne and the small cantons. Monsieur d'Yvorne is likewise celebrated, but in a different way, for the lavishness and prodigality with which he lived at the Maison Blanche at Yvorne, in the Canton of Vaud. It is said, it is true, that this princely style of living was more in accordance with his wife's tastes than his

own. This lady, a de Graffenried, from Berne, loved magnificence, though she possessed no fortune of her own, and the poor brigadier's whole estate was consumed by this extravagant manner of living; he ended by being completely ruined, and died of sorrow and shame. My friend, the brigadier's eldest son, came over to England in 1728, in the hope of finding some remunerative occupation, and after living as best he could on nothing, he is overjoyed at having been offered a post as first equerry in Lord Kinnoull's service, and he it was who first gave me the idea of joining his lordship's suite.

After having made all my preparations, and bidden my friends and acquaintances farewell, I left London on October 5th, 1729, embarking at the Tower Stairs, at six o'clock in the evening, on the boat that was employed for transporting his lordship's baggage and people to the warship *Torrington*, at anchor off the Nore. At five o'clock next morning the sea became very rough, and tossed our small boat about most unpleasantly, almost every one on board suffering very severely from sea-sickness. I had my full share of this discomfort, and as the wind and the tide were con-

trary, we had besides great difficulty in boarding the ship, and we did not accomplish this till eight o'clock.

The *Torrington* is a recently-built warship, this being her first voyage. She is commanded by Captain Vincent, and is manned by two hundred sailors. She carries forty-six guns on her upper decks, but six of these have been removed below to make room for his Excellency's baggage. Captain Vincent received me most amiably, and offered me a little cabin in the middle of the ship, but I speedily gave up this abode, preferring to sleep in a hammock in the petty officers' quarters, the motion of the ship being less felt there, besides which there was more light and air.

We remained at anchor off the Nore, and on the 7th set sail for Portsmouth, where Lord Kinnoull and his suite were to embark. On the 8th we anchored in the Downs, the wind being contrary. These Downs are a dangerous spot between the North and South Forelands, the danger arising from the sandbanks called the Goodwin Sands, where many shipwrecks occur.

The contrary winds continued all the 9th, and I

went ashore at Deal, a small town or rather a big village; we suffered greatly from sea-sickness before we could land, the sea being extremely rough. Landihg at Deal is difficult, for the shore is low and there is no jetty, so that boats, more especially when the sea is at all rough, cannot get close to shore. Our sailors were forced to get into the water up to their middle, and to carry us on their shoulders for about fifty paces. Deal is a small place, possessing only one long and narrow street built along the seashore. An old ruined tower stands at the end of this street.

As the contrary west winds continued to blow I remained on land; but in the evening of the 15th the ship's boat came to fetch us back, the wind having abated. We had much difficulty in getting into the boat, and still more in boarding the ship, but contrary to our expectations we were not able to sail that night, for the north-east wind began to blow with terrible fury. I had never before passed such an awful night; it was even worse than what we had experienced coming over from Holland, and I can assure you I was in great anxiety. All the ships anchored in the Downs

suffered, and most of them dragged their anchors. A little French vessel in particular drifted and smashed up against our big ship, and she was forced to cut her cables and to sail before the wind, and we never knew her fate, or whether she had the good fortune to avoid the Goodwin Sands. This terrible hurricane continued all through the 16th, our sufferings being acute, for sea-sickness is worst when a ship is at anchor.

On the 17th, the wind having gone down and the sea being less boisterous, I again went to Deal, where I remained till the 22nd, when, a favourable wind having commenced to blow, I returned to the *Torrington* in the early morning, and we set sail soon afterwards. At midday we passed the Pas de Calais, and, the weather being fine and clear, we had the pleasure of seeing the cliffs of France and England and the towns of Calais and Dover quite distinctly. This favourable wind did not favour us long, but on the 28th we anchored at Spithead in the early morning. Spithead is one of the finest and safest roadsteads England possesses; it is formed by the Isle of Wight and by divers little gulfs. The Royal fleet is usually anchored here,

and we found forty-four warships, many of these being frigates preparing to sail to America. Portsmouth is situated on the small island of Portsea, and is a pretty little town, possessing a good port, a dockyard, and a spacious arsenal, where everything requisite for warships is stocked. I visited several dismantled vessels, and amongst these the *Royal Sovereign*, more than two hundred feet in length, with portholes for one hundred and ten guns—a real world in which you could get lost!

The day we cast anchor I went ashore at Portsmouth and heard that Lord Kinnoull had arrived the day before, but as all his people were not with him, we should not sail for some time longer. On learning this I took a room in the town, for the gale we had experienced in the Downs determined me to be as little as possible on the ship, more especially when she was anchored within reach of a town.

During my stay at Portsmouth I learned to know English naval officers. Good Lord! what men! I found to my cost that the greater number were the most debauched, the most dissolute, and the most terrible swearers I had ever come across—

I say to my cost, for as I lived amongst them I was forced to do as they did. One is sometimes obliged, as the French saying is, to "howl with the wolves." Almost every day, or more properly every night, they got intoxicated, and would scour the streets, making a terrible row and breaking window-panes. The inhabitants, however, did not seem to object; they knew full well that they would obtain a more than reasonable payment for the damage that was done. I was fortunate in being forced only once to be present at one of these entertainments, for I always endeavoured to avoid them as much as possible, as also the great sacrifices in the way of libations that were offered to Bacchus. On the night of October 30th, however, it being the King's birthday, I could not avoid joining in a great banquet, and the amount of wine, punch, and liquor that was drunk passes belief. There were so many sufferers the worse for drink, that but few of us remained to make a row in the streets.

I was so weary of this mode of living that I was glad to learn that the day of our departure had been fixed. Lord Kinnoull, together with all

his suite, embarked on the *Torrington* one afternoon, all the warships as well as the score or so of merchant vessels anchored in the roads being decked with pennons, streamers, and flags in his lordship's honour, and the sight was charming. As soon as Lord Kinnoull was on board, the *Torrington* saluted, firing twenty-one guns, the ambassador on board her being the King's representative. The men-of-war anchored in the roads responded in a similar manner, and the merchantmen likewise, by firing thirteen, eleven, and nine salutes, according to their importance and size. We then responded to the warships' salutes by a general discharge, and to those of the merchant vessels by two shots less than each had favoured us with. All these cannon shots made a terrible noise. I was quite deafened for several hours, and we were so enveloped in smoke that for over ten minutes we could not see each other on board.

We had hoped to sail during the following night, but we were prevented by contrary winds arising, and when they became favourable an order came from the Admiralty to the effect that we were to wait for and then escort a merchant ship, the

Charming Betty, carrying a cargo of ammunition to Port Mahon, and when this ship arrived and anchored by us a fortnight later the wind was unfavourable once more.

During all this tedious time of waiting we and all the ships at anchor were under the orders of the commander of the squadron. Every morning one of our three lieutenants would go to him for orders, and it was a remarkably pretty sight to watch all the ships manœuvring at a given signal; for you must know that ships, though anchored, can change their positions.

Our captain graciously permitted my name to be inscribed on the King's book, and agreed to allow me to pass before the authorities as letter-man or volunteer, and owing to this I obtained sailor's rations without cost.

Rations are all alike and equal; they are given out to four sailors at a time. Officers receive the same food, no difference being made between them and the men. Biscuits and beer, as much as, or more than, can be eaten or drunk in a day, are served to each man, the quantity consisting of four pounds of biscuits and four pots of beer. These

biscuits are as large as a plate, white, and so hard that those sailors who have no teeth, or bad ones, must crush them or soften them with water. I found them, however, very much to my taste, and they reminded me of nuts. All the time we were at sea we had no other bread. A pound of cheese is allowed to every four sailors, half a pound of butter for breakfast, and the same for supper. Each sailor eats one pound of boiled salted beef three days in the week for dinner, together with a pudding made of flour and suet. On two other days he eats boiled salted pork with a pudding of dried peas, and on the remaining two days pea soup and salt fish or bargow, which is a nasty mixture of gruel as thick as mortar. One candle is given out between every four men, and when in wine-growing countries each sailor is allowed a pint of this liquor. Besides his food each man receives 26*s.* a month wages. Thus you see sailors are not only well fed, but well paid. Officers receive sailors' rations, but as this does not satisfy them, they club seven or eight together to buy wine, punch, and fresh provisions. The captain of a ship keeps a good table, and always invites some of his officers to dinner. Our captain has,

however, given this up, for since Lord Kinnoull has come on board he is required to dine with his lordship, and the latter has been gracious enough to ask me twice or thrice to his table, where the food is very plentiful and good, a large quantity of poultry and several sheep and lambs having been stocked on board.

During all those lengthy weeks before sailing we sometimes went on shore, but were unable to remain there for any length of time, as it was impossible to foretell what day we should set sail, that depending solely on the state of the weather and wind, and on one occasion I deeply regretted having left the ship. I must tell you of this occurrence.

A few days after the *Charming Betty* had come and anchored by us the captain sent a boat across to Portsmouth, and I, together with a young Swede, hastened to take advantage of the boat's going ashore to buy a small provision of fresh food before sailing. So far I have omitted telling you that the four of us who had our rations together were a young Scotch doctor, sent by the Levant Company to Aleppo at the demand of the English merchants

residing there; an amiable and pleasant young Swede of good birth, sent by his country aboard this ship as volunteer to learn the art of navigation; Mr. Monnier, who prefers taking his meals with us to taking them with his superiors; and your humble servant.

After spending a few hours on shore, and after we had dined, the captain of the boat told us that he was returning to the ship, but that we need not hurry to do the same, as there was but little wind, and as it seemed very unlikely to increase, we certainly should not sail that night or even next day, and we therefore settled to sleep at Portsmouth. Whilst we were having supper at about eight o'clock we were told that a favourable wind had sprung up, and that the *Torrington* appeared to be making preparations for sailing.

We rushed to the harbour and found that the wind in truth was favourable; but it was so only for the *Torrington's* sailing, and not for our boarding her. However, our fears being very great lest she should sail without us, we resolved on doing all in our power to rejoin her as quickly as possible. With much difficulty we were able

to find a boatman who, for the sum of five shillings, would consent to take us across in his wherry; no other would do so at any price. This man held out hopes that we might reach the *Torrington* provided the wind did not increase, and he told us he would row part of the way and then set sail at a certain distance from shore, and that we should in this manner reach the ship, then about one mile and a half distant from land. As soon as we got outside the harbour we found the sea so rough that we expected every minute to be capsized. The night was very dark—we could scarcely see four feet before us—and by the time we had been about an hour on the water, our boatman was so fatigued and weary that he put up the sail, and that unfortunately a little too soon, for our danger became very great. The wind continued to increase, the waves got larger and larger, and I can assure you I was far from being at ease, for it is no pleasure seeing yourself on the point of becoming food for the fishes!

Our boat, to make matters worse, had no rudder, and the boatman had to use an oar for the purpose of steering. The wind and sea became more

violent, and the oar broke, so that we gave ourselves up for lost; the boat spun round, and it was nothing short of a miracle that we were not immediately swallowed up by the sea. The boatman seized his second oar, and a few seconds later we ran full tilt into a ship's buoy, and that with such violence that our boat got split at the stem, and we were quite dazed with the shock. On recovering a little from our fright, and perceiving that the sea was coming in through the leak, and that it had therefore now become impossible for us to rejoin the *Torrington*, we decided, though at least a mile from land, to try to regain the shore. The wind was so favourable for our return that in about a quarter of an hour later we were close to land. Whilst the boatman sailed the boat, I, together with my companion in misfortune, worked with a will, baling out the water with our hats; but though we toiled with all our might, we could not prevent the boat from sinking lower and lower in the water, and when we touched land the water in her was well above our knees. Before we could scramble out several waves passed over our heads, nearly washing us

back with them, so that we had to struggle against being carried back to sea. I must confess that I have never prayed to God with more fervour than during this night of awful danger, nor have I ever returned thanks with a more grateful heart than when we left the sea behind us.

We had landed at about half a mile distance from Portsmouth, and we set off to gain the town, shivering with cold and wet to the skin. As we were unable to enter Portsmouth, the gates of the town being closed, we were forced to spend the night in a dirty pot-house trying to dry our clothes, and in great anxiety lest the *Torrington* should have sailed without us. To our great relief, however, we saw from a height to which we had gone up in the early morning that she was still at anchor, and we waited patiently till her boat came to fetch us. We did not sail until several days later.

On the morning of September 14th, with a favourable breeze and in very fine weather, we finally set sail. The *Torrington* proved to be a very good ship, and the *Charming Betty* had to hoist all her sails in order to keep up with her.

When we reached the Atlantic I begged Captain

Vincent, as I had been inscribed in the King's book as volunteer, to allow me to take my part in the work with the other sailors, for I was glad to make myself useful and to learn something of the art of navigation.

Captain Vincent rarely comes on deck except to take the air, and he does not trouble himself with ordinary seamanship. He is severe with the men, and rarely appears without some of them receiving strokes with the cane.

The fine weather and favourable wind continued all through the 15th and 16th; then it veered round to south-south-west, and became so violent that we were thrown out of our course. On the 18th the wind increased in strength; on the 19th it turned to west, and the sea became calmer, and we proceeded quietly; but on the 20th it turned completely to west, and that with extraordinary fury. On the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, the *Torrington* having been blown into the Bay of Biscay, we suffered a terrible gale. The waves were so high that when one rose between us and the *Charming Betty* we could no longer see her, and when we were on top of a wave and she at the bottom of

it, she appeared to us to be at the bottom of a precipice, and when she was above and we below, she seemed to be on a mountain-top. Several of our oldest sailors told us that in the whole ocean there are no more terrible waves than those in the Bay of Biscay; but they are almost more terrifying than dangerous, for as they are long they do not succeed each other with great rapidity, leaving ships time to right themselves. I think I can make you understand how greatly we suffered when I tell you that we were four whole days without being able to boil any water, and no fire could be lighted during all that time. Those who could eat lived on biscuit and cheese. Lord Kinnoull and Lord Dupplin, his eldest son, suffered very much, indeed the latter almost died from sea-sickness. In the night of the 22nd and 23rd the tempest separated us entirely from the *Charming Betty*, and we never saw her again, though we heard later that she had safely reached Port Mahon. On the 24th, at sunrise, the wind dropped almost suddenly, leaving a horrible calm. I say horrible, for the sea continued very rough, and our sails flapped against the masts and the ship rolled

terribly, groaning and creaking. The *Torrington*, fortunately for us, was a newly-built ship, for had she been an old one there would surely have been a disaster either during the tempest or the calm that succeeded it. All on board her who were not sailors suffered nigh to death, and even many of the sailors succumbed to sea-sickness during this calm, which lasted ten hours, and which nearly put an end to me. A north-west wind fortunately came to our aid, and continued all the 25th, and on the 26th we passed the Cape of Finisterre. This day, the last of the month, we are anchored in the mouth of the river Tagus, opposite the harbour bar, the wind and tide being contrary. A Portuguese pilot has come on board, and he will convey us to-morrow across the bar into Lisbon.

This, my dear sir, is an account of our sea journey so far. I will send my letter as soon as possible, for no matter in what part of the world you may be assured I shall never cease to be

Your humble and obedient servant,

CÉSAR DE SAUSSURE

PLAN OF LONDON IN 1911.

FROM A PRINT BY W. HOGARTH.

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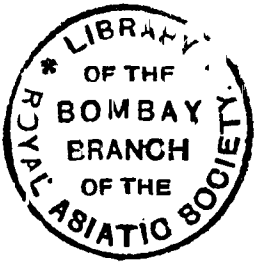

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